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TINTORETTO

Venice, Scuola de San Rocco

S. Mary of Egypt

TINTORETTO

By

EVELYN MARCH PHILLIPPS

63890

WITH 61 PLATES

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TO MY FRIEND

BARON DE BILDT

WHOSE LEARNING AND SYMPATHY

HAVE SO OFTEN HELPED AND

ENCOURAGED ME

PREFATORY NOTE

FOR my analysis of Eastern colour I am largely indebted to an article by my brother which has appeared in the *Edinburgh Review*. My thanks are due to Mr. Berenson, Dr. J. P. Richter, and Miss Cameron Taylor for their opinion as to certain pictures; to Signor Malagola, Director of the State Archives of Venice, Mr. Horatio Brown, Mr. C. Williamson, and Miss Hastings for help in connexion with documents; to Dr. Laing for reading my proofs; and above all to the Authorities of the British Museum, and to Mr. Sidney Colvin in particular, for the generous permission to publish several of the newly acquired drawings, and for advice in connexion with them.

CONTENTS

		PAGE
	LIST OF PLATES	xi
	CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE	xv
	GENEALOGICAL TREE	xvii
	BIBLIOGRAPHY	xix
CHAP. I.	ENVIRONMENT	1
II.	THE MAN AND HIS LIFE—I.	10
III.	THE MAN AND HIS LIFE—II.	23
IV.	EARLY WORK	31
V.	COLOUR AND LIGHT	44
VI.	GREAT UNDERTAKINGS	52
VII.	THE REFECTORY	61
VIII.	THE SCHEME OF THE SCUOLA DI SAN ROCCO	68
IX.	THE UPPER HALL	75
X.	THE LOWER HALL	88
XI.	THE DUCAL PALACE	99
XII.	LATE WORK	108
XIII.	THE PARADISO	120
XIV.	PORTRAITS, DRAWINGS, AND FOLLOWING	129
XV.	THE CHARACTER OF HIS ART	142
	APPENDIX	149
	CATALOGUE OF PICTURES	158
	INDEX	167

LIST OF PLATES

S. Mary of Egypt. *Scuola di San Rocco, Venice,* . . *Frontispiece*
Photo. Anderson.

PLATE FACING PAGE

I. Frieze round the Sala of Tintoretto's House, executed in Bronze from the Master's design, ... 20
From an Engraving by A. M. Zanetti.

II. The Presentation. *Church of the Carmine, Venice,* . . 31
Photo. Alinari.

III. Christ Washing the Feet of the Disciples. *Escorial, Madrid,* . 33
Photo. Anderson.

IV. The Last Judgment. *Church of the Madonna dell' Orto, Venice,* . 34
Photo. Anderson.

V. The Last Judgment (Detail). *Church of the Madonna dell' Orto, Venice,* 35
Photo. Anderson.

VI. The Golden Calf. *Church of the Madonna dell' Orto, Venice,* . 37
Photo. Anderson.

VII. The Golden Calf (Detail). *Church of the Madonna dell' Orto, Venice,* 38
Photo. Anderson.

VIII. The Presentation of the Virgin. *Church of the Madonna dell' Orto, Venice,* 39
Photo. Anderson.

IX. The Miracle of St. Mark. *Academy, Venice,* . . . 40
Photo. Anderson.

X. The Transport from Alexandria of the Body of St. Mark. *Palazzo Reale, Venice,* 42
Photo. Naya.

XI. The Finding of the Body of St. Mark. *Brera, Milan,* . . 43
Photo. Brogi.

XII. Adam and Eve. *Academy, Venice,* 44
Photo. Brogi.

TINTORETTO

PLATE FACING PAGE

XIII. The Death of Abel. *Academy, Venice,* . . . 45
Photo. Naya.

XIV. The Invention of the Cross. *Church of S. Maria Mater Domini, Venice,* 46
Photo. Anderson.

XV. The Crucifixion. *Academy, Venice,* 47
Photo. Anderson.

XVI. The Last Supper. *Church of S. Polo, Venice,* . . . 48
Photo. Naya.

XVII. Christ in the House of Martha and Mary. *Augsburg,* . 49
Photo. Hoefle.

XVIII. The Marriage in Cana. *Church of S. Maria della Salute, Venice,* 50
Photo. Anderson.

XIX. Venice and Justice with S. Mark and the Doge Priuli. *Ducal Palace, Venice,* 57
Photo. Anderson.

XX. Madonna and Child with Saints. *Academy, Venice,* . . 58
Photo. Anderson.

XXI. The Crucifixion. *Scuola di San Rocco, Venice,* . . . 61
Photo. Anderson.

XXII. The Crucifixion. (Detail—Group at Foot of the Cross.) *Scuola di San Rocco, Venice,* 63
Photo. Anderson.

XXIII. Christ before Pilate. *Scuola di San Rocco, Venice,* . . 65
Photo. Anderson.

XXIV. The Way to Calvary. *Scuola di San Rocco, Venice,* . . 66
Photo. Anderson.

XXV. Moses Striking the Rock. *Scuola di San Rocco, Venice,* . 76
Photo. Anderson.

XXVI. The Temptation. *Scuola di San Rocco, Venice,* . . 81
Photo. Anderson.

XXVII. The Ascension. *Scuola di San Rocco, Venice,* 86
Photo. Anderson.

XXVIII. The Visitation. *Scuola di San Rocco, Venice,* . . . 88
Photo. Anderson.

LIST OF PLATES

PLATE FACING PAGE

XXIX. The Annunciation. *Scuola di San Rocco, Venice,* . . 90
Photo. Anderson.

XXX. The Adoration of the Magi. *Scuola di San Rocco, Venice,* . 91
Photo. Anderson.

XXXI. The Flight into Egypt. *Scuola di San Rocco, Venice,* . 92
Photo. Anderson.

XXXII. The Murder of the Innocents. *Scuola di San Rocco, Venice,* 93
Photo. Anderson.

XXXIII. Bacchus and Ariadne. *Ducal Palace, Venice,* . . 101
Photo. Anderson.

XXXIV. Mercury and the Graces. *Ducal Palace, Venice,* . . 102
Photo. Anderson.

XXXV. Luna and the Hours. *Berlin, Kaiser Friedrich Museum,* . 103
Photo. Hanfstaengl.

XXXVI. The Origin of the Milky Way. *National Gallery, London,* . 104
Photo. Hanfstaengl.

XXXVII. The Marriage of S. Catherine. *Ducal Palace, Venice,* . 105
Photo. Anderson.

XXXVIII. SS. George, Margaret, and Louis of Toulouse. *Ducal Palace, Venice,* 108
Photo. Anderson.

XXXIX. SS. Andrew and Jerome. *Ducal Palace, Venice,* . . 109
Photo. Anderson.

XL. The Temptation of S. Anthony. *Church of San Trovaso, Venice,* 110
Photo. Anderson.

XLI. The Crucifixion. *S. Cassiano, Venice,* . . . 111
Photo. Anderson.

XLII. The Martyrdom of S. Agnes. *Church of the Madonna dell' Orto, Venice,* 114
Photo. Anderson.

XLIII. The Last Supper. *Church of San Giorgio Maggiore, Venice,* 115
Photo. Anderson.

XLIV. Pietà. *Brera, Milan,* 116
Photo. Anderson.

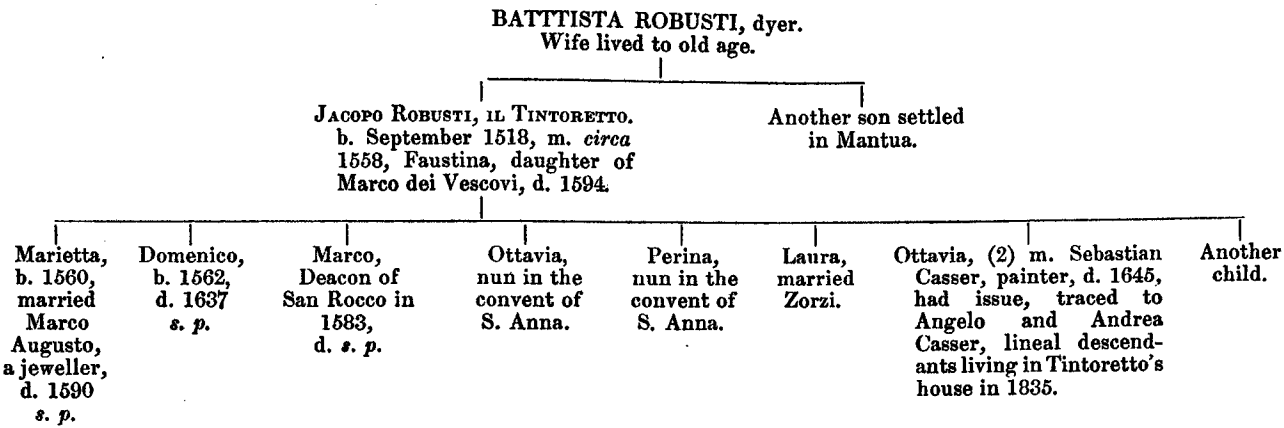
XLV. The Entombment. *Church of San Giorgio Maggiore, Venice,* 117
Photo. Anderson.

TINTORETTO

PLATE		FACING PAGE
XLVI.	Sketch for the 'Paradise.' *Louvre, Paris,* . . . Photo. Alinari.	121
XLVII.	Sketch for the 'Paradise.' *Prado, Madrid,* . . . Photo. Anderson.	122
XLVIII.	Paradise. *Ducal Palace, Venice,* . . . . Photo. Anderson.	126
XLIX.	Paradise (Detail). *Ducal Palace, Venice,* . . . Photo. Anderson.	127
L.	Iacopo Soranzio. *Academy, Venice,* . . . . Photo. Alinari.	130
LI.	Unknown Man. *Kaiserliche Gemälde Galerie, Vienna,* . . Photo. Hanfstaengl.	131
LII.	Old Man and Boy. *Kaiserliche Gemälde Galerie, Vienna,* . Photo. Hanfstaengl.	132
LIII.	Sebastiano Venier. *Kaiserliche Gemälde Galerie, Vienna,* . Photo. Hanfstaengl.	133
LIV.	Portrait of the Artist. *Louvre, Paris,* . . . . Photo. Velhagen and Klasing.	134
LV.	The Delivery of the Keys. (Drawing.) *British Museum, London,*	135
LVI.	Aurora and Tithonus. (Drawing.) *British Museum, London,* .	136
LVII.	Sketch for the Miracle of St. Mark. (Drawing.) *British Museum, London,*	137
LVIII.	The Temptation of St. Anthony. (Drawing.) *British Museum, London,*	138
LIX.	The Adoration of the Magi. (Drawing.) *British Museum, London,*	139
LX.	Hercules seeking Cerberus. (Drawing.) *British Museum, London,*	140

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE

1518. Date of birth.
1535. *Circa.* Enters Titian's studio.
1544. Paints altarpieces in SS. Ermagora and Fortunato.
1548. Commission from Scuola di San Marco.
1558. *Circa.* Marries Faustina dei Vescovi.
1559. First commission from Doge Priuli.
1559. Begins painting Church of San Rocco.
1560. Eldest daughter born.
1560. Competes for decoration of Scuola di San Rocco.
1561. Allotted commissions in Libreria di San Marco.
1561. Paints 'Marriage of Cana.'
1562. Eldest son born.
1563. Letter to Cardinal Gonzaga.
156–. Goes to Mantua to visit Duke Gonzaga.
1565. Paints the Refectory in Scuola di San Rocco.
1566. Admitted to Confraternity of San Rocco.
1566. Called on to arbitrate on the Mosaics in St. Mark.
1572. Writes to Senate and obtains commission to paint Battle of Lepanto.
1574. Paints Henry II. of France, and refuses knighthood.
1574. Contract for lease of Palazzo Camello.
1574. Return of property for purposes of taxation.
1574. Applies for a brokership in the Fondaco dei Tedeschi.
1574. Appointed to decoration of Doge's Palace.
1577. Pictures perish in great fire.
1577. Paints altarpiece for Antonio Milledonne, Secretary of State.
1578. Paints Ante-Collegio.
1585. Paints Japanese Embassy.
1587. Receives commission for the 'Paradiso.'
1588. Last picture of Scuola di San Rocco placed in position.
1590. Finishes the 'Paradiso.'
1590. Marietta dies.
1593. 'Deposition' placed in the mortuary chapel of S. Giorgio Maggiore.
1594. Dies in May and is buried in S. Madonna dell' Orto.
1630. Date of Domenico's will.
1637. Domenico dies.
1645. Ottavia dies.


BATTTISTA ROBUSTI, dyer.
Wife lived to old age.
JACOPO ROBUSTI, IL TINTORETTO.
b. September 1518, m. circa 1558, Faustina, daughter of Marco dei Vescovi, d. 1594.
Another son settled in Mantua.
Marietta, b. 1560, married Marco Augusto, a jeweller, d. 1590 s. p.
Domenico, b. 1562, d. 1637 s. p.
Marco, Deacon of San Rocco in 1583, d. s. p.
Ottavia, nun in the convent of S. Anna.
Perina, nun in the convent of S. Anna.
Laura, married Zorzi.
Ottavia, (2) m. Sebastian Casser, painter, d. 1645, had issue, traced to Angelo and Andrea Casser, lineal descendants living in Tintoretto's house in 1835.
Another child.

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'The further you go in, the deeper is the sea.'

TINTORETTO.

'Fancy plays like a squirrel in her circular cage and is happy; but imagination is a pilgrim on the earth—and her home is in heaven.'

RUSKIN.

'Le fond de tout est toujours ceci; qu'il faut qu'un homme soit touché d'abord, pour pouvoir toucher les autres.'

J. F. MILLET.

TINTORETTO

CHAPTER I

ENVIRONMENT

AS in the world of nature, every passing effect and variation arises out of those that went before, as every wreathing cloud and every storm and shower is the sequence and the logical outcome of all that preceded it, so in the kingdom of art, no development, however slight, stands alone, no one man makes a beginning, each receives more than can ever be reckoned from the long tradition of the past and adds his storm and sunshine and moulds a little here and a little there, before handing on the legacy. The unravelling of this chain of influences is a task of endless fascination, and no doubt, if we could do it more completely, we should be able to lay bare many of the secrets of inspiration and to discern exactly how and where each strain and tendency was first absorbed. We should succeed, too, in determining in what measure each artist as he passed was moulded by his environment; we should understand in full the unconscious witness he bore to the world in which he found himself—for art is but the expression of life, the declaration of those surroundings in which the gods have placed both genius and mediocrity. Nothing tells so unflinchingly as its arts, what is in the mind and heart of a people; nowhere else do we find such sure testimony to the aspiration or the freedom of this age, the splendour of that, the artificiality or self-analysis of another.

It is hard, wellnigh impossible, even for a great personality to produce noble art in an ignoble age; on the other hand, the greater eras of history are never lacking in adequate artists, so

that it is difficult to lay too much stress upon environment or to overlook the importance of setting the painter in his atmosphere.

Never did the stream of heredity wax to a fuller flood than in the days of Venetian grandeur, never did the plant of art bear a more glorious fruit than Venetian colour, so nowhere does its secret become more mysterious and elusive; for though we are assured that the full-blown flower is but the unmistakable witness to the germinating seed, yet this flower, when it appears, is a sudden thing, like an inspiration. Not that colour is lacking in the work of early Venetian painters, whose pictures are ablaze with hues richer and deeper than are to be found in the schools of mid-Italy. Yet even up to the time of Bellini, the colour is often crude and undeveloped. Bellini himself, except in one or two late works, like the Frari Madonna or the altarpiece of S. Zaccaria, is seeking principally after the intellectual; he is not irresistibly overcome; his temperament is overlaid till late in life by the Paduan formalism.

It is with Giorgione, the pupil of Bellini, that the colour-emotion sprang at one bound to perfection. A colour-scheme is developed, which in its sensuous quality is as distinct from all that was dominating artists in other parts of Italy as the deep glow of velvet and jewels is from the pure beauty of a flower, and though Giorgione did not live to be old, and though so little of his work has come down to us, what is of far greater importance, he left *the Giorgionesque*; he kindled the spark which blazed up in such inflammable geniuses as Titian and Tintoretto, men carved out by the same influences, sharing the same heritage, eager for kindred expression, and it is this heredity, these influences in which they were steeped, which we must bear in mind if we would understand them.

The unique position of Venice in art is owing not less to her emphatic severance from the West, than to her close connexion with the East. Her origin was the outcome of escape from the barbarous West. One of her first acts was to close the lagoons to the trade of the mainland, not excepting her neighbours at Padua; then she stretched out her arms with such goodwill to the East, that by the eighth century her life had already assumed an oriental aspect. For long centuries, antipathy to the

West and contempt for its productions were distinct features in Venetian feeling, while the enthusiasm with which she surrendered herself to Eastern influence had in it all the natural understanding, the free affection of a child turning to its mother.

And what indeed do we gather of the origins of that company who thirteen hundred years ago, as the flames rose from the ruins of Altinum, sought 'a refuge from the sword in the paths of the sea'? It is a faint voice and far away, but we cannot resist straining our ears to catch its echoes.

The origin of the children of Illyria, who came to people the Veneto, is lost in the obscurity of myths, and hardly illumined by the gleam of tradition, yet there were certain customs which lasted long among them and were carried by them to their new settlement. Conspicuous among these was the manner of their choosing brides. On one day in the year all the virgins were assembled, from whom the marriageable men each chose a wife. By a natural law, the most beautiful were chosen first, and as each lover bore away his prize, he laid down a sum of money, which went to form a dowry for the plainer damsels who remained. This is a custom of Asia, and it was from Asia, 'the womb of nations from which all mysteries seem to issue,' that tradition whispered faintly of the coming of the first settlers in Illyria. Their dress for many generations gave colour to the legend; they wore large, loose Turkish trousers; their women were veiled and practically cloistered; the mourning for the dead took the form of wailing, such as might be heard in a Syrian city. Only those who are familiar with the aspect of an Eastern town can understand the extraordinary difference in colour that lies between it and the West. Eastern colour is quite unlike anything to which the European observer has been accustomed; unlike the gay and garish flare of tints in an Italian or Spanish market-place. Colour in the East is not at all what one has hitherto understood as colour. The whole effect is not in the least gay, but is rather of a smouldering richness in which the high lights are more cream and ivory than white, and the deepest darks are something that is not black, but a depth made up of every hue merged in velvet obscurity. Pure colour there is indeed, in a quality that is even stranger than its quantity; burning orange, crimson, and car-

nation, a blue that is green, and a green that is yellow, every shade blending and merging without definition of line in these deep streets and covered bazaars, which fuse all details in their shadows, and whose tawny colouring is repeated in the eyes and limbs of their inhabitants. There we have, whether we find it in Syria, in Egypt, or in India, the characteristic scheme of colour of the 'changeless East.'

And to turn from its character to its tenacity; let us stand in imagination on a Sussex common, or a Devon moorland and among the English peasants, with their ruddy skins, their dull or fair hair, their light, expressionless eyes, watch the passing of a band of gipsies, who for generations have been nomads in the land, and once more we meet, unreconciled by damp mists and island breezes and northern frosts, the deep glow of skin and eye, the raven dark of hair, the craving for swarthy colour in the orange scarf and scarlet feather; the tropic bird trooping with the sparrows and thrushes of our English woodland.

However problematical it may be that some far-off touch of Eastern blood lingered in Venetian veins, it is undeniable that it was to the East that Venice turned from the first. Hardly had the men of the Veneto made good their footing in the lagoons, than, full of an unquenched spirit of liberty and vigour, they set to work to engage in traffic. Hardly had the canals been planned by which their galleys were to pass, and the piazzas placed and cisterns excavated, than salt factories were established; the provinces came from the first to Venice for salt, and a trade, which included salt fish, sprang up and soon became of great importance in the far East, for as Cassiodorus writes to them in the sixth century, 'there lives not a man who does not want salt, which seasons all our food.'

The commercial interests of Venice in the East were at first bound up with the Greeks, with whom, as long as they were more powerful than herself by sea, it was her interest to keep on friendly terms; but with the decadence of the Byzantine Empire the links slackened, the Venetian navy ruled in the Adriatic, Venetian influence was substituted for that of the Greeks in Istria and Dalmatia, advantageous treaties were con-

cluded in 998 with Servia, Egypt, and Syria, and the Venetian vessels went in and out of Eastern ports, exempt from taxes and customs duties. The aims of the Venetians, whose life was filled with proud and passionate sentiment, worthy of the noble houses on the mainland from which so large a number of the refugees had sprung, were all addressed to enrich their state by traffic, to adorn it with beauty, and to secure it from foreign menace. We see a warlike, fervid, and ardent people, who fought valorously, celebrated their victories with splendid memorials, and in time of peace directed all their energies to the arts of industry and commerce. We see a race of sea men, originally created by the necessity of defending the coast, and traffic, as they pursued it, became the most honourable and adventurous calling, and as the first glorious galley drew out into the sea, it was manned not by slaves, but by citizens.

In 991 Pietro Orseolo obtained from the Emperor of Constantinople important concessions of franchise to the Venetians throughout the East. By this contract, which was renewed in 1082, they were empowered to sell any sort of merchandise in every part of the Eastern Empire without the smallest tax, and a similar agreement was concluded with the Sultan of Aleppo. The Venetian navies went to every port in Africa; the coast of Morocco, the Black Sea and Sea of Azoff, carrying wood, cereals, woollen stuffs, and salt, and bringing back silks, furs, ivories, gems, perfumes, sugar and drugs, and collecting the rich spoils sacked by Tartary in China and India. The trade in slaves which flourished up to the eighth century was another source of gain; slaves purchased from the pirates were resold at public auction as late as the fourteenth century, so that Venice down to the time of the Renaissance was largely served by slaves of Eastern extraction. Her markets were long called by the Persian word, *bazar*. In Byzantium, a particular quarter was set apart for the Venetians, many nobles were guests at the Byzantine Court, and there were numerous colonies of Greeks in the lagoons. The Doges several times married Greek princesses who assisted to introduce oriental fashions. The last of these married Domenico Selva in 1071; she brought with her all sorts of magnificent luxuries, and is said to have contracted a fatal illness

by the perfumes she used in her bath. Venetian merchants returning from the East brought not only silks and carpets, but every sort of rare and refined commodity, and a taste for Eastern life which accelerated the demand for all its luxuries. By the end of the twelfth century the art of silk-weaving was spreading over Italy and into Provence, but the lagoons were long ahead of this, and in the eleventh century had already begun to augment imported supplies by the fabrication of gold and silver tissues and those crimson damasks which adorned the palaces of Europe in the Middle Ages. Oriental customs continued to prevail. A mosaic on the façade of St. Mark of the twelfth century shows that the eastern costume was still worn. Women lived in seclusion, and girls were closely veiled. With such influences as these deepening as the centuries rolled by, with riches and Eastern intercourse increasing, the magnificence of Venice in the last century of her splendour had become almost indescribable. By that time the patrician merchants were rejoicing in the collections of precious stones gleaned for centuries, and Venice had become in the words of Philippe des Comines 'the most triumphant city that ever I saw.' Her beauty to-day is a beauty and a fascination left by a splendid past and exquisite things in decay, the one thing unchanged being the play of light and water; but the Venice of the sixteenth century was not pathetic, not decaying, but strong, vivid, brilliant. During this time there were more than a hundred first-class palaces in the full dispensation of a noble hospitality, besides numbers of smaller ones, all freshly enriched with marbles and gilding, the walls of many of them adorned with frescoes by the great masters, the balconies draped with rich stuffs, reflected in the clear and restless water. Sansovino, at the end of the fifteenth century, the Prince of Portugal, Count Jacopo di Porcia, and many others have tried to give a picture of the extraordinary riches of the internal decoration; ceilings heavily carved and gilded, or with long transverse beams, painted and inlaid, walls hung with painted and gilded leather, or with green and crimson damask, sometimes enriched with precious stones and plaques of gold, doorways carved in marble with delicately inlaid doors, chimney-pieces decorated with fantastic wreaths, syrens, grotesques. And this

rare setting made a framework for rare and exquisite treasures, furniture, statues, bronzes, pictures by Bellini and Carpaccio, glass from Murano, gorgeous stuffs from Eastern towns, glowing silks of Venetian manufacture. The great *salas*, so characteristic of the palaces, as well as the smaller and more intimate apartments, were very shrines of all that was exquisite in taste and magnificent in colour. The brilliance was tempered by the windows which were glazed with thick greenish glass in round bosses set in iron-work, and at night the halls were lighted by oriental lamps in copper or engraved bronze, or by candles in Venetian glass holders, ornamented with many-coloured crystals.

The inhabitants of these palaces often changed the fashion of their attire, but the luxury was unchanging. Gold brocades, velvets, satins, ermine, sable, and precious stones were the necessary items of a great lady's wardrobe. The nobles wore crimson silk or long black or violet robes bordered with ermine, and in winter embroidered mantles lined with fur. Rich white satin, fine hand-made linen and priceless lace gave touches of light, and pearls gleamed with redoubled lustre against the sumptuous robes. From the long array of sumptuary laws, we gather how widespread was the luxury of dress, and with what calm persistence all attempts to check it were disregarded or evaded. An attempt to regulate the length of trains only resulted in the invention of jewelled clasps for looping them up.

For once in the world's history this magnificence was for a time indicative of a deep and widespread prosperity; colour and beauty were the food of everyday life. The homes of the people spoke of a modest abundance; they had their good furniture of polished walnut and brass, their marriage chests, their hoards of damasks, even rich carpets and gold chains and gleaming silver and copper utensils.

And patrician and plebeian alike united in the enjoyment of an apparently unending succession of festas, processions, and pageants. A feast in one of those houses, with the walls lined with tapestries and mirrors from Murano, filled with guests wearing silks and velvets in every fashion, and precious stones gleaming in the light of a thousand tapers, must have seemed like a fairy vision. But even these were less astonishing than the public

spectacles. The Doge alone went in procession thirty-six times a year, and no event was better calculated to satisfy the Venetian love of splendour and gaiety and of pride in the State. Every religious feast, every return of an expedition, every visit of a distinguished personage was an occasion for joyous revelry. At the regattas, as many as three thousand gondolas, gilded and richly shaped and filled with the fairest ladies in Venice, dressed in cloth of gold and silver, attended by nobles and their households, crowded the canals to witness the contests.

Public buildings must be as magnificent as private dwellings. Every great merchant, every victorious general, as he swept up the Grand Canal with galleys laden with spoils of war or gains of commerce, had his eyes caught by monuments, the gifts of his fathers, and vowed to add to their number.

Among such brilliant scenes moved the painter, taking note of every detail, saturating his soul with all that could feed the senses, the interpreter of the community. A mixture of craftsman and dictator, he took his subjects from the grand old men with venerable brows and patrician air, the superb women in trailing robes, the young warriors and courtiers of the Imperial Republic, and he took his orders from princes and senators and representatives of the Church, down to the principal of the smallest monastery. In view of the dominating ideas which devoted so many to the life of Church and Court, the painter's genius was consecrated to religious painting, to the aristocratic portrait and to the *peinture de fête*, but his position was determined by the fact that in that day the demand exceeded the supply, instead of as now the supply being in excess of the demand.

The joy-loving Venetians demanded of art that it should embody their throbbing feeling for life and pleasure. For a time they had been satisfied with the tender, refined creations of Gian Bellini and delighted with the historical scenes of his brother, or the austere work of Crivelli and Cima, and Carpaccio's lively fancy; but the moment came when these appeared too restrained, too sober; treasured they still were, but they had become old fashioned, they were no longer the full expression of the sumptuous life of Venice.

The learning, the secrets of technique, the refinement of colour

of the Paduan school were the inheritance of the artist of the sixteenth century. The art of painting, like the sun's rays, at last pierced Venetian soil, soil impregnated with a thousand subtle influences of the East, and in which even may have lain dormant the seeds of that far-off Asiatic extraction.

The men who turned themselves to painting at that moment had, one and all, the impulse for passionate colour in their very blood, and that impulse was abetted and intensified by every circumstance of life, and welcomed by every patron and spectator. Then it was that Giorgione called the tune, and he and his successors swept into their kingdom. Giorgione, Titian, Bonifazio, Paris Bordone, Palma, Veronese, Tintoretto,—their names suggest the very essence of the spirit of a time which is best recorded for us in their work.

CHAPTER II

THE MAN AND HIS LIFE—I

JACOPO ROBUSTI has two biographers of his own day and near it. Vasari was his contemporary, but seems scarcely to have taken him seriously, and his notices are but short ones. We wish he had given us more of those agreeable gossiping details for which he is so famous, and had spared us the diatribes against what he disliked in Tintoretto's style.

Carlo Ridolfi, a mediocre artist and man of letters, finished his work on the Venetian painters in 1646, so that he was writing about fifty years after Tintoretto's death. The memory of so great an artist would have been fresh, men old enough to recollect him well would have been still alive, and it is evident that Ridolfi has sought them out and has collected a mass of desultory anecdotes and information as near as possible at first hand. In Ridolfi's time, posterity had already set its seal on the painter's work, and he writes of him with heartwhole if sometimes indiscriminate admiration; but in Vasari's day the 'violence and extravagance' of his style were still a matter of controversy, and Messer Giorgio criticises him with all the boldness of a contemporary, and looks on, amused at the eccentricities of the passionate genius whose real nature is beyond his comprehension.

'In the same city of Venice,' says Vasari, suddenly interpolating a living bit of narrative in the laboured record of a dull and forgotten Battista Franco, 'there lived and still lives a painter called Jacopo Tintoretto, full of worth and talent, especially in music and in playing divers instruments, and in other respects amiable in all his aspects: but in matters of art, extravagant, capricious, swift, and resolute; and the most hot-headed (*il più terribile cervello*) that ever has taken painting in hand, as may be

seen in all his works and in the fantastic compositions which he puts together in his own way, different from the use and custom of other painters, surpassing extravagance with new and capricious inventions and strange whims of intellect, working on the spur of the moment and without design, as if art were a mere pleasantry. He has worked in almost every style, in fresco, in oil, portraits from nature and at every price: in such a way that, according to their different modes, he has painted and still paints the greater number of pictures that are executed in Venice.

'And as in his youth he observed much understanding in many fine works, if he had known the great principle which there is in nature and aided it with study and cool judgment, as those have done who have followed the fine methods of their predecessors, and had not, as he has done, abandoned this practice, he would have been one of the best painters who have been known in Venice—not that it should be understood by this that he is not actually a fine and good painter, of a vivid, fanciful and gracious spirit.'

There is little mystery about the facts of Tintoretto's life, and though we should like to have known more, it is doubtful whether there would have been anything more of importance to tell. It was a remarkably uneventful life, with none of the wanderings and vicissitudes that make such biographies as those of Michelangelo or Leonardo so picturesque. He left no sonnets or writings and scarcely a letter, he was personally no great figure of his time, and the contemporary allusions even to his work are scanty in the extreme. Yet there is no time of his life when we are not perfectly able to follow him, and the scraps of knowledge that have come down to us are such that it is quite possible to construct a personality to the reality of which we can subscribe without straining our belief. In an analysis of this kind we must be on our guard against turning possibilities into probabilities and probabilities into assumptions, but, over and above the facts and anecdotes of Vasari and Ridolfi, we possess a mass of evidence of a very personal and intimate character in his work, and it is as we get a grasp of this, that the whole human being is more adequately reconstructed for us, and that we can say with Alfred de Musset that 'what we call *Art* is indeed *Man*.'

TINTORETTO

Ridolfi, in the slipshod fashion in which biographies of his time were written, puts the birth of Jacopo, or Giacomo as he is often called, in 1512, but the record of his death, preserved in the church of San Marciliano in Venice, states that he died at seventy-five years and eight months, and this establishes his birth in September 1518. His father was Battista Robusti, the *tintore* or dyer, a citizen of Venice and a member of one of the great guilds of commerce. The dyers of Venice were an important body of men, and it is probable that Robusti was a citizen of substance, for we never hear that 'the young dyer,' 'Il Tintoretto,' had any great need of money or lacked the necessaries of life. There is no record of any opposition being offered to his leaving the dyeing vats, the gorgeous colours of which may indeed have helped to foster his artistic impulse, and the carelessness about money gains which he showed at the beginning of his life, as well as after he had become famous, is a pretty conclusive proof that his father was able and willing to provide sufficiently for him, and that he had not to contend with anxiety as to ways and means.

He was but a youth of seventeen when, after daubing with his father's dyes, he obtained leave to present himself at the most deeply desired goal of every art student of Venice—the bottega of Titian. Titian, who, thirty-five years the elder, and at the zenith of his fame, admired, courted, celebrated, must have seemed a god-like being to the boy, who had, no doubt, often pored over his paintings in the churches and public buildings. We can guess how eagerly and hopefully study was begun, and how anxiously the great master's notice would be coveted. The notice came speedily enough. 'Not many days' after Tintoretto had entered the studio, the glance of the master, passing through, was arrested by several sketches lying on the ground. Turning them over, he asked who had executed them. We do not know what wild dreams sprang into the boy's head as he 'timidly replied that his was the hand,' we only know he could not have been indifferent. Titian went impatiently up the stairs, threw off his cloak, and sent a messenger, Girolamo Dante, a favourite pupil, generally known as il Giro di Tiziano, to desire that Tintoretto should leave the studio at once and for ever. Ridolfi puts this

conduct down to jealousy on Titian's part. 'Titian perceived from these beginnings that he might become a great painter and deprive him of the mastery in art,' and this superficial judgment, repeated in the eighteenth century by Zanetti, has been handed down, even reappearing in biographies of the present day. It is an incredible one, and would not be worth combating, if it had not been advanced again even in recent years. Titian was not one of those masters who objected to a following; on the contrary, he expected to be followed and copied, and saw in all excellences of his pupils a respectful testimony to his own genius. It is absurd to suppose that the master of assured standing could have felt any jealous fear of the raw student just trying his wings, but Titian had at this time created a school—well established and verging slightly on the academic—which produced canvases peopled by a great range of beautiful and stately persons, finely composed and full of splendid decorum, and we can imagine that Tintoretto's style would have given him a disagreeable shock. Here was a presumptuous youth, who, instead of submissively preparing to follow the master, was giving rein to wild and dangerous innovations, and who would be likely to demoralize that serene and balanced world which addressed itself to attaining the perfection of cultured art.

We have had examples in our own day of the want of sympathy with and understanding of new methods on the part of painters of an old-established style. A Whistler in the studio of a Ruskin would have met with scant encouragement, and Tintoretto's style is quite enough to account for the drastic treatment he received, and also for Titian's grudging attitude towards him in after years.

But being shut out from the famous workshop, being spoken of as one who had been expelled therefrom, must have been a terrible blow to the dawning hopes and ambitions of an enthusiastic boy. 'Every one may conceive,' says Ridolfi, 'what disgust he had in his mind.' We have to imagine his feelings, perhaps to decide, that it was a blessing in disguise, and that too close a devotion to Titian might have hindered his development. At least we soon become aware that the impetuous young artist was not discouraged for any length of time. 'Such affronts,'

adds his biographer, 'become sometimes powerful stimulants to the noble spirit and afford material for generous resolution.' Whether he placed himself in any other school is quite unknown. Mr. Berenson thinks he may have been a pupil of Bonifazio, who was just then one of the most distinguished of the masters working in Venice. It is known that he soon formed a friendship with Andrea Schiavone, who was two years his junior, and to the end of his life his work shows occasional traces of Schiavone's influence. Schiavone spent much time in studying Parmigianino and in engraving his drawings, and the influence of Parmigianino appears very strongly in Tintoretto's earlier work.

In the next ten years we have glimpses of Tintoretto, not under any master to whom we can confidently point, but pursuing his artistic studies wherever an opening offered, with the headlong ardour which all his life characterized his attitude towards art. Daniele da Volterra, who had been working with Michelangelo in the early days of the Sistine frescoes, had brought drawings to Venice of the great Florentine's statues in the Medici Chapel, which fired Tintoretto's imagination, and with an enterprise surprising in a boy, at a time when transportation was costly and difficult, he imported casts of the 'Dawn' and 'Twilight,' the 'Night' and 'Morning.' Studying Titian's colour, he was quick to see the purer examples of form to be found with the Florentine; perhaps Daniele had retailed Buonarroti's sarcastic comment, 'What a pity they could not learn to draw in Venice'; in any case such a criticism is sure to have been well known and much discussed, and the watchword written on Tintoretto's studio, as soon as he got one, was, 'The colour of Titian and the form of Michelangelo.' No sense of any wrong done to him by Titian prevented his study of his principles, and Titian's influence is the strongest of all in early years.

It has been said that 'you can learn to draw, but colour is the gift of the fairies.' Tintoretto knowing what came easily to him, devoted all his energies to that which did not come by nature, but which could be acquired by hard work. 'Study drawing,' he said long afterwards, to a young Bolognese artist and engraver, who asked him how to reach excellence, and to the question, 'What further?' he repeated, 'Study drawing,' and

yet a third time gave the maxim; that is, 'Get your instrument perfect and then you can do with it as you will.' So he worked from the casts, of which, as time went on, he acquired a large collection; he made models of the human figure, suspending them by strings so as to notice every complicated posture and foreshortening, and studying till, like Michelangelo in his great feat in the 'Last Judgment,' he could draw a figure from memory in any attitude. Every arm and hand and torso he could collect he drew over and over again on coloured paper, with charcoal, in water-colours, and in every other way in which he could teach himself what was necessary for the uses of art. . . . He also continued, in order to practise himself in the management of colour, to visit every place where painting was going on; and it is said, drawn by the desire for work, he went with the builders to Cittadella, where round the rays of the clock he painted various fanciful matters. . . . He went much about also among the painters of the second class, who worked in the Piazza San Marco on the painters' benches.' The scientific study of light and shade next engrossed him. He constructed little cardboard houses in which it was easy, by means of sliding shutters, to arrange effects of lamplight and skylight. In Venice herself, in 'the City of the Sea,' with golden clouds rising out of a burnished ocean, with luminous reflections in her green waters, with that whiteness which is the first impression of her palaces, and that darkness in which all colour seems embalmed, he drew in the love of colour, and still more that love of shine and shadow which in the end was the most victorious of all his inspirations.

Early dependence on his own efforts made of Tintoretto a free-lance among painters. A whole host of Titianesque followers were competing for the favour of the Republic, but Tintoretto was the helper and hanger-on of no great man, he had no necessary etiquette to maintain or time-honoured formulas to satisfy. He threw all the network of professional scruples to the winds; he would work for anybody on any terms. Like Schiavone, who was himself a poor man and had no studio, he made friends with the masons who laid the last coat of *intonaco* or plaster for the fresco-painters, and bargained with them in their employer's interest. When the owners did not intend to go to the expense

of external decoration, Tintoretto offered to paint the house for the cost of the materials, and on these terms the citizen got his frescoed dwelling. What did the money matter? At least all Venice would see his work. He decorated benches and settles, anything he could lay his hands on. The painters' benches, *le banche per le depintori*, were, as Ridolfi tells us, under the porticoes in the Piazza, where, according to an ancient privilege granted by the Senate, the painters who had no studios plied their trade, painting histories, foliage, grotesques, and 'other bizarre things' on marriage chests, and probably other articles of furniture, cupboards, and the like. The *depintori da banche* were a recognized body, and even men of standing like Schiavone were glad now and then to do a day's work among them and to sell their wares as they painted them to the lookers-on, who then as now spent much of their time 'in piazza,' wandering up and down and sipping refreshments under the colonnades. Ridolfi speaks of his painting of the Cà di Zeni. The Zeno was one of the oldest families of the State, and their palace still stands near the oratory of the Crociferi. Inside it Tintoretto painted the figure of a reclining woman, and on its outer walls a 'Conversion of St. Paul' 'with many figures,' of which, in Ridolfi's time, only a few patches were left, suggesting that he may have followed Leonardo's method and mixed his fresco with oils. In these first years he also executed small commissions for the Compagnia dei Sarti.

The 'young painters of genius and zeal who swarmed in Venice' were in the habit of exhibiting their paintings in the Merceria, the narrow alley crowded with shops, which leads out of the Piazza in the direction of the Rialto. Tintoretto placed there a portrait of himself and his brother in a lamplight effect, which attracted favourable attention, and under which a friendly passer-by wrote a couplet:—

> 'Si Tintoretto noctis sic lucet in umbris
> Exorto faciet quid radiente die?'

On the Rialto he soon after showed another painting which gained a word of admiration from Titian himself as he passed across the bridge.

At this time no one talked in Venice of any painter save

Palma Vecchio, Pordenone, Bonifazio, and above all, Titian, and all the great commissions went to this powerful clique. If Tintoretto had been one of their pupils the path would have been made easy for him, but as it was, he had to work hard for recognition, undertaking every small altarpiece or organ door that the minor churches required, until gradually he became more known and his work more highly valued. By the time he was twenty-six he was painting two altarpieces in SS. Ermagora and Fortunato, others followed in quick succession, and 'still new schemes boiled in that fertile brain.'

It is difficult to decide how to place the great achievement in the Madonna dell' Orto. Ridolfi says definitely that it was early work, painted for the sake of getting better known. Later critics, and notably Thode, put these paintings quite ten years later. It certainly seems impossible that they should have been produced in the short space of time before his employment in the Scuola di San Marco filled his hands. The work, on the whole, bears the signs of mature knowledge, especially the 'Presentation,' where the scheme of colour is identical with those golden-brown creations of his fourth decade, which culminate with the 'Marriage of Cana' in 1561. Moreover, the bearded giant carrying the golden calf is evidently a portrait of himself, apparently about forty years old, and tradition has always called the woman in blue his wife. On the other hand, it is most unlikely that Tintoretto so late as 1555-60, when he had made his name, and was loaded with commissions, should still be offering his brush for the mere cost of the materials, particularly if he had just taken on himself the cares of a family.

Perhaps the explanation may be that it was in the first ardour of youth, while he was still comparatively unknown, that is about 1546, that he made his offer to the Prior of the Madonna dell' Orto. He then painted the 'Last Judgment,' which, as far as one can judge, is the earliest part of the work, and that which speaks most distinctly of the inspiration of Michelangelo, and began upon the opposite wall. Later, when rapidly rising to fame, he felt bound to fulfil his early promises, but did so at his leisure, so that the 'Golden Calf' may not have been finished until the time when he could paint in his wife's portrait

and his own in middle life. The 'Presentation' may date from that time, the 'St. Agnes' is incontestably much later. There is really nothing to oblige us to believe that the whole decoration must be assigned to any one period; it is more likely that it stretched over some fourteen years, being taken up at the painter's convenience.

We have a definite date at which the great opportunity he had waited for came to the young man of thirty. The Confraternity of St. Mark was decorating its walls in 1548, and 'several of the governours' combined to engage Tintoretto to execute a painting. With the 'Miracle of the Slave,' he sprang at once to the highest place. It was not unalloyed pleasure; the new style was not at once appreciated by the Brothers, but they soon followed the verdict of the public, which was unmistakable and ungrudging, and Tintoretto was never again short of work.

At the end of his fourth decade the even course of his artistic career was varied by great events. He married Faustina, the daughter of Marco dei Vescovi, a gentleman of noble family, who is believed to have belonged to the mainland, as his name does not appear in the Golden Book. Tintoretto must at this time, if we judge by the portraits introduced by himself and his contemporaries into many of their compositions, have been an extremely handsome man, tall and finely formed, with a small head, good features, and dark eyes. Faustina was young and beautiful. She was also perhaps something of an heiress, as her father afterwards came to Venice and cast in his lot with his son-in-law, which points to her being an only daughter. The family was evidently in easy circumstances, though the whereabouts of the home at this time is not precisely known. It was, however, in the Parrocchia dell' Orto, and there, during the next fourteen years, eight sons and daughters were born, the eldest being named Marietta. The other great event which henceforth powerfully influenced his life was the beginning of his connexion in 1560 with the Scuola di San Rocco.

One journey of which we are told was paid to Mantua some time in the sixties, when, after having painted a frieze of the victory of Taro and a series of Triumphs of the Venetian Republic

and the Mantovan dukedom, for the Gonzaga, the duke, who had constantly watched him at work in his studio, invited him to his court to see the paintings hung. Tintoretto excused himself on the score that his wife did not like him to leave her, whereupon Duke Gonzaga extended his invitation to the whole family and sent one of his best small sailing-vessels, well provisioned, in which they were conveyed to Mantua. Here Tintoretto was entertained magnificently for some days, the duke conferring with him and asking his opinion about fortifications and improvements. He had a brother settled in Mantua, and the duke tried to persuade him to follow his example, but 'Tintoretto,' says Ridolfi, 'could not endure chains, even if of gold set with gems,' besides which he had left many important commissions, both public and private, unfinished in Venice.[1]

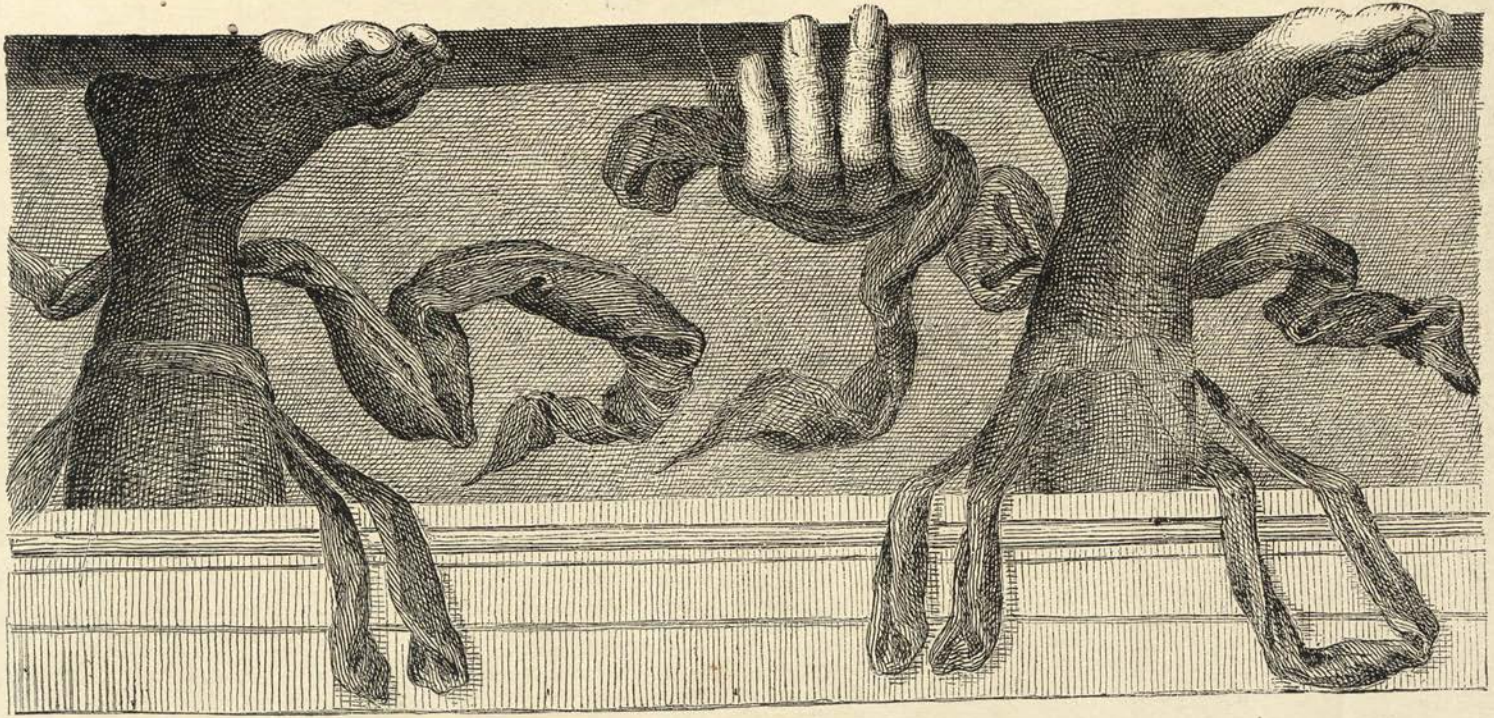
The palace to which the Robusti family migrated in 1574, where Tintoretto lived for twenty years, and which he bequeathed to his descendants, still exists in Venice. It is a very long, narrow building of which each end faces a canal, but part of the middle has been pulled down so that it now forms two separate dwellings. What must formerly have been its principal entrance looks on the Rio della Madonna dell' Orto, facing the church. At this end it is called Palazzo Camello, and shows a mutilated bas-relief of a man leading a camel laden with a pack. The other end, looking on the Calle della Sensa (formerly dei Mori), is called Casa dei Mori, and here is a half-length statue of a Turk in a turban sunk in the wall. It is probable that it was built for an Eastern merchant or for a Venetian engaged in oriental traffic. It must have been a palace of considerable importance, a good specimen of Venetian Gothic, and still bears marks of rich decoration. The walls are sheathed in white marble, delicately carved and ornamented; the first floor at both ends has a row of fine Gothic windows, set in plaques of Istrian marble with carved rims; short, stout columns divide the windows, and have capitals carved with leafage, and the little balconies are of fretted marble. The Casa dei Mori now passes as the 'House of Tintoretto,' and has a medallion with an inscription set into its walls. Probably the family only occupied the upper floors, which in their original

[1] See Appendix I. for a second visit in 1579.

condition must have been amply large enough. Ridolfi says the studio was 'in the most remote part of the house,' and a long garret at the top is now pointed out and dignified by the name of Tintoretto's studio, but it is not very probable that Tintoretto spent all his time and received visitors in this unceiled apartment, hot in summer and cold in winter; the studio is more likely to have been on the second floor, with a north aspect, and to have made part of the building now destroyed.

The contract of its purchase by Marco dei Vescovi on his son-in-law's account is still extant, and is dated June 8, 1574. There also exists a memorandum of a return made of Tintoretto's property for the purposes of taxation. In this the rent of the house is put at twenty ducats, subject to a deduction on account of a mortgage to the amount of five hundred ducats, bearing interest at six per cent., forming part of the purchase money. Rent in Italy is invariably fixed by the month. A ducat was about ten shillings of our money, and having regard to the increase in the value of money, this would bring the rent to a considerable sum, and points to the probability that, according to the very usual custom in Italy, the family took a larger house than they required and let off the lower floors.

It is interesting to reconstruct the scenes in the little palace at the foot of Ponte dei Mori. Ridolfi speaks of Tintoretto's life as a sober, staid, and dignified one. He held aloof from all roistering, and was no frequent visitor in the gay and frivolous society of Venice, but with all those young people growing up, there was plenty of fun and pleasure and genial intercourse. Music was a favourite diversion: Marietta, who was fourteen when they went to the house, was highly gifted as a musician, and her father delighted in playing on the lute, and invented improvements in various instruments, 'never' as Ridolfi remarks, 'doing anything like other people.' Zanetti, writing in the eighteenth century, says 'he lived very personably, surrounded by his family and friends.' Among these friends were Marietta's music-master, Giulio Zacchino, a Neapolitan, and Giuseppe Zarlino of Chioggia, who from 1565 to 1590 was the distinguished chapel-master of St. Mark's and one of the fathers of modern music. Jacopo da Ponte, the landscape-painter from Bassano, was a good friend and



FRIEZE ROUND THE SALA OF TINTORETTO'S HOUSE, EXECUTED IN BRONZE FROM THE MASTER'S DESIGN

See App. II.

frequenter of the house, and so was Alessandro Vittoria, whose portrait busts are still so common in Venice. Vittoria was a great gardener, and would come fresh from his evening's work in his garden in the Calle di Pietà. There, too, was often to be met Paolo Caliari, the Veronese, a magnificent person, yet one far more eager than his host about the market value of his work. He was a man who lived sumptuously, loving the bravery of palaces and courts, dressed splendidly and 'always wore velvet breeches,' and who, despite his being twenty-six years younger than Tintoretto, shot into a position of the first order with much greater rapidity. But between these two there was no rivalry. They worked together as good friends, and not all the gorgeous entertainments of Venice could keep Caliari away from the pleasant evening gatherings in Tintoretto's modest home. Poor Andrea Schiavone, too, was always a welcome guest. Tintoretto never forgot his early friend, whose life was one long piece of ill luck for which it is difficult to account, and who in spite of conspicuous talent, which ought to have assured him prosperity, was disreputable and ragged and sometimes on the verge of starvation. As she grew towards womanhood, his daughter Marietta became his dearest companion, his pride and joy. She had early shown great talent for painting, and had been carefully trained by her father. She was his constant companion when he was working, and used to accompany him about the city to the churches and palaces on which he was engaged, dressed, for greater convenience, in boy's clothes.

We can fancy Veronese coming to the evening gatherings in his gondola, and Alessandro the sculptor from his garden round the corner, to find their host after his long day's work, ready to join in with his lute, full of good sayings and quips, 'uttered with a grave face, without a smile.' We can picture the fair young daughters of the host and their handsome mother, leaning from the tall pointed windows to wave good-night to the departing guests, while the white moonlight pours upon the marble façade of the little palazzo, and the chimes of S. Madonna dell' Orto ring out some late hour of the night.

The old house on the Rio dell' Orto is full of memories. Somewhere here was the studio, where, withdrawn from the life

around him, he beheld his great creations arise in dreams, in which stood those little cardboard houses, where by the gleaming wax-tapers, he puzzled out the lights and shadows of a Nativity or a Deposition ;—where he and that bright-faced, lissome boy,, who was really Marietta, discussed designs and criticized and decided on the finishing touches to a new altarpiece, before they carried it out to try its effect in some neighbouring church. From these windows he could look across the little piazza at the old church he had decorated, and could hear the same bells chiming as they chime to-day. Through the courtyard and over the bridge he passed often to work or to attend mass in the vast church, and how constantly he must have strolled in at its ever-open door, to look at his canvases and to plan some addition ; and under the carved doorway he was borne for the last time, when the busy hand and brain were at length stilled for ever.

CHAPTER III

THE MAN AND HIS LIFE—II

TWO letters are preserved in the State archives of Venice.[1] 'To the illustrious and excellent Heads of the Council of Ten. If I, Giacomo Robusti, tentoretto, your Lordships' humblest and most devoted servant, possessed powers to correspond to my ardent desires, no one should have surpassed me in faithful service. I have always known myself to fall below my affection and ardent wish to serve you, but I have not fallen short of doing what my impotence would allow. As soon therefore as I heard the happy news of your Lordships' most glorious victory, in which I had no power to share by pouring out my own blood, I hastened to spend a part of that I had, in time past, allotted to the needs of my poor and devoted family. I executed the painting of the aforesaid glorious battle, which your grace has placed in the *Sala del Scortinio,* in eternal memory of the imperial power. I recognize your Excellencies' magnanimity in accepting my little gift, and I am sure your illustrious Lordships will accord me leave to live for your service, offering the study placed in the halls of the Council of Ten without other reward except for the colours and canvas required.

I, however, humbly supplicate the illustrious Council of its grace to concede me the first vacancy in the *Fontego di todeschi,* and in order that it may be a support to my poor family, to enter it in the name of one of my sons or daughters, or of a nephew.'

27 *September* 1574.

'I, Jacomo Tentoretto, your illustrious Lordships' humblest servant, having had leave to place in the *Salla del Scortinio* the

[1] For originals see Appendix IV. The compliments have been slightly abridged in the translation.

picture which celebrates your glorious victory, executed at an outlay of ten months of time and which has taken canvas and colours and living to the amount of more than two hundred ducats, without counting my labour, which would be more than three hundred ducats, which I have given up in order to do this work. Therefore I pray your Excellencies, who can have no wish to profit by the poverty of my eight children, that you will have compassion on me and give orders that I am to receive satisfaction, so that, poor as I am, I may, with my family, continue to live near your Excellencies, always ready to serve you with life and labour, as I promised in my former petition. Humbly prostrating myself on my knees with my eight children.'

October 1574.

After the victory of Lepanto in 1571, Tintoretto had presented the State with a superb painting of the event, to which these letters refer. The Council in 1574 voted him the post for which he asks; a broker's patent in the Fondaco dei Tedeschi, a sort of sinecure office, which was a favourite way of recompensing services.

It must have been a grief when this and much of his early work perished in the fire which destroyed part of the interior of the Ducal Palace in 1577, but, in the main, life flowed on peacefully for the next fifteen years, his children grew up, his commissions were more than he could accomplish. His services were in great part retained by the Government, a band of followers gathered round him, and middle life glided into old age. Presently Marietta married, but continued to live on with her husband in the old home. In 1590 she died, at the age of thirty, a shock from which her father never recovered. Still he worked on bravely, and completed his great work of the 'Paradiso,' and put the finishing touches to his paintings in the Scuola di San Rocco. After this he did but little work, but used to occupy his time walking in the cloisters with the brothers of the Confraternity, with whom he had been so familiar for thirty years, and in long meditations in his old parish church. Besides which he spent much time at Carpineto, a country place near Mestre, where he had bought land. In 1594 he was suddenly attacked with an affection of the digestive organs, with pain and sleeplessness which lasted for

fifteen days, and defied all the efforts of the doctors. Feeling that he was dying, he received the sacrament, and sending for his sons, charged them to uphold that honourable name which he had gained with so much toil. He desired that his body should be kept above ground for at least three days after his death, and on the third day of Pentecost, 1594, he passed peacefully away. Attended by all the painters in Venice, besides numbers of great personages and personal friends, he was laid in the vault belonging to Marco dei Vescovi, beneath the choir of the Madonna dell' Orto. In the mortuary register of the church of San Marciliano is the following record:—

'A.D. 31 MAGGIO 1594.

'Se morto mf. Gacomo Robusti, ditto Tentoretto de etta anni 75 e statto amalatto giorni 15 quindese da frievre I. Marcilian.'

When the church was restored in 1865 the vault was opened and was found to contain, besides his own, the coffins of ten persons. Two of these would be his father-in-law and his wife—the two daughters who were nuns would be buried in their convent cemetery, so there remain three daughters, two sons, two sons-in-law, and a member of the next generation, a child of the Cassers. They were moved to a side chapel where they rest under the rose and white marble slabs, marked with a cross, with the dates of the painter's birth and death engraved upon the stone above.

Tintoretto by will left his property to his wife, and then to his children. Domenico became the owner of the house, Marco was a deacon of St. Mark's some ten years before his father's death, and perhaps on this account the right was reserved to his mother of 'conditioning' in her will his share of property. Ottavia and Perina became nuns in the convent of St. Anna. For their convent they worked the whole of their father's 'Crucifixion' in silk embroidery, and we are hardly surprised to hear that one of them lost her sight in consequence. Zabeo saw this embroidery in the convent as late as 1813. Two other daughters survived their parents, Laura, who died unmarried, and a second Ottavia, who married a German painter named Sebastian Casser, and became the ultimate possessor of the family property. There must, however, have been one

other son or daughter, as his letter to the Council of Ten speaks of eight children. Domenico had intended to bequeath the house and the large collection of casts as an academy for the painters of Venice, but he changed his mind, and by a will dated October 20, 1630, the entire property went to his sister Ottavia. Ottavia dying October 8, 1645, left everything to her husband. The house was inhabited by their lineal descendants up to 1835 or a year or two later. In that year Thomas Adolphus Trollope speaks of it as occupied by two brothers, Angelo and Andrea Casser.

Tintoretto returns himself as the possessor of a small farm at Mestre, of which the share of produce, payable by the farmer, was seventeen quarters of wheat and fourteen tuns of wine, and as honoraries, due from the farmer, according to custom, one goose, fifty eggs, two couple of hens, two couple of chickens, and one ham. On the farm was a mortgage of 400 ducats at 6 per cent.

The great painter's memory must have been long held dear in his native city, for Ridolfi, speaking of his lovable and attractive nature, and his affable converse with his friends, has been able to glean from that past of more than half a century earlier many of his pithy sayings and dry jests.

A patron had ordered a picture of 'St. Jerome in a Wood,' but on receiving it, found fault and returned it, saying the saint was represented on the outskirts of the wood, instead of inside. Tintoretto then added some trees so as quite to obliterate the saint's figure, and again presented his picture. 'But where is the saint?' then asked the nobleman; 'I can't see him anywhere?' 'Oh,' replied the painter, 'he is in the wood.'

That he was not particularly patient or mindful of the susceptibilities of others is suggested by a letter to his brother in Mantua, who had written him a long list of questions, including a query whether their mother, who was old and infirm, had died. To him Tintoretto made answer—'Dearest brother, in answer to all that you have written to me, No,' and when two young Flemish artists showed him their careful drawings, informing him that they had spent ten or fifteen days over each copy, Tintoretto dashed off a composition with a few strokes, touched in the high lights with white, and told them that was the way poor painters were obliged to draw in Venice.

Painting for a foreign prince, who showed no signs of paying, he effectually jogged his memory by significantly asking his major-domo, 'What is *money* in your tongue?'

He could evidently mock gently at himself and his love for grandiose undertakings, for a nobleman for whom he was about to paint a fresco in a garden, asking him how large the wall ought to be, he spread his arms wide, replying, 'Three Tintorettos!' When he was at a supper at Jacopo Contarini's, a portrait of Titian's was discussed amid pæans of praise. 'That is the way to paint,' said his fellow-guests. Tintoretto, 'the old man,' as Ridolfi calls him, went home rather piqued, and taking a portrait by Titian, painted over it a head in as good an imitation of the same style as he could compass. Having smoked and varnished it, he displayed it to his friends, who were unanimous in recognizing Titian's hand and in giving it unstinted admiration. Then Tintoretto swept off the colour with a sponge and showed the deception, adding, 'You see now how much prejudice and a name have to do with your judgment and how few really understand anything of painting.' His resource and resolution were shown in his dealings with Pietro Aretino. Tintoretto, who was heartily disliked by Aretino, because he showed no inclination for his friendship, and because Aretino wished to curry favour with Titian, heard that the backbiter and slanderer was at work with his good name. Meeting him one day, he invited him to his studio under pretence of painting his portrait. Aretino being posed, Tintoretto drew a pistol or arquebus and pointed it at his detractor's head. 'What are you about?' cried Aretino. 'Merely taking your measure,' was the reply in significant tones—'which is just two pistols and a half.' 'Oh, you are always fooling,' returned Aretino, but the hint was sufficient, and in future he let Tintoretto alone. Ridolfi gives us some idea of Tintoretto's artistic beliefs. We have seen how persistently he impressed the importance of drawing upon Fialetti. 'Beautiful colours,' he says again, 'are bought on the Rialto, but drawing only comes with study and night-watches, so it comes to pass that few practise it enough.' He thought, however, that drawing from the antique and from the works of Titian and Michelangelo was the safest method for a beginner. His favourite

colours he declared to be black and white, 'because the one gives profundity, and the other relieves it.'

He was no courtier, and when a band of prelates and senators came to see him as he finished the 'Paradiso,' he became worried and provoked by their chattering comments. At length one asked why he painted so rapidly when men like Bellini, Titian, and other masters went to work with such calm deliberation. 'They had not so many as I have to drive them distracted,' flashed out the painter, and peppery as the Venetians were, no one took exception to his freedom.

A few touches give us a glimpse of his home life. Always careless about money, he one day sold a picture by his son Domenico, during his absence, to a dealer who pressed hard for it. Domenico, on his return, was indignant to find that it had gone for thirty ducats, and that his father was pluming himself on having made a good bargain. Domenico made 'the greatest row in the world,' till, to restore peace, his father begged it back at the price of one of his own. Tintoretto was always well dressed, 'in the fashion of the day.' In middle life, to please his wife, he adopted the Venetian toga, the long mantle which was a sort of insignia of nobility, and which his marriage into a noble family had given him the right to wear. The good lady loved to admire him from the windows, as he left the house, wrapped in its ample folds, but he, 'willing to tease her, affected to be indifferent to it.' His carelessness about money matters was evidently trying to the thrifty Faustina, who, when he went out by himself, would tie a small piece into his handkerchief, charging him to spend it with care and to bring her back an account. Tintoretto, however, 'was wont to spend it gallantly with his friends,' and accounted for it as having been given to those in want and for the relief of poor prisoners. His good-fellowship was shown by the readiness with which he supplied mottoes and distichs, and invented bizarre costumes for the comedies of the time.

His friends and intimates were the principal gentlemen and litterati living in Venice in his time. Daniele Barbaro, Maffeo and Domenico Venier, Paolo Ramusio, Secretary of the Senate, Ottobono, the great Chancellor, distinguished for his learning; his house was the haunt of all the best in Venice.

Short stories and insignificant facts, but combining them, we are able to gather some idea of this Venetian citizen of the sixteenth century, as husband and father, as friend and as painter. We can reconstruct the comfortable, well-ordered household, lacking, we may be sure, in none of the bravery suited to its day and condition. We can see the wife, handsome and well-born, proud of her husband and anxious that he should make a good appearance, tried a little by his easy-going nature and his lack of practicality. We picture the family, Domenico working earnestly and not unsuccessfully at his father's craft, using his father's cartoons, asking his help in every difficulty, and conspicuous among them all the beautiful and gifted Marietta, her father's darling and companion, the delight of his heart.

It was a happy household, and Tintoretto was a kind husband and father. The time-honoured family jest of accounting for his expenditure, which never deceived his good wife, his love of teasing and tantalizing her, show affection, mixed perhaps with a humorous perception of her being a little prosaic and conventional. Domenico, for one, was in no awe of him, and we fancy the great painter going ruefully to reclaim his son's picture, perhaps secretly wondering if it were worth all the fuss, and conscious that the dealer was reaping by the exchange. He was a good friend, keeping up old intimacies, even with those whom the world treated badly. Open-handed and hospitable, he cared little for the great world, but enjoyed simple society and merriment under his own roof. He was generous to a fault when he was negotiating on his own behalf, strong and able to hold his own when moved to indignation. Full of dry, quiet humour, such as helps a man to take a sane and placable view of life. With all his absorption in his art, we have a witness in that art that he was a lover of humanity, an observer of character, taking a large delight in men and manners. We know that he must have wandered in crowds, watching groups and faces, hearing the murmured 'Ecco! Il Tintoretto,' as one or another caught sight of the tall, dark figure; that he would have been at a post of vantage when the great shows and processions were going forward, delighting in their colour and splendour; that he passed down the narrow canals, studying

effects, watching the glow of light behind the heads within some crowded *osteria*, or noting the play of sunshine in and out of the tall colonnades. Everything that we can hear of him goes to prove that Tintoretto was a man of simple and normal nature, whose life was outwardly a quiet and uneventful one, and whose conduct was upright and irreproachable. In an age whose morals were so lax, that there was little need for the dissimulation of peccadilloes, we can find no trace of any picturesque *liaison* or love-story; no word or allusion points to the mistress of Tintoretto. Yet a mistress he had; one who reconciled him to his plodding life and monotonous days, who was as exigent as any famous courtesan of them all: before whom he poured himself out with all the prodigality of a deeply enthusiastic temperament. His mistress was his Art. Here he found excitement and adventure and a large and ideal outlook, and here was the Romance of his life.

Compared to the early masters, even of the Venetian school, his is not what we think of as a religious art. The painters of the day had frankly discarded religious feeling and made the orders of ecclesiastical bodies the channels for chronicling all the splendid social events and personages of the Venetian Republic. In Tintoretto, we see, as we become familiar with his long career, the modern spirit was strong, and obedience to the spirit of art was the overmastering element, but religious feeling was present also, and at least he was a man who made a deep and earnest study of the Bible, and who delighted in working out religious analogies and symbolism, a man who turned naturally and simply in his last years to the truths with which his art had rendered him so familiar. And there is something beyond this; another side to the kindly host, the affectionate father, the industrious, indefatigable worker. We become more aware of it as we gather all we can of the sentiment that inspires his artistic creations. On that side he was a mystic, a dreamer of dreams, a weaver of visions. Perhaps he could not have explained them in words. Perhaps Marietta, the woman who loved him and worked with him, understood them, but in them it is, we can hardly doubt, that we reach the deepest secrets of his nature, and here is what, above all else, sets him apart from his contemporaries.

Venice, Church of the Carmine

THE PRESENTATION

CHAPTER IV

EARLY WORK

NOTHING is more interesting than to trace the coming excellence of a painter in his earliest work, to study the formation of its character, and to decide what dictated its manner of execution. We are almost entirely cut off from this in Tintoretto, whose first paintings, chronicled by Ridolfi, have all vanished. Besides those already alluded to, he speaks of an 'Annunciation' which adorned the organ loft of San Benedetto, and a 'Nativity' which was removed to the Hall of Magistrates in Ridolfi's time.

There remains a 'Presentation' in the church of the Carmine, which Ridolfi says was painted in the manner of Schiavone, and believed by many to be the work of the latter. This little altar-piece is now very generally attributed to Tintoretto. A few small organ decorations are all that remain in the Carmine of the 'Choir' and other paintings by Schiavone, but Ridolfi speaks of these as among his most important work, and it is not unlikely that the assistant who was painting with him should have been allowed to undertake a small side altar. We know how great an admiration Tintoretto had for Schiavone's gift of colour, saying that every painter in Venice who did not possess one of his paintings, as a guide for colour, ought to be reproved, but that he ought to be whipped if he could not better the drawing. But this picture shows no trace of the influence of Schiavone, it has nothing of the picturesque touch and liquid colour which cover that artist's weakness of design. The High Priest reaching across the altar to take the Child, and the Mother who holds it, are evidently inspired by Titian; so is the figure of the woman who bears the doves, while the one who is seated in the foreground, nursing a child, might be from Titian or Palma. The drawing of the whole is stiff and careful, as of a student who is feeling his way, but it is very

correct. Great attention is paid to light, and there is already considerable skill in handling it. It concentrates upon the Child and the doves, upon the face of Mary, and the white cloth and sleeves of the High Priest, it gleams upon his golden mantle, and the torches behind light up the spectators, while the woman in front is painted in softer tones, as if sitting near an open door; an effect which Tintoretto often afterwards made use of.

If we accept this as one of his early works, we cannot well reject the 'Adulteress before Christ' in the Prado, which Professor Thode attributes to him. The profiles and backs of the women are identical, the draperies fall in the same carefully drawn folds, one head in each picture has the elaborate plaits to which Tintoretto so often returned. The treatment of the white sleeves falling over the woman's arms is the same in each picture, and though in the second there is a beginning of feeling for space, the same old men's heads are relieved against the dark background. The treatment of light may be compared, and we cannot fail to notice one very marked difference from Tintoretto's later methods. He never, except in portraits, paints this opaque dark setting with the actors standing out in light against it. Even now, in the second picture, he is beginning to need some other method than the old and obvious one, and I think we may accept both these as early work, of a moment when the young painter was working in company with Schiavone, but much under the influence of Titian, and already full of experiments in chiaroscuro on his own behalf.

In the little church of San Gallo, a 'Christ with Saints,' so bedaubed as to be almost valueless, shows the influence of Bonifazio more than of Schiavone in its warm, red-brown tones, but Schiavone's style predominates in a 'St. Demetrius with donor' in the church of San Felice. The saint is a fair-haired young hero, holding a banner in one hand and a sword in the other; he steps easily towards us and looks kindly at the donor, a member of the House of Ghisi, whose carefully drawn head is probably the first portrait that we possess from Tintoretto's hand.

The following letter from Aretino dates two of the lost pictures:—

'All connoisseurs pronounce the two compositions, the fable of

Madrid, Escorial

CHRIST WASHING THE FEET OF THE DISCIPLES

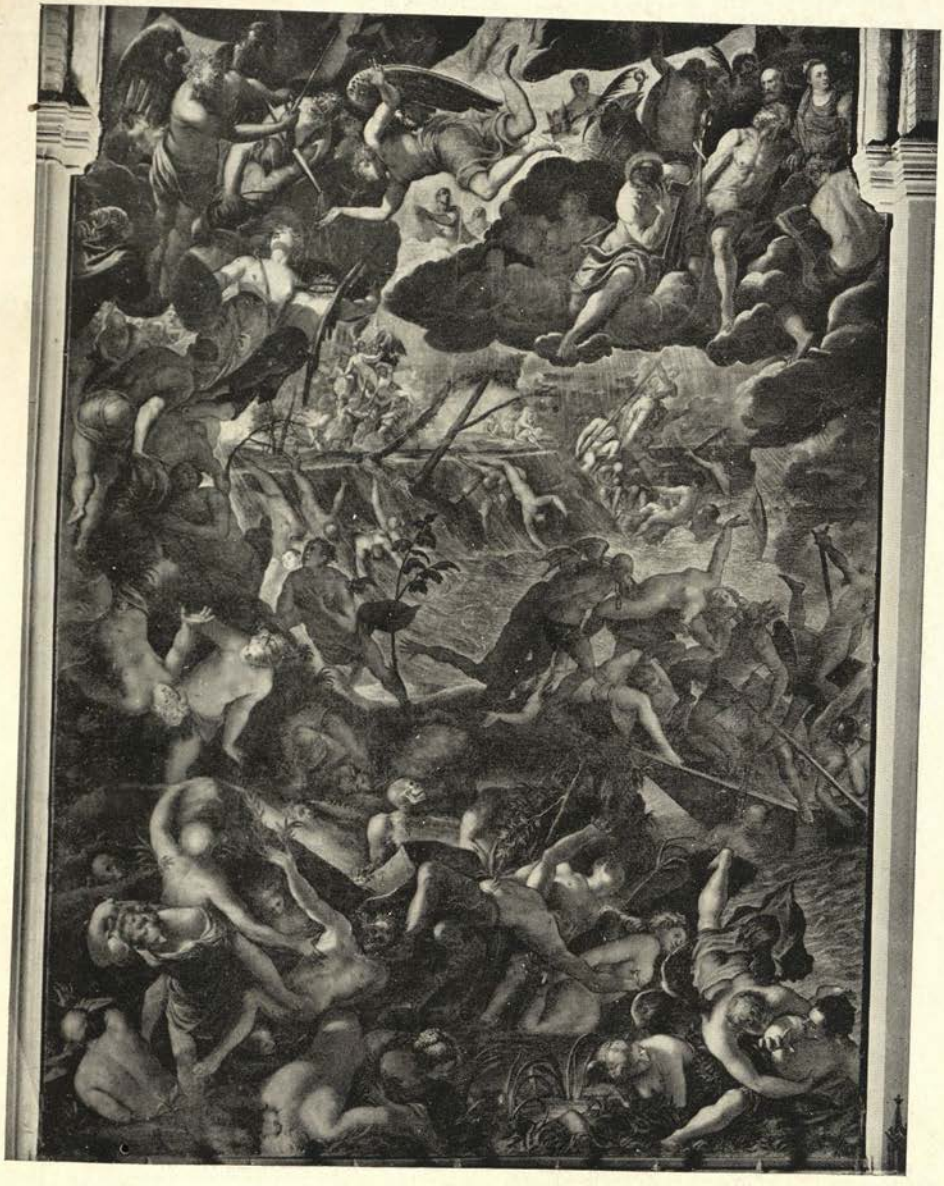
Apollo and Marsyas, and the story of Mercury and Argus, with which you, so young in years, have decorated the walls of my saloon, in less time than it would have taken most people to think about them, to be bold, vivid, and beautiful, abounding in lively and beautiful incidents. Quick execution is no merit if the work be badly done, but when we find speed combined with a good style, we are pleased. It depends on you knowing your business, so that you perceive at once where to place your darks and lights, and where the figures, whether nudes or draped, should be most telling. But now, my son, that these drawings show the fame you will win in future years by your brush, do not forget to thank God, by whose beneficence you can learn as much of righteousness as of painting, recognizing that the first can exist without the last, but not the last without the first. Philosophy and theology, the arts of war and defence, are sciences and handicrafts, and as one sort of timber is suitable for sail-yards, another for the hulls of ships, a third for the rudder, and this serves better than that for beams or for a stairway, so talents are apportioned to various professions, and you are enabled to excel in painting while another will surpass you in sculpture, but no skill, no genius is of consequence, compared to the trade of righteousness, which has nothing to do with talent, but is of the soul and spirit and given us of Christ.

'VENICE, *February* 1545.'

Aretino, a specious humbug himself, was not the first who has given advice which he did not follow, and was quite alive to the policy of good behaviour, especially in a youth, struggling for recognition; and Tintoretto was young enough to appreciate the praise, and to take the advice in good part. That a critic of such eminence styled his work, done at twenty-six, 'bold and vivid,' prepares us for the advance shown in that great altarpiece, 'Christ washing the Feet of the Disciples,' which, painted at this time, in conjunction with the 'Last Supper' of S. Marcuola, was acquired by Charles I. of England, and bought for the Escorial when his collection was dispersed. The slight indication of a third dimension, in the background of the 'Adulteress before Christ,' has

developed into a superb vista, allowing the eye to wander away into a perspective of buildings and terraces, while the chequered red and blue pavement in the foreground of the sunlit hall aids the illusion. The feeling for space is pushed to an extreme which reveals the artist's delight in his experiment; he would have nothing more to do with flat, dark backgrounds. The disciples are grouped at intervals, sitting round the supper-table, or taking off their sandals, and the arrangement adds to the appreciation of depth and distance, but the group of which Christ is the centre is rather awkwardly situated in one corner of the extreme foreground, interest is not sufficiently concentrated upon it, and the space is unduly extended, and has too little connexion with the event. In short, the wish to experimentalize is still too conspicuous.

The other altarpiece in SS. Ermagora and Fortunato (now S. Marcuola) fortunately still remains on the wall for which it was painted. It is a 'Last Supper' presumably of rather later date, after his manner has become fully formed, and while it is still remarkable for brilliancy of colour, and in this it has much in common with the 'Miracle of the Slave,' which so soon followed it. It is a small and most beautiful picture, set, like a jewel, into the vast canvas which covers the whole of one side of the choir. Before examining it we must abstract the detestable additions of later days; a gross, semi-nude figure of Charity with children, and an equally unlovely Faith with chalice and Host. The general lines of the composition are traditional, and it is interesting to find a 'Last Supper' of Tintoretto, built up along the white line of draped table, so that, as with earlier masters, the figures face us, in the simple, horizontal plan. Christ sits in the centre, with outstretched hands, while a disciple on either side turns questioningly towards him. The other disciples, clustering together in agitated groups at either end of the table, leave these central figures facing the spectator. Movement, colour, and chiaroscuro are all full of dramatic passion. The brilliant white of the table-cloth, running across the whole composition, is barred by heavy shadows, and broken up by the draperies of the excited people who lean across it. Crimson, rose, mulberry, that marvellous black and stretches of silvery blue, make as fine a mosaic of inlaid colour as we find in any of his



Venice, Church of the Madonna dell' Orto

THE LAST JUDGMENT

Venice, Church of the Madonna dell' Orto

THE LAST JUDGMENT

DETAIL

work. The flesh tints are still amazingly fresh and Tintorettesque; flaming in the light, glowing and bronzed in the shade. Particularly fine are certain chords of crimson, blue, and black, always on a background of golden white. Certain white, glittering draperies and a mantle of cloth of gold are pieces of characteristic *bravura*. Many of the types are individual, and must be portraits. It is a picture which has not been included in every critic's list, but, after careful examination, I feel its authenticity is hardly to be doubted.

'And still new visions boiled in that fertile brain.' The wide bare walls of the newly restored church of his parish, in which, no doubt, like a good Catholic, he often attended mass, were too attractive to be resisted. How long did their contemplation distract him in his devotions, before he asked the Prior of the monastery to commission him to cover them? It is more than likely that before this he had planned out his scheme, for he could not be content to renounce it, when told that the expenses of restoration had left no funds available for decoration, but said, as once before, that he would paint the choir without charge if the materials were supplied. No wonder the Prior thought it was a jest and laughed, but Tintoretto was sufficiently well known to insure the grateful acceptance of his proposal, when he made it clear that he was in sober earnest, and he worked at his task with an enthusiasm that gained him the title of 'Il Furioso.' The canvases are fifty feet in height, but he had already in 1546 painted on the outside of the Fabri Palace a 'Belshazzar's Feast,' which had given rise to prophecies that he would be a 'miracle in art,' and he was well accustomed to deal with large spaces. The stretch of wall, high and narrow, is utilized by painting the celestial figures at the very top, so that the eye goes ever upward, till one seems to be actually looking into the skies.

With the example of Michelangelo forcibly in his mind, it was not entirely surprising that Tintoretto should seize the opportunity of composing a 'Last Judgment.' He must have been well acquainted from drawings with the altarpiece in the Sistine Chapel, and here and there we find incidents not improbably suggested by it, but the whole treatment is very original, and he lets himself go over it, as he might not have been able to do at this time, if he

had not been a free agent, and comparatively untrammelled by an employer.

The picture is so vast and faded, it contains such a medley of figures, and is so suggestive of noise and movement, that the first feeling it excites is one of bewilderment; but it is worthy of resolute study, and once grasped, is not easy to forget. The chaos, disciplined by the deep shade and shimmering light, at length falls into order and divides itself into two parts. High up, against a background of glory, a Gracious Figure bends forward, not the inexorable Judge of the Florentine, but the Shepherd welcoming his faithful flock to Paradise. Among the saints and apostles stands a lovely figure of Charity, carrying her children. Zones of fleecy clouds distribute the upper part into sections and separate it, but naturally and not too decisively, from the scene below; there still are left shining rays up which the Blessed may find a passage, and where the clouds divide, forming a sort of gateway, Peter sits, leaning on his keys, looking down and half shielding his eyes, as if unable to bear that sight of anguish. For no one, in any conception of the scene, has ever painted such a flood and such a shore. The River of Judgment is a cataract to haunt the dreams. 'The river of the wrath of God, roaring down into the gulf, where the world has melted with its fervent heat, choked with the ruin of nations, and the limbs of the corpses tossed out of it, whirling like water wheels.'

The ghastly rush of that torrent, in which bodies are drawn headlong over a wide brink, and pass us with a flash, is lit up by rays from above, and then goes down to everlasting darkness. A boat, manned by heroic figures, vainly tries to stem the tide upon which Charon's bark swims with its struggling load. And the shore of this resistless river is a weird and terrible one; from the oozy marshes of its brink, beings struggle to light, forms of fair women, fearful skeletons, half-clothed upon with flesh, those who have long lain in earth, and have become part of its vegetation, with branches growing out of hands and head. Some, as they painfully free themselves and try to clear their heavy eyes, are already seized by fiends, who hurry them to destruction; others rise, dazed and helpless, yet full of the impulse to soar to the light that streams from on high. Such forms there are floating

Venice, Church of the Madonna dell' Orto

THE GOLDEN CALF

slowly upward, their dazzled eyes looking on before, 'borne up wingless by their inward faith and by angel powers invisible.' One there is, indeed, close to us, on the extreme edge of the roaring whirlpool, who in the very instant of resurrection is safe in the palpitating grasp of a celestial being, who falling from on high, like a hawk upon its prey, clasps him in loving arms, and presses eager lips upon his limbs. And far away, where the waters come down, the eye can travel to a distant, sunlit bank, on which sit, calm and peaceful, some, who, bathed in light, wrapped in the peace of God, are awaiting their translation, unmoved by the surrounding ruin. Looking, we grow giddy, as if carried away by that raging flood, and though we may notice what grace and relief are given to the massed groups by the constant intermingling of branches, leaves, and grasses, and in many instances what beauty there is in the contour of the bodies, we cannot really think of anything but that water, of which the hoarse roar is in our ears, half mingling with, half drowning the despairing wails and shrieks of agony, yet through which pierces ever and again, a thrilling treble, the faint and distant echo of the triumph song of Heaven.

It is a relief to turn at length from this terrible representation to the maturer, more tranquil 'Worship of the Golden Calf.' Both here and in the 'Presentation' in the side chapel, we come upon those fading crimsons and murrey-colours, melting into golden browns, in which Tintoretto seems best expressed. Here, too, the height is broken up. Moses, caught up into the heavens, kneels with extended arms upon the clouds, while angels fly towards him bearing the tables of the law, and, far overhead, appears the Vision of God. Thick banks of rolling vapours, through which stream rays of glory, shut out the apparition from those below, and bring the scene laid on earth within manageable limits. In the foreground, four men stagger under the weight of a plateau laden with jewels, on which stands the golden idol. A man is gathering up gold and jewels and costly utensils, of which the altar is to be composed, while another, grasping smelting-irons, makes way for the procession. On the left a woman, kneeling, takes out the earrings of another who leans over her; and, immediately above, stands a young priestess, a Juno-like

figure, swathed in a garment of delicious blue, who is pointing with outstretched arm, and turning at the same time to give directions to those behind her. The long procession comes winding round the mountain, all eagerly following the new fanaticism. Four or five graceful women sit under a canopy; one, an exquisite figure in a pointed head-dress, has a baby at her breast; at her side a maid is removing her mistress's jewels. The long, narrow space, barred and broken by light and shade, by swirling clouds and tented drapery, resolves itself into an effect of perspective which passes out of the picture. Following the gesture of the blue-clad woman, it leads you past the image of the calf, to which your attention is turned back by the man pointing from the right, and your eyes are then directed upwards by the wondering look of one of the bearers, who sees the vision piercing the clouds. The artifice is rather too obvious, the pleasure in the silhouette is too evident, besides which, the clouds have darkened, and the colours have faded, but the woman in blue, whom tradition has always held to be a portrait of Faustina, holds her own as one of the most beautiful he ever painted. The light falls in dazzling fashion on her head and neck, the foreshortening of the arm is a triumph, and no more supple and queenly young creature could be imagined. The search after design with which Tintoretto is too evidently preoccupied here, becomes less obvious in the work which follows. We find a difference both in colour and feeling when we turn to the much riper 'Presentation.' Titian had painted the same subject in 1540, and Tintoretto's aim was to rival him in a graceful paraphrase. Both Venetian painters were faithful to the rules of early tradition. All the essentials that are here observed appear in Giotto's version, (which, so close by as Padua, must have been well known to Venetian artists), or in that of his followers, and are those enjoined by the mediæval writings of the Protevangelium or Gospel of Mary; the High Priest, the welcoming virgins, the obelisk, the companions looking after her, the fifteen steps. 'Now there were around the temple, according to the fifteen psalms of degrees, fifteen steps to ascend.' Not all these details come into Giotto's simple design, but all appear in one or other of the works of the Giotteschi. The design of the curving steps is certainly

Venice, Church of the Madonna dell' Orto

THE GOLDEN CALF

DETAIL

Venice Church of the Madonna dell' Orto

THE PRESENTATION OF THE VIRGIN

more beautiful and original than that of Titian, and the careful and accurate drawing of the grey and gold arabesques which decorate them is a very labour of love. The groups upon these perfectly drawn steps could hardly be surpassed. There has seldom been a more touching picture of a child's unconscious and sturdy simplicity than that given of the little maiden, going to meet the great High Priest who represents her wondrous destiny. She goes up, gazing at him, more occupied in holding up her frock than in making any conventional gesture of astonishment. The two women who stand below with their children are noble forms drawn with a power and freedom and a mastery of foreshortening that prove to what heights the painter had risen when he came back to finish his work in S. Maria dell' Orto. And here the management of light and shade is completely his own—every effect becomes natural and inevitable, so that though it is all-important, we hardly know how it is given. His method here of calling attention to his principal personage, one which we shall often recognize again, is to place the latter not in a conspicuous place in the foreground, but quite small, far away, while attention is directed to it by the spectators. Here everything points and leads up to the childish figure, standing out against that space of blue sky which was so exquisite, when Ruskin first saw it, but which he came back to find so shamefully over-daubed by a restorer. The light from the sky falls upon the stairway, but the left sinks back into deep shadow, and within the shade are couched dim forms, such beggars as may lie along an eastern gate. The halt, the poor, the sick, how is the destiny of the child to affect them? Other enigmatical and doubtful forms may almost be symbolical of earlier prophets, wrapped in obscurity, but an old man springs up like a flash in the darkness, signifying that a dim intimation of a Deliverer at hand has dawned upon the underworld of the poor and oppressed. We are sure that Tintoretto welcomed the chance here given him of relieving the density of this part of his picture, but the thought is also there, the presence of the figure is no empty convention, and feeling and technique are so blended throughout that we hardly try to separate them. The colour is all in warm greys and golden browns and rich creamy tones, with draperies in soft reds and purples, and while all the actors are instinct with spontaneous

feeling, the details are treated with a precision, warranted by the nearness of the picture, which was originally painted for the organ doors. The hands of the woman reclining on the steps are exquisite, and the feet and legs of the one in the foreground are drawn with masterly simplicity, and yet no figure, however much it stands out, withdraws our eye from that small, central one.

Tintoretto was, after all, paid one hundred ducats (£50) for the two large choir-paintings, but they were still practically a gift, and such a gift as must have been the talk of all Venice. There could be no indifference to such work, and no doubt commissions were forthcoming in plenty. The first he accepted was from the Confraternity of St. Mark, whose members chose him in 1547-8, from among a number of competitors, to paint an important picture for their great hall. Whether the subject was allotted by the Order or left to the painter, is uncertain, but the legend existed of a miracle performed by the patron saint in rescuing a Christian slave in Alexandria from death and torture. According to tradition, the slave had incurred his master's displeasure by frequently leaving the town to worship at the shrine of the saint, and was at length condemned to lose his eyes and hands. The young painter has chosen the moment when the saint descends like a lightning flash from heaven, and sending his glance before him, shatters the tools in the hands of the executioner. The feeling for strong local colour is so evident here, that we may guess that Tintoretto was still fresh from the study of Titian and Bonifazio, and though the picture has all his other characteristics, in this particular one it stands almost alone, and is very unlike his later style.

The picture is conceived, says Taine, 'with the sure and certain dash of an instinct, which culminates at once and without effort in perfect action, as a bird flies, or a horse gallops.' A scene is transplanted out of life, and we look on. A wide piazza is filled with a wondering crowd, surrounded by air and light, the blue sky stretches beyond distant hills, on a portico bounding the city square recline two statues, reminiscent of the painter's favourite examples of Michelangelo, the 'Night' and 'Morning' of the Medici Chapel. The flood of light striking down, concentrates upon the body of the victim, a glowing, muscular form, palpitating with

Venice, Academy

THE MIRACLE OF ST. MARK

life. The saint, magnificently foreshortened, swoops down, head-foremost, with the rush and poise of an eagle, the radiance that streams from him throws strong lights and shadows, yet all save the slave and one little child, who looks up wonderingly from its mother's arms, are unconscious of his presence, though they are wildly excited by its effect. The old judge, whose fine olive-toned head and crimson velvet dress, relieved against the blue-green sky, are perhaps the most beautiful part of the picture, the executioner throwing himself forward with such abandon (an attitude consciously borrowed from Titian's St. John in the 'Assumption'), the woman with the child who swings herself back in order to see, are all inspired by vivid feeling. The colours, the carnations, greens, or orange yellows, are glowing and gem-like. The saint's robe 'burns like an August moon in a sea of green'; lustrous ruby, turquoise blue, and ivory white, the deep scarlet of careless folds, make a mosaic fused in a mellow golden light which brings it all into tone. Grace and relief are given by the airy framework of vine tendrils, and the picture is full of brilliant contrasts of rich shadow and dazzling light, light reflected in polished armour and lustrous silks, striking on a man's neck or a woman's shoulder, while a nude form is bathed in cool shadow. Attitudes, types, and costumes fall into harmony, merged in luscious hues, embedded in that dreamy atmosphere, which is still so full of fire that it challenges Titian's 'Assumption,' where it now hangs beside it, and his colours lose by contrast.

Such as it was, it startled the quiet members of the Scuola; it was not the decorous composition they had awaited, and for a moment they made some demur about accepting it. The painter, throbbing with the consciousness of a fine achievement, was sore and angry at the rebuff and sent hastily to remove his picture, but before it reached his house, it was followed by a letter of apology from the Brothers, who had quickly realized their mistake. Tintoretto was easily appeased, the picture, hung in the Scuola, was universally admired, and he received a commission to paint three more large pictures for the Confraternity, which remained among his best friends and employers.

These three pictures, which were probably painted in the following year, were also to commemorate the history of St.

Mark, and it is probable that the 'Rescue of the Saracen' was the earliest, and that it was intended as a *pendant* to the rescue of the slave. It is in that golden-brown manner to which he was rapidly moving, and here, too, St. Mark makes a supernatural descent and lightly drops the man, rescued from the sinking ship, into a very small and overloaded boat, which we can only hope will be miraculously preserved from foundering. It is all legend and fancy, and the light and movement arrest the eye, and make it seem natural and spontaneous, and it is bathed in a golden glow which shines across the sky beyond the hurrying clouds, and radiates from the form of the saint.

In the 'Transportation of the Body of St. Mark from Alexandria,' he has once more undertaken to paint a storm, and though a Renaissance building bounds the colonnades, we are persuaded that Tintoretto had the Piazza of St. Mark's in mind, as it appears, shining after rain, while the populace scampers for shelter under the friendly arches. The chief light from the flashing sky falls upon the three Venetians, Rustico of Torcello, Bono of Malamocco, and Staurico of Murano, who recovered the relics, and they have a dromedary waiting to carry the precious burden to the ship. The painter is able to exercise his feeling for space to the full in the far-reaching lines of the broad piazza. A swirling drift of cloud on the left hand against the colonnade forms itself into the wraith of the saint, following his body.

The 'Finding of the Body' has evidently appealed to the painter's highest emotional and dramatic sense. The three pious merchants are hunting for the body in one sarcophagus after another, confident that some miraculous sign will indicate the discovery of the right one. One of their number, by the aid of a torch, is deciphering the inscription on a tomb still intact. The others have just disinterred a body, and are letting it down into the aisle to take its place by one already laid there, when suddenly the sign comes. There in the full light stands the vision of the saint bidding them, with outstretched arms, hold, for his earthly shell lies at his feet. His presence is at once attended by miracles; a man (supposed to be Lazarus) possessed by an evil spirit, falls into convulsions, as the demon leaves him; and as St. Thomas of Ravenna prostrates himself in adoration, a blind man, kneeling

Venice, Palazzo Reale

THE TRANSPORT FROM ALEXANDRIA OF THE BODY OF ST. MARK

Milan, Brera

THE FINDING OF THE BODY OF ST. MARK

behind him, is restored to sight. The vast space, the distribution of light and shade, and the colossal form of the saint combine to make this a most impressive picture. St. Mark, clad in the traditional robes of red and blue, is above life size; he seems to expand with life and power; with him, as Mr. Berenson suggests, 'we seem to breathe the air of the boundless liberty of the Sons of God.' Attention is concentrated on that outstretched arm, to which all the lines converge. A low opening in the distance lets in a flood of light, and this, with the torch held by the tall Venetian, irradiates the barrelled roof and the long lines of the aisle. The body lying at the saint's feet is a study in foreshortening which at once recalls Mantegna's famous 'Christ.' The actors are placed so as to space out the scene as in the 'Washing of Feet,' but there is nothing obvious about the arrangement. The splendid vaulting, the spectators, the saint himself are drawn with such ease and energy that our whole consciousness responds to their influence. The light and shade are natural, and full of atmosphere. The great temple is flooded with light and air, and the dark parts have nothing dead or meaningless, but are all penetrable and transparent. There is still something experimental about his compositions, but he is grasping all the secrets of his art, and while producing an effect of immense richness, he subordinates his colour in a way only possible to a master of chiaroscuro.

CHAPTER V

COLOUR AND LIGHT

AS we follow Tintoretto's career for the next ten years, it is more and more borne in upon us how little colour it takes to make a great colourist. His method becomes more golden brown and mellow; and we lose the trace of other influences, though his 'Susanna and the Elders' (of the Louvre) still shows the study of Titian and is reminiscent of the model and of careful sketches of still-life, in the minutely drawn tree-trunks and foreground vegetation. Perhaps the parting of the ways is to be found in the 'Adam and Eve' of the Accademia. Eve, calm, bucolic, is still Titianesque. Unemotional, robust, she still suggests the model, which, however, is almost lost sight of in Adam; that splendid figure with long easy lines, who recoils, leaning on his arm. There is the sensation of an atmosphere, a horizon, a world in which they breathe, and the rich foliage and smiling country enhance the emotion of the picture.

Here is more apparent than ever before all the meaning that *touch* had for Tintoretto. This remarkable feature of the Venetian school is forcibly brought out by M. Louis Hourticq, in an extremely suggestive article, 'La Couleur Vénitienne,' which appeared in the *Revue de Paris* for May 1907. He draws attention to the way in which they put on oil-colour, so that their brushwork bore the direct impression of the painter's hand. 'Before the Venetians, no painters had got the full effects from *touch*—the Florentine fresco-painters, because they used flat tints, the Flemish Primitives, because an impersonal manner was imposed upon them by the scrupulous imitation of nature, whereas in Venice, when for the first time vast surfaces were covered with oil-colour, the traces of the brush could no longer

Venice, Academy

ADAM AND EVE

THE DEATH OF ABEL

Venice, Academy

be hidden under minute finish. . . . Tintoretto and Tiepolo, above all, saw in its management one of their best means of expression. Tintoretto carves out a silhouette with a few cuts like a sabre's stroke, and vehement gestures are matched by violence of hand.

'This wonderful touch admits of impressions which cannot be otherwise suggested. For a painter who brings it to perfection, it suggests light, colour, substance, distance, even movement, and the most successful is he who can condense most sensations into a mass of hatched work.' The dash, the turns and twists with which his thin oil-colour is laid on give an ever-increasing spontaneity to his work. He attains that triumph of which M. Hourticq speaks in the 'Death of Abel,' in which the execution is so charged with emotion, that subject and technique are inseparable, and it becomes the most vehement and terrible piece of work he ever produced. The contrast is keen between the young elastic Abel, with balance lost, and leg and arm thrown out in a desperate effort to recover equilibrium, and the powerful, muscular Cain, vibrating with concentrated hate and determined purpose. The expression of the hand, vainly grasping and finding nothing, makes an appeal that is like a cry for help. The gloomy cypresses and the lurid night-clouds have a wildness, such as might act upon a wild nature and drive it on to fierce and passionate deeds done in the scorn of consequence, and the sure and impetuous brushwork is almost as responsible as the design for the sense of overpowering energy which it conveys.

If you spend half an hour looking at Titian's ceiling in the sacristy of the Salute, and then go on to the 'Adam and Eve,' and the 'Cain and Abel,' you see where Tintoretto got his early ideas. Titian had already hit upon the same device of chiaroscuro, but it was left to the younger master to make it peculiarly his own, by a fluent and spontaneous truth of rendering, and by his keen appreciation of the natural beauty of flowing silhouettes.

A group of altarpieces painted for churches which lie near together in the centre of the city, are all about the same size and shape, are nearly related to one another in colour and style, and may be attributed to this decade, culminating in the 'Marriage of Cana' in 1561.

'The Finding of the True Cross' in S. Maria Mater Domini

shows some indications of Parmigianino's influence, and might be a comparatively early work, but that it has the tendency to group numbers together and to paint in red-browns which we find in the 'Marriage,' to which, however, it is very inferior in single figures, in atmosphere and in composition. It has a good deal of affinity with the 'Miracle of the Slave,' and if it were not for the colour, might be an anterior work. The scene takes place in a piazza encircled by Renaissance architecture; the woman who had been restored to life by the touch of the True Cross, lies, rather supported by, than crushed under its weight, with the light striking in from the left upon her face. The tall figure of the Empress towers above her, clasping her hands in agitation as she turns to look at the nails. In the background stands a row of women, tall, white, slender forms, 'like a row of lilies,' reminding us in their exaggerated length of those figures of Parmigianino which Andrea Schiavone had devoted himself to engraving. They are ranged so as to afford a mass of light, but they are in no way occupied with the action of the picture, a mistake which Tintoretto soon entirely avoids.

The altarpiece painted for SS. Giovanni e Paolo is a forerunner of his 'Crucifixion' in the Scuola di San Rocco. Faded as it is, it needs some study before we can grasp it as a whole, but as a composition it is perhaps the most masterly we have yet encountered. The surging crowd against the blue and luminous distance is handled with such knowledge that, as Ruskin points out, not one figure injures or contends with another. The masses are skilfully broken up and lightened, by the cords and ladder, by the graceful figure of the man upon it, outlined against the light, by the women's white head-dress and kerchiefs in the shadow at the foot of the cross, and by the white garment trailed by Joseph of Arimathea, as the highest light in the picture, the garment 'stained with the blood of that King, before whom five days before, they had strewed their own garments in the way.' In higher parts of the picture, where the necessary relief of white is required, it is obtained in large masses by the very legitimate device of mounting all the soldiers of the Roman legion upon white horses. The impenitent thief has twisted himself free in his death-agony, and hangs by one arm, so that he is brought

Venice, Church of S. Maria Mater Domini

THE INVENTION OF THE CROSS

THE CRUCIFIXION

Venice, Academy

within the frame, while the cross is allowed to rise beyond the limits. Light flows into the picture from the left side, catching the brilliant folds of the flying banner, and concentrating on the body of the Crucified, and the women gathered round the Madonna, who are painted with Tintoretto's keen appreciation of female loveliness. Radiance from the halo gleams between the upraised arm and the cross, and outlines the man standing on the ladder. The handling is full of freedom, the heavy banners lift and rustle with the first breath of the coming tempest; beneath them a rider reins in his horse with easy gesture, as he turns to look at a group of women gathered together on the hill. There is not a figure that does not belong to the artistic completeness; none are dragged in unnecessarily. On the right, a tall white horse and a grave and noble rider seem about to plunge out of the picture, as if willing to trample down the sordid group casting lots at their feet. Behind the tumult, the distant landscape lies in broad spaces, of exquisite colour, soft, yet intense, beneath the falling night and hurrying clouds. The distant light is crossed by the graceful sprays and sharp leaves of an olive-branch; the only one remaining on a tree, from which the boughs have been lately lopped. In spite of all we sometimes hear of Tintoretto's violence of movement, there is here not one figure that is extravagant in gesture, and that of the Christ is statuesque in its solemn gravity.

The golden light of this picture, with colour embedded like jewels in a setting, binds it to the other altarpieces of which we have spoken, but it is again the variety, the boundless fertility of the painter which strike us, as we turn to one of the most mystical of all his works, that wonderful 'Last Supper' in S. Polo. It was not the first time he had dealt with the subject; we have already examined the version he painted in S. Ermagora, but it was one which throughout his career appealed to his deepest imagination, and which he constantly found new ways of treating.

The first impression is almost one of violence. Christ offers the sacred food with a vehement gesture; his disciples receive it with eagerness, with awe. Light streams from the halo, radiates from the Bread and shines into the eyes of one of the disciples, who

shrinks back terrified, yet strangely attracted. One, leaning backwards, hands the bread to a sick man lying on the floor. Another, perhaps meant for Judas, offers an apple to a kneeling child. The hall opens upon a radiant bit of evening landscape, and against its blue and gold Tintoretto has painted the donor in the character of a disciple seated at the table, lost in the contemplation of the mystery. He is dressed in a Venetian doublet of rich dark velvet, and has a fine, thoughtful, and solidly painted head. On the extreme right stands a tall, dark figure, whose presence is less easily explained; it is that of a man in the prime of life, wrapped in a heavy mantle, and gazing on the ground, absorbed in thought. The apostles are twelve without him, though St. John, resting his head on the table in the traditional attitude, is not easily discernible. Comparing it with other examples, we have no doubt we see here a portrait of the artist, but it may surprise us that it should be so conspicuously introduced. An explanation occurs, which is perhaps not too fanciful; this is St. Paul's Church, and Tintoretto paints himself in the character of that saint, the apostle who was not present at the Last Supper. He shows him as among them in spirit, taking no part in the scene, not even gazing at it, but receiving it mentally with the eye of faith.

The whole picture is painted with a startling breadth, truth, and freedom. The form of St. Peter, as he throws himself forward, is felt all through the clinging, cream-white robe; the long lines have a rhythmic flow which is almost liquid in its ease; foreshortening is conveyed with an utter absence of effort; the large, ample drawing of the pavement affords us a keen satisfaction; the radiance of the sunset is given with strong brush-strokes, that seem like the darting rays themselves. Looking closely, we are somewhat bewildered by the sweeping touch, 'strokes like sabre-cuts' indeed! But after long and minute inspection, we turn to look back as we reach the church door, and receive a fresh impression altogether. Ah! for *whom*, for *what* was it painted? Who were the spectators seen in the brain of the painter, a brain which, reversing the criticism on the French *savant*, you might say was a second heart? Not the critic, not the connoisseur, but those who daily came in and out, and who

Venice, Church of S. Polo

THE LAST SUPPER

Augsburg

CHRIST IN THE HOUSE OF MARTHA AND MARY

looked to it from the body of the church for a welcome, as they passed on to kneel before the High Altar, and seen in this way, it shines out, a most noble picture. Every figure takes its place; the rich crimsons and deep creams have their own value in the warm emotion of the scene; the gesture of the Saviour has a generosity, a passionate desire to give, that conveys to us the idea which inspires the whole. Here is no attempt to represent the scene as it really took place, but an intention to give a symbolic rendering which shall appeal to all comers to the Mass. It is the Bread of Life, given not alone to the twelve, but now and evermore, and to all mankind; and, with the noble Venetian whose fine head stands out against the evening sky, we become reverent spectators of the mystery.

In San Trovaso Tintoretto has given a more prosaic conception of the whole scene. Over-painted as it is, it is only in the central figure and the opening at the back that we find anything remaining of the painter's charm of colour, but the treatment shows no lack of variety. The room in which Christ and his disciples are gathered is quite a humble one; the wooden staircase with a rail, the small, low table, the common stools and rush-bottomed chairs, are such as we may see to-day in any little Italian *bottega*. The types, too, are ignoble, and perhaps, as Ruskin suggests, it was painted for a few *zecchini* in a short space of time. It is the moment of the word, 'one of you shall betray me,' and Judas, who has sprung up startled and overturned his chair, tries to cover his confusion by reaching for the wine bottle, while he is still unable to detach his fascinated gaze from the Master, in whom he sees a miraculous power of divination. A sketch for this picture was in the possession of Messrs. Sulley, in Bond Street, in 1907. The arrangement is different enough to preclude its being a sketch from the altarpiece. The window is more decidedly behind, the shape of the room differs, and where the disciple sits on a stool in the one, in the other he leans across the table, and is more after the model of the St. Peter in the San Polo picture.

The same full and brown-red colour connects with these the 'Esther before Ahasuerus' at Hampton Court, the same subject in the Escorial, and the 'House of Martha and Mary' at Augs-

burg, which last is a painting of triumphant colour. The author has proudly signed Jacobus Tintorettus, F., to a superb picture which cannot be surpassed either at the Accademia or the Louvre. The two sisters are dressed as great Venetian ladies of the sixteenth century. The one who has chosen the good part is arrayed in a sumptuous costume of blue and orange, Martha, leaning over to reproach her, is in black velvet with a golden girdle and an exquisitely painted lace head-dress and scarf. A serving-maid stands at a grand fireplace, whose rows of brass platters show bright and polished, and outside the disciples are gathered in the sunshine. Lazarus sits in shadow, while the figure and head and hands of Christ are shown in relief against the halo and the white cloth it illumines. Tintoretto shows himself bound by no rule here, for Lazarus does not share in the light that casts so strong a shadow from his arm, and his figure looks almost as if painted in arbitrarily, because a breadth of shadow was required. The Christ plays a secondary *rôle* to the two beautiful young women, with whom the painter is frankly preoccupied. He is not thinking of the story, but of the opportunity afforded for painting a splendid decorative scheme, with the light falling on opulent materials and producing brilliant contrasts.

The full victory, by which light and colour are blended into perfect harmony, comes to him in the 'Marriage of Cana,' which is dated 1561. We think of Rembrandt as we slip into this golden atmosphere, permeated with an all-pervading glow. It is a spacious hall, and we can almost persuade ourselves that we are taking part in the scene, so excellent is the illusion of air and depth. Christ is placed, in the way Tintoretto delighted to exploit, far away in the picture, yet all the surroundings combine to make Him its centre. All the lines lead from above and below to that arch under which he sits, and our eyes are focused on that small figure with the halo of light, and then get an outlet into the blue and sunlit sky, against which stands a crowd of spectators.

The men at the marriage-feast sit on the left, in broken groups against the dark wall, and the device of placing the women opposite gives Tintoretto the opportunity of throwing the sunlight

Venice, Church of S. Maria della Salute

THE MARRIAGE IN CANA

from the row of windows full on the long line of fair faces. They remind us of the row of lily-maids in the 'Finding of the Cross,' but here their connexion with the subject is much better managed. Those at the farther end have not yet been aroused by the miracle, so they are still in quiet talk. Next the bending, haloed form of the Madonna, is the young bride, and by her side the bearded face of the bridegroom. The young woman leaning across the table is almost classical in the dignity and simplicity of her lines, and is balanced rhythmically by another who has risen and sways in the opposite direction. A sense of broad and pleasant space pervades what is a sufficiently important dwelling, though it has nothing in common with the patrician palaces of Veronese. Here we see once more how logical Tintoretto's silhouettes almost always are; the man pouring the wine, the woman showing the contents of her glass have a natural and inevitable play of light and shade. The detail absent from the high lights and deep darks is concentrated with great truth in the middle tones. There is positive colour in the garments, but the picture does not depend on it; one would say the painter has hardly cared about it, so completely is it fused and mingled in one harmonious, radiant scheme.

Venice had a narrow escape of losing this treasure of art. When the monastery of the Crociferi, for which it was painted, was suppressed in 1657, the Grand Duke of Tuscany made a determined attempt to acquire it for his gallery, and it needed a special Bull to retain it and to instal it in its present position in the Church of the Salute. It is inscribed with the full name of the artist, and the date 1561.

CHAPTER VI

GREAT UNDERTAKINGS

THE year before the 'Marriage of Cana' was painted, Tintoretto had been deputed to the great work that henceforward was to fill so large a place in his life. Venice in the Middle Ages, owing to her constant intercourse with the East, had been particularly liable to attacks of plague, so that supernatural protection became a special object with the Venetians, and the acquisition of the relics of such a powerful patron as San Rocco was an event of the last importance. San Rocco, St. Roche, or S. Roch, born in 1290, was the son of a rich seigneur of Montpelier, in France. His parents died when he was twenty, and he inherited their property. The law would not allow him to sell it, but being very devout, and wishing to obey literally Christ's command to embrace poverty, he gave away all he could, and appointing an uncle administrator of his estates, he started on a pilgrimage to Rome. Halting at Acquapendente, he found that the plague had broken out there, and he offered his services to the hospital. From there he went on to Cesena and Rimini, the plague seeming to disappear before his ministrations. He eventually arrived in Rome, where he remained for three years, and then returned by the same way, everywhere devoting himself to the care of the sick, and especially of the plague-stricken.

One night at Piacenza, he found that he himself was seized by the complaint, and so afraid was he of disturbing his fellow-patients by the cries he could not restrain, that he paid a man to carry him into the open air. When morning came he had dragged himself to a little hut in a wood, where a man called Gotthard found and nursed him, till at length, owing perhaps to the fresh air after the pestilential surroundings of the

hospital, he began to recover. When once more able to travel, he resumed his journey home, but when he arrived at Montpelier, he was arrested as a spy and brought before a judge, who turned out to be no other than the uncle who was enjoying his property. The historian says that he failed to recognize his nephew in this emaciated and wasted condition; he may not have been very anxious to acknowledge an apparition which must have been so unwelcome. S. Roch, making no attempt to establish his identity, was thrown into a noisome prison. There he was confined for five years, which he spent in teaching and comforting his fellow-captives. His death at the end of that time was said to be attended by miraculous signs, and his uncle awaking to a sense of his mistake, interred him with great honours. He was soon after canonized, and appointed the special patron of towns and persons attacked by plague.

The Venetians always showed him special veneration, and in 1478, a number of persons of both sexes obtained the leave of the Government to form a confraternity under his standard. It met first in the Church of San Giuliano, but in 1485 a Camaldolese monk succeeded in stealing the body of the saint from a castello near Milan, to which it had been brought, after being stolen from Montpelier, by a member of the family of Dal Verme. It was received in Venice with great joy and excitement, and a sure exemption was believed to have been secured. Its possession added greatly to the prestige of the confraternity, which set about building a church in honour of the saint, in which five years after its arrival the precious relic was solemnly installed.

The members of the confraternity were chiefly merchants, and the Guild or Scuola became distinguished as the richest society in Venice. It used its wealth nobly, and became of increasing importance. In 1516 it was decided to erect a second building near the church, in which to hold meetings, suppers, and consultations for the relief of sickness and misfortune, and which should be a fresh embellishment of the city. While this building was in course of construction, the church was found to be insecure, and was pulled down and rebuilt in harmony with the new edifice. In 1560 the first painters were called to a conclave to decide on the decoration. They were, Andrea Schiavone, who had lately

been working under Vasari, Federigo Zuccaro, fresh from his triumphs in the Villa d'Este; Giuseppe Salviati, Paolo Veronese, and Tintoretto. They were asked to prepare drawings in competition, and a day was appointed for their display. When they reassembled, and the others had shown their designs, Tintoretto swept aside a cartoon which he had fastened over the oval panel in the middle of the ceiling of the refectory, and there was discovered a finished picture, 'S. Roch in Glory,' surrounded by angels, painted in acute foreshortening. 'That was his drawing,' he said; he hoped they would not be offended, but he knew of no other way. The other artists, amazed at such excellent work, produced in so short a space of time, and annoyed besides at what seemed so unconventional a desertion of the usual well-worn ways of proceeding, rolled up their sketches and refused to take part in any further competition. The brothers were more irritated than pleased, saying they had not ordered a picture, but merely asked to see designs. Tintoretto thereupon made them a present of the picture, and a fresh difficulty arose, the rules of their order not allowing them to refuse gifts made to the saint. By this time, however, the excellence of the work had been recognized, and finally the highest number of votes was recorded in favour of Tintoretto, who, they agreed, should receive the commission to decorate these walls, and should be worthily recompensed. About two years later he was received into the confraternity as a member, and assigned an annual provision of 100 ducats (£50) a year for life, being bound every year to furnish three completed pictures. In spite of the greater value of money in those days, this does not seem a very striking recompense, and the brothers may have been biased by Tintoretto's well-known low prices. As it was, Ridolfi says he only drew the money as long as the work was still in hand.[1]

There is no building in all Italy more finely illustrative of those powerful combinations which did honour to religion by works of charity and art, than the huge and dignified Scuola di San Rocco. With the church, it forms three sides of a tiny piazza close to the Church of the Frari, with which it was no doubt in keen rivalry. It is a building in which the early Renaissance is first passing into the

[1] He drew it for seventeen years, and his receipts are preserved in the archives. *See* Appendix IX.

later period. Its grey columns are fine and delicate, and exquisite wreaths of leafage are carved about the shafts. The imposing entrance and massive doorways look as if built to last for ever, and though when Ruskin first drew public attention to it, the whole structure had fallen into disrepair and the rain was coming through the roof, it has now been so well restored that we see the grand old building, with its magnificent carving and gilding and its ample stairways, in unimpaired dignity. The ground-floor is almost entirely given up to one vast hall, from which the stairs mount to another of equal size,[1] opening from which is the refectory, a comparatively small room, of which the initial painting of 'S. Rocco in Glory' forms the centre of the ceiling. Tintoretto's journey to Mantua took place some years later, nor can we learn if he had paid an earlier visit, but the persons in this oval, leaning over the edge, show us that he was probably acquainted with Mantegna's ceiling in the Gonzaga palace. It has been badly repainted, could never have been finely executed, and bears marks of haste, but the composition is good, and the foreshortened figures of S. Roch and the angels are vigorous and natural. The panels round the central painting are figures emblematic of the great confraternities of Venice, San Giorgio degli Schiavoni, San Marco, the Carità, San Teodoro, and the Misericordia. The fringe of birds and pomegranates is believed to be from the hand of the master. Quite lately, in making some small repairs, a piece was found turned in, and is to be seen quite fresh in colour, a clever and effective bit of decoration.

Before the competition for the work of the Scuola was announced, Tintoretto was already employed by the Brotherhood in painting the Church, in which the saint's relics were deposited. This commission had been given in 1559, and there still remains, much overpainted and ruined with damp, the whole series (as described by Ridolfi) illustrative of the life of the saint. The huge canvas in the nave shows 'Christ at the Pool of Bethesda.' The pool is a Roman bath in a columned hall, the columns dividing the picture into three parts. Two women bring a child, the sick crowd in behind, and the restored paralytic throws his bed

[1] The *custode* of the upper hall, Luigi Boaro by name, has held his charge for thirty-seven years. He knows and loves the paintings, and is able to indicate points of interest.

over his shoulder. The picture was evidently intended to be placed much higher, and is foreshortened accordingly. Above this is a long panel of 'S. Roch in the Desert.' The paintings in the choir were not executed till 1567, and the 'Annunciation' and 'S. Roch before the Pope' in 1577. Though important by their size and elaborate composition, they are so decayed and blackened that the original colour-scheme can hardly be guessed, and we may pass them over in a few words.

In one, S. Roch ministers to the sick in hospital, the recesses of which were once mysterious and spacious, but are now nearly impenetrable. Above it is what Ruskin describes as a 'Cattle Piece.' It is a sort of cartoon, very grandly drawn, with a group of women and children and a noble landscape, in cool grey tones, with pines and chestnuts and well-studied oxen and sheep. On the opposite wall is a battle piece, 'a wild group of horses and warriors.' Two horses, one ridden by a standard-bearer, meet with a crash in the middle. It is half a combat and half a tempest, for a great tree is torn up by the roots by a whirlwind, and the whole effect is of a turmoil of human strife combined with an upheaval of the elements. It must once have deserved the special commendation which Ridolfi gives it for fine drawing and splendid colour. The great composite scene below unites various events, which all bear upon S. Roch's five years of ministration in prison, and which are full of painfully realistic incidents. They end with his death there, when angels fly down to receive the parting soul. The figure of the Pope in the painting at the end of the church, is one of those grand old men in gorgeous vestments whom Tintoretto paints in the 'Presentation' in the Scuola, but the panel opposite is a very poor and conventional affair, and both have something stiff and academic, which renders them unsatisfactory.

The same year in which the 'Marriage of Cana' was signed, 1561, saw another step taken which had important results. The great hall built by Sansovino in the Library of San Marco was to be decorated. Titian, now in his eighty-fifth year, was desired to appoint the artists, and divided the work between Veronese, Schiavone, Zelotti, Salviati, and his own son Orazio. The exclusion of a painter who had by this time reached the position of Tintoretto

Venice, Ducal Palace

VENICE AND JUSTICE WITH S. MARK AND THE DOGE PRIULI

was too marked to escape energetic comment, and the Senate, before whom Tintoretto and his friends brought the matter, decided to appoint to him, as a special piece of work, the decoration of four narrow spaces, which still remained to be allotted. The four figures of ancient philosophers, with which he filled his painted niches, remain to give countenance to Ridolfi's assertion, that he threw all his rivals into the shade. The narrow niches with fluted demi-vaults are simulated with such skill that the illusion is perfect, and the sages who sit within them, of whom three are sufficiently well preserved, vie, in characterization and powerful painting, with Michelangelo's prophets and sibyls, by which they are evidently inspired. The figure of 'Diogenes' in particular, as he sits thinking, with his chin resting in his hand, may be compared with that of 'Jeremiah' in the Sistine Chapel.

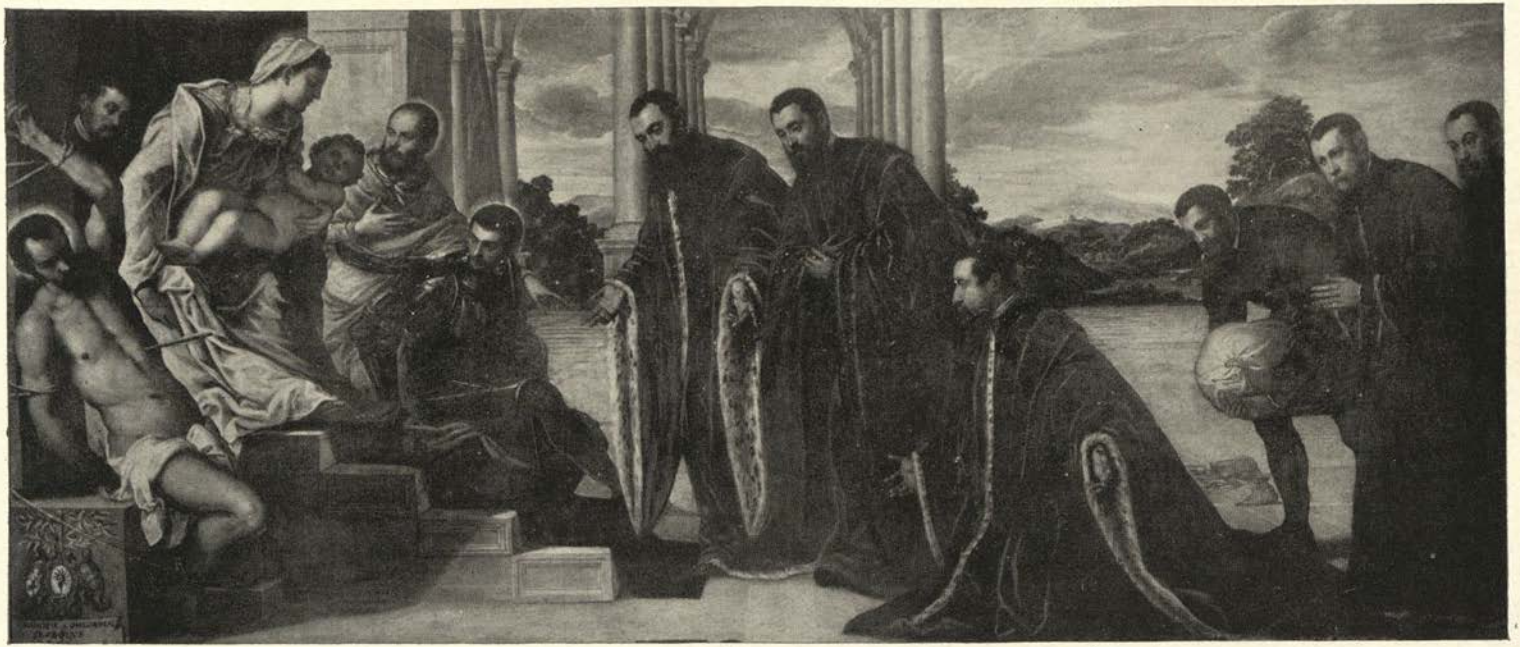
Doge Priuli, who had come into power in 1559, had evidently a favourable eye to the painter, and he was now called on for the first time to use his brush in the Ducal Palace; the place which all Venetian artists regarded as their Temple of Fame. The small ceiling he painted shows the Doge receiving the sword of justice in the name of Venice, while St. Mark presides above. The effect is one of stately simplicity. There is no gesticulation, and little attempt at foreshortening. The old Doge is a wistful and pathetic representation, one of the most sympathetic of the painter's heads, but the two women lack the grace and beauty to which he presently attained. 'Venice,' while she fixes her eyes upon the sword, is yet wreathed with olive leaves. The light and shade fall finely on the limbs and body of the saint above. Small as the panel is, it is splendid in colour, and so large and simple in its masses, that it is not wanting in importance and compares, hardly perhaps in beauty or sweetness of colour, but in vitality and dignity, with those scenes with which Veronese was already enriching the larger ceilings.

In the preceding year Tintoretto had received a commission from Cardinal Gonzaga to paint him a small picture of a Turkish sea-fight. In sending the finished picture in 1562, he writes a characteristic letter: 'I could wish your Eminence had employed me in something which would give my handicraft more scope than these little figures, but I hope you will consider my good

intentions with benevolence, and if I have been long over my service in your behalf, may the difficulty of the task be my excuse.' Tintoretto always loved large canvases, and could not quite believe that smaller works could be sometimes preferred. In 1563 he was called to arbitrate on the mosaics in St. Mark, and from this time we may date many of those great state portraits which now became so much the fashion, and in which the Venetian senators stand in grand simplicity, expressing their allegiance to religion.

Several of these are now gathered in the Accademia. Typical of them and perhaps the most beautiful, is the 'Madonna and Saints, with the three treasurers,' which we can well understand Ruskin thinking so lovable a picture. The attraction of the setting, in a summer scene, is strong, the rich valleys and blue hills of the distant landscape lie under soft, wind-swept clouds in a sky of eventide. The wide marble piazza looking so warm in the parting sunlight, with the groups gathered beneath the slender arcades, is realistic enough, yet full of ideal conception. It is such a spacious villa as Tintoretto has seen on some day of *festa* on the mainland, and he has placed saints in its arcades, and on its piazza the three noble Venetians, who wish to be painted in their robes of state, in the character of the Magi. Each head is singularly individual, especially so the courtly personage in the foreground. The painter has conveyed to us their personality. They stand there, grave, simple, and unconscious of self, and are among his finest combinations of picture and portraiture. The difference in type and expression between them and the three secretaries who follow is very marked. Plebeian and deprecatory, they are astonished to find themselves admitted to such noble immortality. They bear a sack of treasure, and another lies on the ground, with gold coins pouring from its mouth; for these Magi are the three Camerlenghi or State treasurers of the Venetian Republic, so that the pouring out of the coffers at Mary's feet has a double significance.

The Madonna group before which they bend is so soft and natural, so impregnated with the quiet evening light, that it hardly seems a strange one to be gathered on an Italian piazza. St. Sebastian and St. Mark are the conventional types, and look like



Venice, Academy

MADONNA AND CHILD WITH SAINTS

models, but the noble young St. Theodore is a lifelike portrait, and may well be the son of one of the three great houses represented. The Virgin leaning forward and bracing herself with her foot to support the large, heavy Child, is a grand type of Venetian woman, with small head and strong creamy throat. Her contour and attitude recall Michelangelo's sculptural group in San Lorenzo. She is so strong, and holds the Child so easily. The canvas is very long and narrow, and to bring the heads sufficiently within the picture all the standing men are drawn as bowing a little, while one kneels and another stoops very low. All the six figures are on a slope, rising up to the Madonna, but the slant is counteracted by the saintly group leaning towards them, and the straight, slender shafts of the loggia prevent any sense of instability.

The picture is painted mainly in three colours; shades of crimson, varying from the broken carnation of the Virgin's robe to the mulberry velvet of the senators, a warm cream merging in tawny brown, and a black in which all deep and rich tints seem to unite. Very strong and transparent are the shadows, which, flowing down from the Virgin's forehead, bring the chin and throat into such fine relief, enfold the head and body of the Child, bringing it out against the clear background, and silhouette the lower part of the Madonna's figure, which is draped in rich crimson. The shadow crossing the steps below St. Sebastian, though it looks black in reproduction, is exquisitely clear and atmospheric in the original, and the cream folds which wrap Madonna's head and flow down as a mantle, make a lovely piece of painting. The three symbols on the block at the left are the armorial bearings of Pisani, the Malipiero and the Baseggio, the three Venetian noblemen for whom the altarpiece was painted.

A number of these official pieces have been collected in the Accademia. It was customary for the two procurators who came next in authority to the Doge to have their portraits united in this way, and this explains the various canvases containing double portraits; or the senators were sometimes depicted as taking part in a Santa Conversazione. Three grave statesmen in velvet and ermine kneel before the Madonna and the laughing Child in one painting, in another Christ rising from the tomb makes three

others the recipients of His blessing. The three patricians under the protection of S. Giustina are not even in act of adoration, are not even conscious of the presence of the Saint. Grave and steadfast, they might be consulting over State affairs as they go to the Council Chamber. Behind them, as if coming down a steep stair, are the three secretaries, of whom the third seems to contemplate the vision of the Saint holding out her mantle to protect her votaries. It is probable that this has some political significance, and may be connected with events or concessions concerning Padua, whose patron saint is Giustina. She is one of Tintoretto's most delightful figures; the draperies are soft, and painted with a fresh and fluid touch, the postures are easy, the foreshortening of the head, adorned with its pointed crown, is masterly, and the whole is charged with the spirit of love and solicitude. At first sight, the long lines of ermine are somewhat distracting, but this effect is in a great measure owing to the drying and darkening of the red, causing the light tints of the fur to detach unduly. When all was fresh and blended the white strips must have been much less conspicuous. The heads in many of these State pictures are among his happiest efforts of reading personality. Of each subject we know what sort of man he was, and are glad to feel with how many strong and well-intentioned persons Venice was peopled in those days. In fact, however advanced was the decay of civic virtue, there were still many statesmen whose aspiration it was to uphold the good, and to connect the public life of the city with its religious faith.

Venice, Scuola di San Rocco

THE CRUCIFIXION

CHAPTER VII

THE REFECTORY

WE have given the first place to the ceiling in the refectory of the Scuola di San Rocco, because that was the first touch laid of the mighty undertaking, but it is not likely that any one going there now will notice Tintoretto's initial piece of painting at first, or even perhaps care much to look at it at all, for the wall opposite the entrance is filled by the work he next achieved; that which more than any other is held to establish his right to stand in the front rank, among the very greatest of his craft.

This is the picture of which Ruskin said that it had better be left to speak its own message. This must always be true, and perhaps there are few pictures that speak so strongly, yet those who have long known and loved it may be able to suggest and gather together thoughts, not unwelcome to the many whose acquaintance with it can only be a passing one. And in our estimate of the painter's career it marks an immense stride; it is a gathering up and a development of all that he has hitherto learned, and an earnest that all the mass of achievements that came after is based upon consummate knowledge and deep feeling.

Perhaps we hardly realize how much the first strong impression made upon us is due to the atmosphere of the old painting. We 'swim into a sea of light and air.' The fourth wall becomes no longer a wall, but a piece of the world, in which events of deep import are taking place. At the next moment the eye is struck by figures in violent action, men hanging on ropes to draw a cross to an upright position; but almost before we notice that they are there, they have shrunk back into that insignificance which is their real portion in the great world-tragedy, and we gaze, hushed

into a new conception of its greatness, at the solemn group which dominates the foreground. The Crucifixion is a subject in dealing with which it would be so easy to offend our taste, or to give what we should feel to be inadequate treatment. Here both pitfalls are escaped. While it lacks nothing of dignity and grandeur, it is full of a touching, a penetrating simplicity, which gives it all the elevation of a Greek tragedy while it remains so deeply and entirely human. It is not like any rendering to which we can point as having preceded it. Here is nothing of the contemplative serenity of the Florentine or Umbrian masters, no saints standing rapt in the golden calm of contemplation. Perhaps there is more of the penetrative spirituality and the fidelity to truth of Dürer, but here there is no vehement grimacing, no exaggerated dwelling on limb or muscle, no exercise in anatomy, our attention is not even preoccupied by the insistence of noble and beautiful forms. There is, in spite of the gulf between the time and temper of the painters, something of the keen, still anguish in the spectators that we find in Fra Angelico's 'Dominican at the Foot of the Cross' in the cloister of San Marco. Yet the grandeur of the Crucified surpasses the suffering; it is not defeat but victory, not Death but Life, not darkness but Eternal Light which streams from that faint halo. In looking at it, we feel that Tintoretto went to the very depths of his subject, that he has despised all merely superficial traits of pain and torment, 'the rack of nerve and sinew.' He has concentrated here all conviction of the power of noble suffering as revealed in one great act, which for evermore has consecrated endurance and fortitude. And in the infinitely touching group, the little remnant, faithful unto death, gathered at the foot of the cross, there is no florid excess of gesture, no striving after expression of a suffering that is too deep for words. These few persons can do nothing to escape the unspeakable load that is crushing them. They cannot help or speak; they can only love and watch. One woman, borne out of herself, clasps the cross with her hand, as though magnetic strength to endure lay in the touch. St. John and the Magdalen, young, strong man and woman, look up with a fascinated gaze, that, all horror-stricken as it is, cannot detach itself from the sight. Others in the midst of their love and sorrow are drawn yet nearer

THE CRUCIFIXION

DETAIL—GROUP AT FOOT OF THE CROSS

Venice, Scuola di San Rocco

together. The old disciple regards the mother of Jesus with anxious solicitude, and Mary draws one of her companions to her with a gesture which seems to uphold more than to seek support. It is indeed another 'Invention of the Cross,' with its world-wide power of consolation, and future generations of mourners seem to stand behind the woman, who in the extremity of her distress, is feeling for it with her hand.

Gradually the eye wanders to the surrounding crowd, and we are able to observe the perfectly natural way in which, by arrangement of the falling ground, the painter has contrived that the divine figure should stand out in lonely grandeur against the gathering clouds, while below the trees bow and strain as with the first breath of the coming tempest. With a disregard for history that seemed to him justified, the punishment of the two thieves is not yet begun; the cross of one is half-raised, the other is about to be bound. The moment chosen is when the words 'I thirst' are uttered, and one executioner leans down from the ladder to take the sponge soaked in vinegar from another. Yet at this supreme moment the daily toil of life is not interrupted. In the background, persons run to and fro on their way to the city, a man on horseback pauses to give some directions to the executioners in their operations. Jews are there, contemplating the fulfilment of their desire with half-slaked hatred, Romans, to whom the spectacle is only the execution of the Roman law upon the person of a Jew who has caused a popular tumult. 'These gaze unmoved, and plot and jeer while a human soul passes from earth in agony forever.' The Roman soldiers on their tall horses, horses for which Tintoretto would seem to have studied the charger in Verrocchio's Colleoni statue, mingle with and dominate the crowd. On the right, the centurion, a noble and cultured type of man, sits looking on in grave thought; in the foreground, the soldiers cast lots for the garments. 'The fury of His own people, the noise against Him of those for whom He died, were to be set before the eye of the understanding if the power of the picture was to be complete. This rage, be it remembered, was one of disappointed pride, and the disappointment dated essentially from the time when, but five days before, the King of Zion came and was received with hosannas, riding upon an ass. To this time then it was necessary

to direct the thought, for therein was found both the cause and the character, the excitement of and the witness against, this madness of the people. In the shadow behind the cross a man riding on an ass colt looks back to the multitude, while he points with a rod to the Christ crucified. The ass is feeding on *the remnants of withered palm leaves.*'

All is action, all is life and energy, except in this one little arena, cut off from the crowd, to which we must return again and again, and in which Tintoretto has contrived to concentrate the deepest and most intensive feelings of the soul, by a sort of logical opposition. The cross is placed in the middle of the scene and a free space is kept round it, by the necessity for allowing room for the two smaller crosses. This gives a clear breadth of light which throws up the beautiful figure of the woman in the black silk shawl; the same sort of shawl which is still the distinctive mantle of Venetian girls of the people. Nothing can be more graceful than the bending form kneeling behind her, swathed in a garment whose silvery blue is in rich, exquisite contrast to the pervading browns and reds. Every turn of the figure is felt under the drapery, and where has the abandonment, the lassitude of grief been better expressed than in the weary little figure leaning on the bosom of the Virgin, the head and hands of which are so delicately yet strongly handled? By placing the group at one central point, in opposition to earlier traditions, the painter has strengthened his effect, and he has resolutely refrained from giving way to any exaggeration of movement, where exaggeration and even violence, called forth by the sight of divine suffering, might have seemed allowable, because by so doing he would have ruined the effect of the contrast he wished to keep between peace and violence; a contrast which adds so immeasurably to the impressive quality of the picture.

We have here little positive colour. There are blues and reds and yellows, but they are absorbed and harmonized into the golden-browns and grey-greens of the whole tone. No doubt the painting has faded in parts and darkened in parts, but in the main its mellow hue seems the most wonderful thing about it. Its tones seem to have become more transparent with time, so that we feel as if we were looking at it through golden water. It is as Titian says of painting, 'a metrical poem of colour,' and is pre-

Venice, Scuola di San Rocco

CHRIST BEFORE PILATE

served and rendered more atmospheric by a uniform and united scheme of luminosity. In all parts we can discover vigorous and graceful individual forms; the men dragging at the cords, one digging the hole for the cross to rest in, turbaned natives of the East, such as were common enough in Venice, dark heads outlined against the landscape. There is not one which is superfluous or confused, or which does not help to balance the composition and chiaroscuro of the entire scene, not one that does not take its place in satisfying without distracting the eye, and this is due not only to Tintoretto's invention and drawing, but to the mastery of light and shade to which he had been working up through all his smaller altarpieces. In colour it is nearer the 'Marriage of Cana' than any other of his previous works, and as we examine the work in the Scuola, which now went on for so many years, we are able to compare many other paintings with portions of this famous series.

The receipt for the payment of the 'Crucifixion' in the Scuola di San Rocco still exists, dated 9th March 1566, from which we learn that Tintoretto received 250 ducats. It was on its completion that he was received into the Confraternity.

Turning at length to the opposite walls, we are once more aware how completely it is by means of contrasting light and shade that the painter is able to make us see what he desires. The head of Christ, as he stands before Pilate, must often have been felt to be poor and inadequate in type; the attitude is resigned but not imposing. But by means of the brilliant light falling on the white robes and coursing through the arcades above and flowing down over the steps below, the effect of height and slenderness is intensified, and we are penetrated, above all other considerations, with the poetry, the pathos, the isolation of this solitary figure, lonely representative of so forlorn a hope, standing against the gloom of the Roman Temple, opposed to all the majesty of the law. The fierce crowd clamours in the background, outside falls the sad and chilly evening, one last ray of daylight strikes past the head of Pilate, touches the golden jug from which he pours the water, and illumines the passive form before the judgment-seat. Below sits a scribe, eagerly writing the indictment. His eyes are fixed on the letter of the Old Law, his

whole mind is absorbed by it, unheeding that the spiritual interpreter of the New Law is so close at hand, while behind him, a Moor, representative of the Gentiles, gazes earnestly at Christ as if receiving some supernatural premonition. Never has Tintoretto given a more striking composition or a finer bit of painting; whether we merely allow ourselves to gaze without rendering any reasons (and that is perhaps the best way), to penetrate into the dark recesses of the columned hall, to contrast the cream-white garment of Christ with the burning orange and deep red of the nearest robes, to grasp the restrained intensity and action of every figure in contrast with that quiet and motionless One, or if we note the management of the long perpendicular lines, crossed and broken up by the horizontal lines of the steps, the tray held by the servitor, the pediment above, in every case we are conscious of the hand of a master, and one whose originality of idea is only equalled by his power of execution. The architecture is solid and stately, and the blood-red banners that break the evening sky are dashed in with lightness, making a delicious transparent detail, and among all the other heads, how happy is that of the handsome boy, holding the tray and looking up at Pilate!

So Tintoretto takes us to the next act of the great drama, and in the companion picture we are on the road to Golgotha, a steep, turning road, men climbing it, bowing under long crosses, whose lines lead our gaze on to the upper stretch of road, along which toils that most pathetic figure, almost sinking beneath the load laid upon Him. The executioner leads Him by a cord; close behind a man in long robes, perhaps meant for Simon the Cyrenian, puts his arm round the base of the cross, trying to lighten the weight, a soldier behind him holds aloft the Roman banner. The whole scene was before the painter's eyes, and is given with a truth and realization that, without any apparent search after originality, yet set it apart from all possibility of being confused with any other rendering. So, in the falling evening, against a wild and cloudy sky, he knew they had struggled up the path to death, so that Figure stood out before him, and he has contrived to give to it a detachment, an introspective air, as of one far away, upborne by the spirit, that separates it from all that busy throng, and more by mental differentiation than by artistic

Venice, Scuola di San Rocco

THE WAY TO CALVARY

means, renders it the centre of the whole composition, so alone is it, so detached, so opposed to the busy gestures of all around, the aspiration, onwards and upwards, visible in its whole devoted air. It is hardly fancy that when we turn to the 'Ecce Homo,' which is placed between the two last, we find it painted with a certain painful reluctance; the spectator in armour can hardly bear to look round at the Christ sinking and fainting; Pilate has an air of deprecation, even the warder at the back would gladly draw together the white mantle, and hide the tragic sadness.

These are no lightly-painted pictures: the man who finished the Refectory, and passed out to decorate the great hall beyond, was not only engrossed with the secrets of form and colour; his intense nature was absorbed in this subject. To paint the Passion of Christ, His life and actions, was henceforth, to the end of his days, the purpose from which Tintoretto drew his deepest inspiration. Much as we may believe in the detachment of an artist from his subject, or in the power of artistic imagination to divine real feeling, as, for instance, is the case in Perugino's earlier and better work, I think, most people will feel as they sit in this small chamber, and turn from one wall to another, that here is brought to bear upon us something more than artistic knowledge. A magnetism still flows to us from those luminous walls; they are imbued with a depth and weight of emotion that come from the heart of one 'who, being dead, yet speaketh.' Tintoretto had never seen the work of Fra Angelico in San Marco; would not have understood it if he had; a chasm of centuries and knowledge, of modes of life and thought, lie between the Monk of Fiesole and the great Venetian; but once more we feel that each has left us, in his own way, the same kind of legacy, and that there are no two places in which we feel more strongly that great beings have been borne out of themselves in dealing with the story that has moved the world beyond any other.

CHAPTER VIII

THE SCHEME OF THE SCUOLA DI SAN ROCCO

AS soon as the 'Crucifixion' was completed, Tintoretto was received into the Order, and from now till 1588, a period of thirty years from the time he began to paint in the church, the decoration of the great Scuola formed the backbone of his work, carried on side by side with all other demands, at the low rate of pay agreed to by the first contract. We do not know whether the painter, as his fame and popularity rose ever higher, regretted that he had so bound himself, but Tintoretto had never been a covetous man; he had enough money to satisfy his not extravagant tastes, some of his children were following in his footsteps and becoming successful artists, they were marrying comfortably, his wife was a thrifty woman, and he had a good home, and the Scuola gave him, what he loved above everything, a free space in which he could give rein to his inexhaustible fancy. For convenience' sake we must examine the whole series together, but we must not lose sight of the fact that it was produced over a long period of time, and mingles in and out with all but the very latest of the works that come after this time.

The halls are not well adapted for pictorial decoration; in fact, perhaps never had one who loved light above everything had to contend with greater difficulty, or to paint for positions in which his work would be less well seen. The whole south side of both the upper and lower rooms is lighted by a row of windows high up, so that the space immediately below them is thrown into shadow, only partly diminished by the light from the east end. It is only on bright days, with patience and a good glass, that the dark old paintings can be deciphered.

In the task of endeavouring to unravel the artist's purpose, I have been aided by a former writer, to whom I wish to tender my

warmest acknowledgments. Any one who has had experience of the fatiguing and often dispiriting occupation of searching the intricate recesses of the British Museum for information, will sympathize with the keen delight with which, after a long day spent in following up clues which yielded unimportant results, I suddenly lit on a small pamphlet, one of those faded, yellow papers, of about 20 pages, unbound and stitched up with perhaps half a dozen others on topics varying as widely as the results of vaccination and the Free Church in Scotland. 'The Paintings in the Scuola di San Rocco' is a little brochure, published in 1876, by one Edgar Barclay, and in it I quickly discovered ideas calculated to add materially to the interest of my study.

I cannot discover that the short and apparently insignificant work made any mark at the time it appeared, certainly its substance has not been incorporated in any book dealing with Tintoretto, nor has any other observer, before or since, been able so well and truly to read the artist's mind. It has lain there these many years, overlooked, but biding its time, and the following pages which examine the scheme of the Scuola are founded mainly upon its insight, supplemented by such amplifications as the clue it affords would naturally suggest.

It hardly leaves us room to doubt that when Tintoretto first set himself in that vast upper chamber, to consider how he should carry out the scheme, of which he had already sketched a part in the refectory, his early veneration for Michelangelo was strong upon him, and that his thoughts went far away and lingered long in that famous chapel, which we do not know that he had ever seen, but which he must have known well from descriptions and engravings. He would recall its plan; the old dispensation typifying the new, the miracles and mighty deeds of the Old Testament vivified by the acts of Christ and His followers, and he saw his opportunity, the chance given him to emulate Michelangelo, who had illustrated a well-rounded scheme, every part bearing on a central idea, even to the monochromes or minor groups.

In looking for the harmonious significance which it is reasonable to suppose must govern the whole undertaking, Mr. Barclay has been mainly actuated by the consideration that the Scuola was

dedicated to S. Roch, and that S. Roch was the patron saint of the sick and plague-stricken, and also of those who performed special acts of mercy on their behalf.

The principal paintings in the upper hall are therefore concerned with acts of divine mercy and deliverance. The subjects which fill the roof are the three most important miracles of mercy performed on behalf of the Chosen People; relief from hunger, from thirst, and from pestilence. The paintings on the walls relate the life of Christ on earth, regarded as the greatest conceivable Act of Mercy, and we must regard the paintings on both roof and walls as having been chosen and placed with a definite interdependence, each being linked to others, in one harmonious plan.

As we stand at the upper end of the hall, opposite the door of the refectory, the 'Fall of Man' is immediately overhead. On the right wall is the 'Nativity,' and above it is a small monochrome of the 'Fiery Furnace,' with the three children and their deliverer, a type of the advent of the Son of God. On the left wall is the 'Temptation,' the offering of bread compared with the offering of the apple, but met by obedience instead of disobedience, and the monochrome on this side is the 'Birth of Moses,' again typical of the coming of Christ. The south wall continues the life of Christ in the 'Baptism,' obedient preparation for a life of ministry, and opposite this is the 'Pool of Bethesda,' at Jerusalem by the sheep market, 'having five porches.' 'In these lay a great multitude of impotent folk, of blind, halt, withered, waiting for the moving of the waters.' On the roof above is the subject of 'Moses Striking the Rock in the Wilderness.' On the south of it is 'Moses on Mount Horeb,' chosen as the leader of the Hebrews. Here we have God choosing His servant to deliver the people from the bondage of Egypt, as a type of Christ's dedication to His mission. Opposite this and above the 'Pool of Bethesda,' is 'Moses working deliverance at the Red Sea.' In the monochrome on the south, which flanks the representatives of the Church of Israel refreshed with miraculous draughts after their deliverance, we have 'Samson drinking from the jawbone,' the weapon with which he had slaughtered his enemies. 'And he was sore athirst, and called on the Lord, and said, Thou hast given this great deliver-

ance into the hand of Thy servant; and now shall I die for thirst. . . . But God clave an hollow place that was in the jaw, and there came water thereout; and when he had drunk, his spirit came again, and he revived.'—JUDGES xv. 18, 19. The monochrome opposite shows Samuel anointing David. 'Then Samuel took the horn of oil, and anointed him in the midst of his brethren: and the Spirit of the Lord came upon David from that day forward.'—1 SAM. xvi. 13. The subject is analogous to that of St. John baptizing Christ.

The central panel of the ceiling is filled by a large oval painting of the 'Brazen Serpent,' a subject specially appropriate to deliverance from the horrors of the plague and the type in the Old Testament of the Crucifixion, the crowning Act of Mercy, which is painted in the refectory, the door of which opens just below it. The monochromes at this point have to do with the wall paintings. Over the 'Resurrection' on the south wall is the 'Vision of Ezekiel.' 'As I prophesied, there was a noise, and behold a shaking, and the bones came together, bone to his bone.'—EZEK. xxxvii. 7. And on the north wall over the 'Ascension' is 'Jacob's Dream,' with the Lord standing above Jacob and promising that the Divine aid shall accompany and bless him, in harmony with Christ's parting words to His disciples.

The plague of serpents and Moses striking the rock on the roof is divided by a narrow panel, 'Jonah delivered from the Whale,' and balancing the rebellious Jonah is the 'Sacrifice of Isaac,' expressive both of obedience and the sacrifice of Christ. The monochrome next to this is 'Daniel in the Den of Lions,' another trial of faith met by miraculous deliverance. The monochrome on the opposite side of the sacrifice of Isaac gives 'Elijah ascending in the Chariot of Fire,' also, of course, typifying the Ascension, and reminding us that as Elisha succeeded to the supernatural power of his teacher, so the followers of the new dispensation were able, after the ascension of their Lord, to perform miracles, and with this, too, pairs the monochrome of 'Samuel anointing David'; in both the spirit descends on the newly-chosen servant.

Next upon the south wall comes the 'Agony in the Garden,' the moment of supreme faith, and opposite is the 'Raising of Lazarus,' one of the supreme acts of Christ's ministry, harmoniz-

ing too with the 'Ascension,' the two being on either side of the staircase. Following the south wall we come to the 'Last Supper,' and facing it on the north is another gift of bread, the 'Miracle of the Loaves.' The great subject at this end of the roof is the 'Fall of Manna,' with its obvious connexion: 'Your fathers did eat manna in the wilderness, and are dead. This is the bread which cometh down from heaven, that a man may eat thereof, and not die.'

The monochrome relating to this is the 'Waters bursting forth at Meribah,' with its application, 'Art thou greater than our father Jacob, which gave us the well, and drank thereof himself, and his children, and his cattle?' Jesus answered, 'Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again: but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst.'

On the roof, south of the 'Fall of Manna,' is 'Elijah under the Juniper Tree.' Ruskin thought this was Elijah at the brook Cherith, fed by ravens, but it was on another occasion, when threatened with the vengeance of Jezebel, that Elijah went to Beersheba, and going a day's journey into the wilderness, fell asleep beneath a juniper-tree. 'And as he lay and slept under a juniper-tree, behold, an angel touched him, and said unto him, Arise and eat. And he looked, and behold, there was a cake baken on the coals, and a cruse of water at his head; and he did eat and drink, and laid him down again.' This may be in special reference to S. Roch's sojourn in a desert place during his attack of plague. The companion picture has a similar subject, 'Elijah Feeding the People at Gilgal.' 'And there came a man from Baalshalisha, and brought the man of God bread of the first-fruits, twenty loaves of barley, and full ears of corn in the husk thereof; and he said, Give unto the people, that they may eat. And his servitor said, What! should I set this before an hundred men? He said again, Give the people, that they may eat: for thus saith the Lord, They shall eat, and shall leave thereof.'—2 KINGS iv. 42, 43.

The last painting at the west end of the roof is the 'Paschal Feast,' which connects with No. 1, the 'Fall'; obedient as compared with disobedient eating, followed by a going forth into the world. It corresponds, too, with the 'Last Supper' on the wall below it, and with the 'Sacrifice of Isaac' which is in a line with it.

The two last monochromes are 'Melchisedek blessing Abraham,' a type of Christ blessing His disciples, and 'Moses fleeing into the land of Midian.' In the first, 'Melchizedek king of Salem brought forth bread and wine: and he was the priest of the most high God. And he blessed him and said, Blessed be Abram . . . possessor of heaven and earth.' In Hebrews Melchisedek is six times alluded to as a type of Christ, 'a priest for ever after the order of Melchisedek.' In its companion, Moses journeys with his staff in his hand and his head bent, walking in trepidation through a dreary desert, but with light shining from heaven, on his way. This is appropriately placed beside the 'Paschal Feast,' with the men preparing for their flight from Egypt, and we find also a harmony with the 'Birth of Moses' at the other corner, the infant saved from the death threatened by Pharaoh, and the youth in after life, saved from the wrath of the king. 'Now when Pharaoh heard this thing, he sought to slay Moses. But Moses fled from the face of Pharaoh, and dwelt in the land of Midian.'

The miracles include six of refreshment or succour, two of miraculous restoration to health, six of miraculous deliverance from danger. Taking as a centre 'The Brazen Serpent,' type of the Crucifixion, the act of mercy by which the plague caused by disobedience is stayed, we have in connexion, the disobedience of our first parents, of Jonah and of Moses, and on the other hand, the faith of Abraham, of Moses and the people fed with manna, and of those obediently eating the Paschal feast. The sacraments of Baptism and the Last Supper, and the Agony in the Garden are confronted by three miraculous acts of mercy; the healing at the pool, the multiplication of loaves, and the raising of Lazarus, and again on the roof, God manifest to Moses on Mount Horeb, pairs with Moses before the assembled congregation, and Elijah receiving food and drink from angels in the wilderness is echoed by the miracle of loaves at Gilgal and the other miracle of loaves and fishes.

It will be seen by this outline how ingeniously the whole is arranged, linked together and contrasted, and how far the subjects are from being arbitrarily chosen or chosen merely for pictorial reasons. A fresh meaning and interest are given to the whole, which deepens as we consider that the Sistine Chapel is the only

other great building in which such a connected scheme is carried out, and when we recall the course of Tintoretto's early studies and his well-known reverence and admiration for the work of Michelangelo.

The direct glorification of the patron saint is the subtle one of suggesting the analogy between his acts and those of Divine Mercy. The central picture of Moses staying the plague of serpents commemorates S. Roch's chief function of curing the plague-stricken, but those of Moses relieving the people in hunger and thirst are also typical of S. Roch, and Moses when he fled from Egypt may be compared to the young saint starting on his journey.

The Bible quotations chosen are evidently those which inspired the artist, and they prove how closely he has followed all the circumstances and allusions. It is of course most probable that Tintoretto had ecclesiastical advice; indeed some critics think that he certainly must have had an intimate friend and adviser who was a priest, and who was able to prompt him continually in his choice of details, for these are so ample and usually so true to tradition. This may very well have been the case, but we can hardly doubt that his own intellect and fancy had a prime share in the planning of his subjects, for the same love of symbolical allusion and allegorical intention runs through all his work and is as noticeable in some small 'Last Supper,' painted for an obscure sacristy, as on these vast walls, where his imagination at last had free play. In fact the more we study the Scuola di San Rocco, the more convinced we become that one mind is mainly responsible for the whole; that elaborate and complicated as the plan is, it is hardly more so than that of some of the cartoons, in which it is almost impossible to unravel all the significant detail; and that the fertile and teeming mind which imagined the one, was without doubt able to conceive and work out the other.

CHAPTER IX

THE UPPER HALL

HAVING grasped the general scheme of the upper hall, we will proceed to examine in detail the more important panels. First, we notice, that at the east end on the wall is a figure of 'S. Roch,' the patron saint of the Scuola, not a particularly interesting figure and very badly seen. By his side is 'S. Sebastian' pierced with arrows. We shall not perhaps suspect any special significance in the presence of the latter saint, unless we happen to know that owing to his association with arrows, S. Sebastian, from the earliest age of Christianity, has been regarded as the protecting saint in the time of plague and pestilence. 'Arrows,' says Mrs. Jameson, in *Sacred and Legendary Art*, 'have been from all antiquity the emblem of pestilence. Apollo was the deity who inflicted the scourge and who was invoked with prayer and sacrifice against it, and to the honours of Apollo, Sebastian succeeded. It is in this character that such numerous churches are dedicated to him, for, according to legendary tradition, there is scarcely a city in Europe which has not at some time been saved from pestilence by his intercession. An ancient mosaic in S. Pietro in Vincoli bears a Latin inscription, dated 683: "To S. Sebastian, martyr, dispeller of pestilence," and from that time he became the accepted patron against the universal terror.' His claim was therefore a much older one than that of S. Roch, and it is evident that the last was in some degree his votary, and that S. Sebastian could not be left out or treated with any appearance of neglect.

Ruskin has commented on the intensely realistic impression made by this figure. 'It is dead, and well it may be, for there is one arrow through the forehead and another through the heart; . . . but the most characteristic feature is the way

these arrows are fixed. In the common martyrdoms of S. Sebastian, they are stuck into him here and there like pins . . . but Tintoret had no such ideas about archery. He must have seen bows drawn in battle, like that of Jehu when he smote Jehoram between the harness: all the arrows in the saint's body lie straight in the same direction, broad-feathered and strong-shafted, and sent apparently with the force of thunderbolts. . . . The face, in spite of its ghastliness, is beautiful, and has been serene; and the light, which enters first and glistens on the plumes of the arrows, dies softly away upon the curling hair, and mixes with the glory upon the forehead.' The saint being represented as dead puts Tintoretto at fault here, as in the legend he was not killed by the arrows, but was afterwards put to death by the sword.

Overhead, we look once more at 'Adam and Eve.' Eve leans back in a thick mass of foliage, with a sunbeam striking athwart her white limbs. She is a ripe, voluptuous beauty, who holds out the apple to the man who, half in shade and finely modelled, is gently pushing her hand away. The branches of the apple-tree are painted with the utmost care: at the feet of Eve an evil-looking serpent glides away. This is a simply designed panel, but the oval is perfectly filled, and the lines are arranged in a sort of symmetrical pattern. The colour has the warm and ruddy glow of a typical Venetian picture. The outlines blend and mingle with the surrounding gloom, so that the arrangement is determined by alternating waves of light and shadow. It is freely and softly painted, and though it cannot compare with the rendering of the same subject in the Accademia, and does not look as if Tintoretto had given it much time or interest, it is a sensuous and emotional piece of work. The next, 'Moses Striking the Rock,' is one of the most complete of the whole series. In these earlier panels we can clearly trace the connexion with the 'Crucifixion' and the 'Marriage of Cana,' the colour being brown, transparent and low in tone. The composition is admirable; Tintoretto has contrived to make the water the most prominent feature. At a touch it bounds forth, living, life-giving. We can believe the story that Pietro of Cortona, standing under it, exclaimed, 'Surely I am seized with fear; it seems as if real water were about to fall on me.' All eyes and arms stretch

Venice, Scuola di San Rocco

MOSES STRIKING THE ROCK

towards it, all lines converge in its direction. The dog bounding past is introduced to show that animals were included in the deliverance, 'And Moses lifted up his hand, and with his rod he smote the rock twice; and the water came out abundantly, and the congregation drank, and their beasts also.' The conception of the Father is not a specially happy one, but this part of the picture is so indeterminate that we concentrate our attention on the figure of Moses, full of elasticity and instinct with purpose, surrounded with eager beings, who strain wildly to reach the coveted stream. We again see that passion for movement already indicated by his earlier works, the 'Miracle of the Slave' and the 'Last Judgment.' Something of the *terribilità* of Michelangelo comes into his brush; it follows the rapid impulse of his mind; he paints with an *élan* which tells us that knowledge has become second nature and is used instinctively.

Tintoretto was, above all men, impatient of hackneyed and traditional forms; he must have a reading of his own. 'And the Lord sent fiery serpents among the people, and they bit the people.' This was what he read, and in the great central piece, instead of Michelangelo's huge boa-constrictors, he makes them 'little flying and fluttering monsters, like lampreys with wings.' They are serpents drawn from the little sea-horses so common on the Adriatic coast, but enlarged and made fierce and horrible, as they forage over a heap of prostrate men and women, scattered over the mountain side. This is a much more terrific conception, says Ruskin, than that of boa-constrictors, 'which our instinct tells us do not come in armies.' 'But we feel that it is not impossible that there should come up a swarm of these small winged-reptiles . . . it is their *veritableness* which makes them awful. They have triangular heads with sharp beaks or muzzles . . . and small wings spotted with orange and black, and round glaring eyes . . . with an intense delight in biting expressed in them. These monsters are fluttering and writhing about everywhere; fixing on whatever they come near with their sharp ravenous heads; and they are coiling about on the ground, and all the shadows and thickets are full of them, so that there is no escape anywhere' The dead lie in every attitude of an agonized end, with swollen,

blackened limbs, and contorted muscles, the dying writhe in the last extremity, others take to flight or try to hold down the venomous monsters; livid light contends with deathly shadow. Up above, they try to lift their failing heads, to fix their darkening eyes on the symbol of deliverance, beneath which Moses stands, irradiated by light from the descending Angel of Mercy, and against the light rises a beautiful form, an Angel of Hope, it may be, throwing up his arms with a free, light gesture, which at once relieves us and distracts our attention from the surrounding horror. Overhead, wrapped in magnificently-drawn clouds and attended by troops of angels, whose strong wings make a beautiful feature, there rushes by the wrathful vision of the Deity. It is necessarily a scene entailing violent and agitating action, but it has also much of beauty; the fine lines of light and shade on the right of the middle distance, the way in which the small, far-off figures at once take our eye and their use in connecting the two great scenes, above and below, are examples of an art which it is astonishing to find at once so fervid and so nicely calculated.

'The Fall of Manna' is the third of the principal themes of the ceiling. This differs noticeably in colour from the other two. The manna was found in the early morning, before the sun waxed hot and melted it. It is the early dawn that the painter suggests by his cool grey-green colour. The ground is silvery-grey as if to suggest hoar-frost, the mountains have the cold blue of dawn, and the form of the Father, seen above the wide grey drapery spread to catch the manna, is white and radiant. 'The Giver of Bread, as in the "Striking of the Rock," He is represented as the Lord of the Rivers and the Fountains.' We must point out too, as Ruskin has already done, the willow-tree to which the drapery is tied as one of the most delicate and delightful pieces of leafage in all the Scuola.

The figures are as full of energy and action as in either of the other scenes; one sometimes hears Tintoretto's personages called theatrical and extravagant in gesture. In reality they are often exceedingly restrained in movement, but where gesticulation is indicated, it is generally rendered with the whole body, in a way which seems strange to those not familiar with the Italian people, and especially with peasants. Those accustomed to the prosaic

English bearing find any considerable amount of action unnatural, but others, who are well acquainted with the Southern races, know that they talk as much with their bodies as with their tongues. You ask your road of an Italian peasant, and he describes the whole route, with its turns and twists, by swinging round his body and stretching out his arms and as much by sign as speech, so too the expression of grief, joy, or astonishment is conveyed by means to which English people are quite unused. As a rule, Tintoretto prefers to convey expression by movement of body, and does not put much into his faces, but in this picture the faces are full of rapturous thanksgiving.

The last compartment at the west end of the roof is the 'Paschal Feast,' in which three figures stand, with staves in their hands, prepared for a journey, and watch a little flame; the fire in which, according to command, the remains of the supper were consumed.

Several of the small panels on the ceiling are very interesting. Particularly full of light and air is that in which Jonah, having escaped from the jaws of the whale, kneels before the altar. The feeling of grey-blue distance, of a wild solitude behind him is extremely beautiful. Jonah's two forefingers are pointing together, as if to imply that this time his way is the same as God's, for at the second command he was to obey and to go to preach at Nineveh. In Michelangelo's Jonah, in the Sistine Chapel, the hands cross each other, and the forefingers point in different directions.

Where Moses works deliverance at the Red Sea, he stands on a raised ground with the congregation armed with spears, gathered below. Moses grasps a rod with one hand, and the other is stretched aloft. The shining face of the Almighty looks down from above and Moses looks up, streams of light springing from his forehead. A cloud and column of fire are seen behind the people. The swaying of this figure and the luminous quality of the background have something in common with that fresco of Michelangelo in which the Spirit of God, embodied in a tall figure, moves upon the face of the waters. The small panel on the right is put down by Ruskin and Boschini as the 'Vision of Elijah,' but in Cicognara's work on the Buildings of Venice, it is

described as 'Moses on Mount Horeb,' and this is evidently the correct interpretation. 'Moses hid his face, for he was afraid to look upon God.' The bush is bathed in glory, and Moses is sitting, turned away, yet listening and shielding his face with his outstretched fingers.

It needs an effort, at first discouraging, to grasp the secret of these stretches of wall, invaded by shadow. Unforeseen changes have taken place, discords have killed the original tone, have falsified the keynote and destroyed the harmonies. The colours have turned, leaving faded splotches instead of the first pure tints, yet it is wonderful how much is left, and how vivid is the impression we at length recover.

The first scene upon the right is the 'Adoration of the Shepherds.' This and all the paintings on the same side are in a deplorably bad light, as the windows above them shine into our eyes. It is the reason why Tintoretto, who loved light so much, paints in bold effects, and dashes in with a broad touch which carries. The scene is a very realistic one; a stable with an upper story for hay, such as one may see in every country, open rafters, through which a radiance from the seraphic band streams down upon Mary's white headdress, and on the little Child from whom she lifts the covering. Mary and Joseph and the Child make a group apart of great tenderness. The colour is a mixture of soft tints, behind the dark, impressionist rendering of rafters and grated window. Much of it is painted carelessly, but the greys are such as Manet tried for, and Tintoretto afterwards became less sweeping in his execution. Only once besides did he choose this subject; in the large canvas belonging to Mr. Quincy Shaw at Brookline, Mass., which its present possessor bought twenty years ago, in a tattered condition, out of the organ loft of a convent in Venice.

In the 'Baptism,' a light breaks through the clouds and streams down upon the kneeling Saviour, who is overshadowed by the cross carried in the hand of St. John. The clouds roll into swirling masses, and the light streams up the river, on the bank of which is gathered a swaying crowd of women, waiting their turn for immersion. The picture was once bathed in golden radiance, and, deteriorated as it is, we can still see in it that visionary

Venice, Scuola di San Rocco

THE TEMPTATION

effect which marks so many of his later works. This has, in as great a degree as any, that quiet sincerity for which he is so remarkable. It is a characteristic which sets him far apart from the Schools of Bologna and the Tenebrosi, which followed and tried to imitate him. There is not one of his people who is not acting from an inward impulse, not one (except the donor, whom we recognize by his Venetian dress and collar, at the extreme edge of the picture) who is not earnestly engrossed in the proceedings; even the slightly-drawn throng upon the opposite bank is full of purpose and feeling.

We must cross over to the north wall, where, in a comparatively good light, the 'Temptation' carries on the divine story. It is painted in the broad, impressionist fashion which Tintoretto has felt to be the most satisfactory method for these wall-paintings. There has never surely been a picture in which the contrast of light and darkness has been so physically and spiritually felt. From the hurrying clouds, the glimpse of far-off sky, and the fall of trees upon the steep rocky descent, we know that we are upon a great height. Christ is leaning from a ruined shelter which stands out against the sky. The halo behind His head throws it into sharp relief, and lights up the face of the Tempter; a face which has no trace of the hideous devil with horns, cloven feet, and a tail, of the Middle Ages, but is more complex, and alive with the imagination of the Renaissance. Power and passionate will are expressed in the light up-springing, in the pride of untouched strength. This glowing and splendid devil primarily expresses passion, the satanic force that most nearly besets the spiritual life. It is the flesh, that *must* be fed, the resistless appetite sweeping all before it in the lust and pride of life. Mr. Eugene Benson in a criticism published many years ago, which contains the most thoughtful analysis I have met with, suggests that Goethe's Mephistopheles seems cold and intellectual, Milton's Satan a proud debater, compared with the passionate, radiant fiend of the great Venetian. 'The glory of the Tempter, the crisp flutter of his wings, the gleam of his jewelled armlets, the rapid, blowing folds of his rose drapery, everything about him is vitalized with the burning ardour of life. . . . The eyes are the small, evil, glittering eyes of a serpent.

The still, intense, relentless look is combined with the proud and opulent beauty of youth. This beautiful, sensual devil is as much a great type as the Jove of Phidias or the Moses of Michelangelo, and the conception is wholly Tintoretto's. His Satan is appetite and will, sheathed in a superb and supple form, a great personality, throbbing and dilating before something which he does not understand. Compare him with the Bacchus in the Ducal Palace, the melting and expectant grace of Love, restful and beautiful, transformed to all that is restless, troubled, covetous.'

The head of Christ is as wonderful in its way. It has the untroubled calm of supreme Purity, the comprehension and compassion of One who is divided by a great gulf from this being who has passed beyond His influence. It is a figure instinct with thought and love, the heart and the soul embodied in opposition to the heartless, soulless life by which He is assailed. We seem to hear the crash of demoniacal music, with a clear, high *leitmotif* sounding through the clamour; such a strain as Wagner has given us in *Parsifal* or the *Walküre*. Nowhere does the master use his brush with more superb strength and certainty; with crisp strokes he gives all the character of the passage in the foreground, the stones underfoot, the masses of light and shadow. Impressionism it may be, but what depth and richness, what truth and strength he contrives to get into his impression.

Into the dark night of the 'Garden of Gethsemane' streams a sudden glory which lights up the forms of the sleeping disciples, as the angel descends bearing the chalice. By its light we distinguish the outlines of the advancing band of assailants, led by Judas. Tintoretto has drawn in one of those curving stone walls with an eyelet window, that are so characteristic of an Italian garden; below it is a finely-painted group of laurels, and the effect of a garden is conveyed with little material. But the whole interest here is subordinated to what we feel sure is also his main intention in the 'Resurrection': the victory of light over darkness. Into the dense gloom of the night, unmasking the creeping works of darkness, revealing the shrinking head of the Betrayer, rousing those who are sunk in slumber, bathing

the form of the Saviour, whose eyes are closed in prayer or exhaustion, comes the flood of glory, that light which has power to chase away shadows and to make all things plain. Looked at from this point of view, it is of comparatively little importance that the Risen Christ is less successful in drawing and balance than some of his more important figures, less satisfactory indeed than in the sketch for the picture, which belongs to Sir William Farrer. The sleeping guards, the advancing forms of the Marys, even the angels, are lost sight of in that sudden outburst of radiance which streams from the head and garments of the Lord and beyond Him, and looks as if it blazed from limitless space and should have power to chase away all the twilight of the world. If this reading seems fanciful, we know that the painter was full of fancy, and any one looking at the original and noting how carefully he has kept the subservience of the cold blue dawn in the 'Resurrection,' and how broad and undisturbed is the shadow that fills up more than half of the garden scene, will understand what importance he attached to the idea.

Though the 'Last Supper,' which comes next in the series, is injured and faded, we cannot agree with Ruskin that it is so contemptible a piece of work. The colours are indeed dull and dried up, but through all the deterioration it preserves a sense of space which makes a setting full of air and life. Tintoretto's versatility in the treatment of his subjects is shown here once more. Often as he has painted the 'Last Supper,' he never goes back to any former arrangement; it is always an absolutely fresh plan and it is always imbued with some sincere vision of what the event portended. His Last Suppers are no pretext for painting a Venetian epicure, banqueting on gold plate, with women and music, in an airy loggia looking on the Grand Canal, and with his friends or patrons introduced in the guise of boon companions. The room in which he places Christ and His Apostles is never far from being a simple or even a humble one, the attendants are common men and serving maids and boys, and he brings in the beggars and dogs with symbolical meaning. This is especially the case in this hall, painted for a community vowed to works of charity: in fact the man and woman on the steps here are represented as a kind of supporters, typical

recipients of almsgiving—one has a loaf at his side, the other a cup at hers.

Tintoretto resorts here to his favourite expedient of placing his principal figure at some distance from the eye. The Saviour, with the half obliterated form of St. John leaning across Him, is seated at the far end of the low table, giving the Bread to St. Peter. On His left Judas shrinks away, with the startled, resentful look of a wild animal. In the background the servants are busy at the high *buffet*, decked with those huge brass chargers, hereditary possessions, which have only of late years found their way from Venetian kitchens to the curiosity-dealers. In the presence of the beggars we have once more the thought of the altarpiece in S. Polo; that humanity, and above all the poor, are to be guests at the Holy Table. We cannot help noticing what a prominent place he has given to the dog, and from the way in which he introduces it here, and in the 'Last Supper' in S. Stefano and in 'Moses striking the Rock,' he seems to lay peculiar stress on its presence, and we may please ourselves with the idea that the painter was fond of dogs, and perhaps painted in his own favourites, intending to show, what would be very unusual in a Catholic, that he recognized their claim to a share in the scheme of immortality.

In looking along this dark side of the hall, we are struck with the way in which the artist has, as far as possible, overcome the difficulty of seeing, by choosing strong and varied effects of light for these shadowed spaces. In the 'Nativity,' a supernatural light streams through the ruined roof upon the Holy Family, the 'Baptism' has a powerful effect of light through broken clouds, in the 'Resurrection' a flood of dazzling glory bursts from the tomb, in the 'Garden' the whole is illumined by streams of light from the ministering angel, and in the 'Last Supper' the evening sunlight streams into the chamber from some hidden opening and falls in such a way as to concentrate our attention on the Saviour.

The paintings on the wall opposite have a better chance of being seen. The series of five may be read as holding one lesson. In the middle is the 'Ascension,' on one side is the 'Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes' and the 'Raising of Lazarus,' on the other the 'Pool of Bethesda' and the 'Temptation.' It is the Gospel of the

Body, sanctified by the Ascension of the Lord. It admits the legitimacy of satisfying bodily needs, it approves the attempt to cure sickness, to seek for health, yet in the 'Temptation' there is the warning not to put the body before the things of the spirit.

The 'Miracle of the Loaves' is a charming picture, and one peculiarly appropriate to the almsgiving of the Confraternity. Christ stands against the high light of the sky, and sweeps His arm in blessing across the basket of loaves held up to Him by a kneeling boy, who is presented in faith and wonder by a disciple: all around is gathered the hungry and fainting crowd, which affords an opportunity for several little bits of grouping. A mother bends over her sucking child, an eager woman holds out her hands, a youth is giving some of the bread to a beautiful girl, and a woman is rousing a sleeping man to witness the miracle. All the lines, all the gestures combine to lead us up the sharply defined hill, to the figure on the mountain top, with the golden and rosy evening sky of the 'day far spent' behind Him.

As darkness to light, so Death must give way to Life, and in the next division, Christ seated in the immediate foreground, calls back from the grave the bound and trammelled form of Lazarus, whom two friends are freeing from his cerements, while Martha looks up at him in awe, and Mary throws herself on her knees to adore the Lord of Life. Mary's figure is a very charming one. It is the only one in anything like full light. Like the 'Magdalen' in the Brera and the little Princess in the National Gallery, we have here, amid all the development of later work, something childlike in the gesture, *naïf* in spirit, short and blunt in type and touch, a note by which Tintoretto from time to time, all through his life, recalls his early association with Andrea Schiavone. The fig-tree in full leaf, so finely painted, but with such simplification of technique, becomes here the symbol of the accomplishment of signs and wonders that herald the second coming, as shown in the 'Vision of St. John.' 'And the stars of heaven fell into the earth, even as a fig-tree casting her untimely figs when she is shaken of a mighty wind.' And it was immediately after recounting those signs and wonders that Christ went on to give a parable of the fig-tree. 'When the branch is yet tender and putteth forth leaves, ye know that summer is nigh.'

If there is no very high level of feeling, such as it was not perhaps always easy to maintain, in these last scenes, we come in the 'Ascension' to one of his most vivid and inspired creations. Borne up by angels on shaftlike wings, 'which seem like sword-blades cutting the air,' the figure of Christ rises buoyantly to re-enter His Father's House, with a large, free gesture of greeting, which is all gladness and confidence. Angels wave palms and olive branches to hail His advent in the courts of heaven. At His feet, a grandly designed bank of rolling clouds hides the Master from those He has left. The grouping of the apostles recalls the several occasions upon which Christ has appeared to them. Two are walking in the cool light of the valley, as the two walked to Emmaus, others are assembled round a table, and St. Peter, by whom He was first seen, lies across the foreground, looking up from a great book. This figure plays an important part, pictorially, in throwing back the central group; if it is covered over, the whole composition loses its balance and seems to fall out of the frame. The colour is cold yet bright, and the little valley and the brook, full of reflections, convey all the feeling of the freshness of early morning.

The 'Pool of Bethesda' has been too easily dismissed as merely ugly and disgusting. It is certainly not an attractive subject, and the damp which has attacked it in the past has given it a leprous surface, only too deplorably appropriate. It had naturally to be given a conspicuous place in a hall devoted to the patrons of the plague-stricken, and it must have puzzled Tintoretto himself how to raise it above the squalid and repulsive. He has contrived to soften and ennoble it in three ways, by the rich screen of green leaves overhead, worked out with a sure touch, but one less hasty than he generally uses, by the welcome sense of space given by the opening of the enclosure on to a distant sunny landscape, and by the expression of yearning appeal in the face of the woman at Christ's feet. Her husband, convulsed with pain, is supported upon her knees, and she looks up in half-despairing hope to beseech relief.

Over the altar at the end of the room, the whole purpose of the series is summed up and, as it were, given its title, by the 'San Rocco in Glory.' None of his own history has been illus-

Venice, Scuola di San Rocco

THE ASCENSION

trated here; that had already been done in the church where his relics were preserved, but by now exalting him to the chief place, the keynote is given, and we have the assurance that the whole composition is to be taken as bearing on his career. The saint ascends to heaven, followed by the prayers and adoration of a troop of poor and sick persons. Professor Thode believes this to have been painted in 1588, after the lower hall was finished. It would therefore have been the last thing added, and may have been a special gift of the Cardinal whose portrait it contains. It is very dark, and has been much over-painted.

CHAPTER X

THE LOWER HALL

ONE of the chief architectural beauties of the interior of the Scuola is the wide and ample stairway which leads from one floor to the other. On the half-landing an 'Annunciation,' painted by Titian and bequeathed to the Confraternity by Amelio Cortona in 1555, was doubtless already in position before Tintoretto began to decorate the building, and he has evidently painted the corresponding picture in emulation. The rich sweetness and exquisite quality of Titian's picture is in some degree inimical to the wilder and more impassioned style with which it is contrasted. We come upon it like a rich melody of Mozart when the ear is waiting to catch a passage of Wagner, and for a moment we may be enthralled by the restful completeness of the older painter, and then we turn to Tintoretto's 'Visitation,' and we are drawn once more to that fiery heart which appeals to the deepest impulses of humanity, we see once more with that piercing vision, which is not of the intellect but of the emotions; we admire, we bow down before Titian, but we *feel* intensely with Tintoretto.

In the late evening, after long and weary travel, a woman, hardly more than a child in years, but weighed down by a tremendous destiny, at length meets the one other woman who can understand and sympathize, and in whom she can place full confidence. To her she has been hastening as to a well of refreshment. Between them there is the common tie of approaching motherhood, and at the first moment of meeting the elder woman makes clear the fullness of her comprehension, and they clasp one another in a passion of thanksgiving. The poignancy of motherlove, developed and quickened in each of them, is felt all through the appealing simplicity of these two figures. The golden glow

Venice, Scuola di San Rocco

THE VISITATION

of the landscape, the colours of the dresses, the deep crimson and shoaling green of Elizabeth's dress, the glowing brick-red of that of the Virgin, combine to make an appeal upon the heart and senses, so that we can hardly separate the colour from the deep inner meaning. Never has Tintoretto's colour been more sensuous, never has his feeling been more pure and tender. It is a passionate picture, but the passion is of the sweetest quality, and there runs through it an insight into the nature of woman, an underlying understanding of the mutual affection and dependence that can exist between them, which it is rare to find a man expressing so intimately. The figure of Zachariah is drawn with Giorgionesque simplicity, in a rich brown-black. The knee of Elizabeth is outlined by a brilliant line of white, such a sudden, sharp line as really in Nature relieves dark objects against a luminous background, and what a touch of lightness and variety is given by the trefoil leaves, which catch the eye before anything else, and the overhanging boughs of such a chestnut-tree as Tintoretto must have sketched near the home of his friend Jacopo da Ponte, in the woodlands round Bassano. Ridolfi mentions that in his time the space at the foot of the staircase was filled by a scene of S. Roch healing the sick. This has disappeared, but it may possibly be the picture of this subject which now hangs in the Pitti Palace.

The entrance hall on the ground-floor is of the same size as the great assembly room above, but its ceiling, instead of being painted, is elaborately carved in rosettes and heavily gilt. The light is distributed in the same way, and is even less satisfactory, but that the paintings on the walls are those of the greatest moment of the artist's life, admits of little doubt, so excellent are they in conception, so sure in touch, so sustained in quality. Like those already executed, they are as broad as possible in treatment, Tintoretto evidently realizing throughout that to paint anything in minute finish on these wide dark spaces would be to defeat his own end, and we are thankful that he was therefore able to paint them all with his own hand, instead of leaving a host of minor figures and details to a band of assistants, which, with better-paid work, would have been the natural course to take.

The actions of San Rocco having been moulded on the life of

Christ during His mission on earth, this was fittingly approached by the history of the Virgin and of the infancy of her Son. Tintoretto begins with the 'Annunciation,' a picture which faces us as we enter, and which lingers in the memory like a chime of bells. The planning of this interior is full of meaning. The room in which Mary sits has a carved ceiling, a raised bed with velvet curtains, and the tesselated floor, common to all Italian palaces. Standing on it is an old rush-bottomed chair, a token that it is now inhabited by very poor people. The ruined 'wall of partition' is connected with the ruins outside by the sharp line of light which runs along the carpenter's square that leans against it. These are no mere indications of the calling of Mary's husband, though that too has its share. The ruined dwelling is the Jewish dispensation; the stately old house has fallen upon evil days, its occupants sit under a decaying roof-tree, but 'the corner-stone of the old building remains, though the builder's tools lie idle beside it, and the stone which the builders refused, is become the headstone of the corner.'

The Virgin is represented here as a common peasant woman with large coarse hands, very unlike Tintoretto's usual type. She looks up, startled, astounded, as there sweeps through her quiet solitude the flash and clamour of the winged host following the dove; the mystery, which in another instant will envelop her. Yet this is no vulgar astonishment, there is no attempt at flight, hardly of shrinking or turning back, but more an attitude of instantaneous recognition and spontaneous concurrence. On the outside of the ruined house the eye swims suddenly into as radiant a piece of landscape as you shall find on a summer's morning, a vivid, glowing distance, typifying the dawn of the Christian day. And what a marvellous flight that is of angel and train of cherubs following the dove, with an impetus which, we feel, cannot be checked. Not for nothing has the old painter stood for unnumbered times since his boyhood in the Piazza watching the pigeons rise and wheel in that headlong flight and veer round in exactly such a curve as these will describe as they pass out again, leaving Mary alone with her wonder. The pigeons were there long before Tintoretto's time, and are already spoken of in the twelfth century. Not for nothing has he watched the

Venice, Scuola di San Rocco

THE ANNUNCIATION

THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI

Venice, Scuola di San Rocco

swifts, which on summer evenings seem a very part of Italy, as they circle round, with such a rush of air from their wings; you feel as if they must strike you, but they never brush or graze, however near they pass, and shall the angelic flight be less sure in its self-control? No reproduction can do justice to the extreme beauty of the foremost cherubs, and the angel, who is a most striking being, and whose black, shaftlike wings, are wonderfully contrived to break up the long line of grey doorpost. This picture has been badly handled in parts by the restorer. The Virgin's face has been repainted, and has lost the beauty of expression which we feel sure it once possessed, the draperies across her knees are heavily daubed, and the strip of luminous sky which once shone between the two doorposts has been taken by the restorer for the doorpost itself, and has been smudged with an opaque bar of white paint. The greys of the background, where they are untouched, are of exquisite quality, and the whole is a poem of light and air and colour, charged with a feeling that has indeed come far away from the tender mysticism of the early painters of the Church, but which, in its robust joy and realism, is not so far removed from the spirit of Giotto. The next, the 'Adoration of the Magi,' must in its prime have been the gem of the whole collection. It has a finish, a completeness, a jewel-like radiance, and, more than any, it gives the effect of a very precious and exquisitely painted picture. We long to place it for a moment where the light could shine on it and bring out all its jewels of colour. The interest concentrates in the little figure of the Child, from which streams a glory which illumines the two old kings and their gifts, and casts rays on all around. The Virgin is here a very beautiful woman, easy and graceful, pleased at the homage paid to her Infant—the two Magi are the most stately of Venetian patriarchs. Tintoretto has seldom painted so fine a head as that of the lower Mage. Overhead the star swims in atmospheric mist and lovely angels hover in the twilight. Eastern forms loom out of the darkness, and in the foreground is a woman bearing the two white doves which are the first things to catch our eye. Deftly touched in, they form one of the painter's unerring details, absolutely essential to the balance of the composition. Essential, too, to the freedom

and attractiveness of the picture, is the outlook into the open air, where, under a luminous sky, the retinue awaits the stately travellers who are doing homage in the lowly inn. We are reminded that it is an inn by the maid and man, who, in the middle distance, are absorbed in the effort to draw a wine jar out of the earth; the world going its way, careless and ignorant of the miracle that has come to it.

The 'Flight into Egypt' gives the opportunity for an idyllic landscape-setting, which we can rely upon Tintoretto not to neglect. The group of trees in the middle divides the background into two parts, each of which contains an exquisite view. On the left are distant hills, bathed in sunshine, a ruined castle and woods, while nearer, on the right, is a cottage homestead with labourers working in the shade of willows, which sway and whisper as if Corot had painted them. In the immediate foreground the palm, of which quantities were at all times imported to Venice, is put in to give the only touch of Eastern landscape that Tintoretto knew. Yet as the dark picture unfolds itself, the widespread landscape does but concentrate our attention more fully, on that small dusky head, of such a ripe and glowing loveliness, swathed in draperies in which ruby mingles with a deep green-blue, and bent with such tender solicitude over the little being cradled on her arm. Tintoretto's ideal of feminine beauty is a very fascinating one, and perhaps his fair women are surpassed by his dark beauties, whose little perfectly shaped faces and olive skins, with the blood mantling beneath, are so sweet and vivid. The expression here is that of a mother who has lost all consciousness of her surroundings as she gazes, rapt, upon her babe. The stooping form of St. Joseph is less conspicuous than the grandly painted head of the great Syrian ass (which is very different from the little Italian donkeys), so full of reality and life in curling nostril and twitching ear. Behind the trees is a great arch of light against which the branches balance on either side. The grouping of the figures with the trees, which are in the middle, yet not noticeably so, is contrived with perfect art, and the trees and their boughs in the background are painted with most precise observation. We notice the importance of the jar and cloth and pointing stick in the foreground, and we go back to rest once

Venice, Scuola di San Rocco

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT

Venice, Scuola di San Rocco

THE MURDER OF THE INNOCENTS

more on the exquisite face of the young mother, curving herself in tender and protective fashion about the Child, for whose safety she has become a wanderer.

And as he finished this peaceful idyll, as he stood watching the quiet procession coming safe and secure from peril, through pleasant ways in the calm summer evening, how deep within the painter's vision lay the terror and agony of that other drama which was taking place at the same moment in the city from which these had so lately escaped. It was all before him as he stood in front of the blank walls and shaped the overwhelming contrast. M. Mesnard, in an article written some years ago in the *Gazette des Beaux Arts*, points out how strongly the artist felt the juxtaposition of this painting with that which follows. 'We look in vain,' he says, 'for those winged spirits, protectors, which so many have let their fancy introduce. None, indeed, manages them with more ease and authority than Tintoretto. In whatever position or circumstances he brings them in, they are never wanting in vigour, in *élan*, or rapidity of flight, and here he has space enough, but he is thinking of his whole plan, and will not upset the calm and simplicity of any part of it.'

And what Tintoretto beholds in his 'Massacre of the Innocents,' by a strong and deep artistic impulse, is the truth. What he paints is no philosophic study; he does not, as Fuseli recommends, 'disclose all the mother, through every image of pity and terror.' Here is no time for pity, no room for gradations of feeling. 'Fear, rage, and agony at their utmost pitch, sweep away all character: humanity itself would become lost in maternity, the woman would become the mere personification of animal fury and fear.' In Tintoretto's day such scenes were no mere legends recalled by fancy; the horrors of sacked towns could have provided him with many an eye-witness. It was no imaginary tragedy he set himself to realize, but one which within his own memory had been enacted within a short day's journey of his home, and which some not inconceivable shuffling of the cards might yet bring to his own door. I cannot avoid giving in this place Ruskin's wonderful description, written, be it remembered, at a time when these paintings were neglected and unrecognized. He rediscovered them and criticized them with a freshness of view and a penetration which make all the

remarks which come after seem tame and superfluous. 'A huge flight of stairs, without parapet, descends on the left; down this rush a crowd of women mixed with the murderers; the child in the arms of one has been seized by the limbs, *she hurls herself over the edge, and falls head downmost, dragging the child out of the grasp by her weight*;—she will be dashed dead in a second;—close to us is the great struggle; a heap of the mothers, entangled in one mortal writhe with each other and the swords; one of the murderers dashed down and crushed beneath them, the sword of another caught by the blade and dragged at by a woman's naked hand; the youngest and fairest of the women, her child just torn away from a death-grasp, and clasped to her breast with the grip of a steel vice, falls backwards, helplessly over the heap, right on the sword points, all knit together and hurled down in one hopeless, frenzied, furious abandonment of body and soul in the effort to save. Far back, at the bottom of the stairs, there is something in the shadow like a heap of clothes. It is a woman, sitting quiet—quite quiet—still as any stone; she looks down steadfastly on her dead child laid along on the floor before her, and her hand is pressed softly upon her brow.'

It is a very delirium of action that Tintoretto paints. There are many more episodes; the woman trying to leap over the wall, the one letting down the little clinging child streaming with blood, an incident which seems borrowed from Raphael's *Incendio*; the distant figures, stumbling and falling in their headlong flight towards the country, seen through the columns. The scene would be chaos if it were not forced into coherence by the management of that light and shade which keeps it distinct by throwing a group into relief here and detaching a head there, and mellows the whole, keeping it within the bounds of nature by its broad masses.

Shocked and strained, it is a refreshment to us, as it must have been to the painter, to turn from this ghastly and terrible slaughter to the two narrow canvases which fill the compartments on either side of the altar, and in which he has so well contrived to convey the contrast of peace and silence.

In all his work there is no more intimate revelation of the painter than these two small panels, so often passed by unheeded. Alone with nature, with books and with God; what a rest for

tired Humanity. The healing message that clouds and trees, mountains and running brooks, have for the sad heart, has not been more forcibly expressed by Wordsworth's 'Nature never did betray the heart that loved her,' than by these pathetic little figures, seated in lonely meditation beside the dancing water. Only three tones predominate, brown, yellow, and a greenish grey, but the effect of the setting sun, streaming from under the clouds, was probably once much brighter, for though not re-touched, the pictures have been continually exposed, and the surface has become dry and dusty. The light is such as shoots out at low sunset in horizontal rays, which gild edges with startling brilliance. The saints' haloes add to the effect, with the addition, it must be confessed, of some cynical touches among the tree tops, but with the exception of these, the compositions are true to nature, and nowhere does Tintoretto show his consummate knowledge of technique and the penetrative quality of his imagination more fully. To all appearance the pictures are carelessly painted; the tree-trunks have been given with two strokes, one for the shadowed, the other for the light side, yet the painter's mind has followed his hand in every modulation; the apparent carelessness is proof of the most intense care that nothing should be unmeaning. In the mass of shadow at the root of the huge laurel which tosses its boughs over the Magdalen, there is no fibre or tuft of grass that is not fully expressed and articulated. He delights in water, both in the calm reflection and in the joyous ripple; and we can almost hear the purl and splash of these miniature eddies and waterfalls; his brooks are so alive, so insistent in their flow. To Tintoretto, as much as to any old Umbrian master, it belongs to 'abound in space,' and nowhere has he stretched this power to further limits than in these limited and apparently carelessly-treated canvases. By making his figures very small, he has conveyed a sense of vastness in the landscape over which arches a boundless sky. He paints quickly, but in his 'hottest and grandest temper,' his handling has the impetuosity of passion, informed with a knowledge of chiaroscuro, a grasp of composition, and a mastery of touch, by which, as easily as breathing, he creates a solitude of dreamland, a perfect poetical vision. We care little who the saints may be; we

think only of the link between our own souls and the life of things soulless.

It comes as an afterthought to inquire why the 'Magdalen' and 'St. Mary of Egypt' have been selected. It may be in allusion to that desert in which S. Roch sought a refuge when he was attacked by the plague, and in which he recovered, and it perhaps includes a reminder of the leprosy of sin, more fatal than the leprosy of the body, cured as by a miracle in these two great sinners. The story of St. Mary of Egypt is one of the legends of St. Jerome; she lived an infamous life in Alexandria in the fourth century, and after seventeen years spent in every kind of vice, out of curiosity she joined a party of pilgrims going to Jerusalem to celebrate the Feast of the Cross, obtaining the price of her passage by selling herself to the sailors and pilgrims. On arrival at the temple, she was driven back from entering by the supernatural power of the sacred relics, and the same power showed her her sins for the first time, and filled her with shame and terror. Struck with repentance, she at length entered crawling on her knees, and renounced her evil life. She made her way to the wilderness beyond Jordan, where she lived in severe penance supported by roots and fruit, and clothed only in her hair, for forty-seven years. At the end of that time she was found by the priest Zozimus, who confessed her, and brought her the sacred elements, and buried her when she died, with the help of a lion which came out of the bushes and dug the grave with its paws. Tintoretto must have met many travellers able to describe the Egyptian desert, but he wisely does not attempt any scenery that he does not know, and only in the huge palm, towering on the right, has he made any concession to the idea of representing an Eastern wilderness.

In the 'Presentation of Christ in the Temple' he goes back to the sumptuous style, and paints a magnificent revel of colour and gold and costly tissues. Yet he does not overload his story or impair the sincerity of his characters. The young deacon, for all his splendour of ivory white and rose brocade, is direct and simple in attitude and feeling, nor does any preoccupation with golden mantle or velvet hangings, detract from the grandeur of the head of the old High Priest and the tiny form of the Infant, at which he gazes,

absorbed in love and reverence. The beautiful scheme of colour is brought into harmony with the theme and treated with a care and delicacy of execution that no one could display better than Tintoretto when he chose. Glory streams from the little head and lights up the face of the mother, bending tenderly and anxiously. The detail is all admirable, the dim arches, within which burns a brazen lamp, the gorgeous embroidery of the curtains, the table with the sacred vessels. On the right is a row of four members of the brotherhood more slightly painted than the rest, to mark their subservience.

In the 'Assumption' we still have a very majestic design, in which the Madonna leans from out the clouds, upborne by a splendid young angel, and the lovely circle of cherub heads which surrounds her is still untouched, but the rest of the picture has been daubed to destruction by a misguided restorer in 1834, who was so well satisfied with his achievement that he has inscribed his name in letters that go all across the foreground.

This is the last of the series; we have around us the work of twenty-three years, the third of a lifetime, from the noble 'Crucifixion,' conceived with all the passion and elevation of a poet-painter in the full ripeness of manhood, to the rather tired and laboured 'S. Roch,' placed over the altar in the upper room in 1588. But there is very little that falls below the highest. The execution shows a variety of phases, but always knowledge, experiment, an ever-deepening appreciation of the power of light and shadow. Thought and feeling are marvellously sustained, and imagination is ever ready to infuse an original, a dramatic, a tender reading into the most comprehensive composition or the most trivial detail.

Darkened and faded as the walls now appear, cold and empty, untenanted save by the old *custode*, who has had charge of them for many years, and who really loves them, and visited only by tourists whose stay is for the most part of a very fugitive description, it is with difficulty that we reconstruct any picture of the halls as they were in their pristine splendour. What must they have been when they first glowed from the master-hand of the great Venetian, and were adorned with every bravery of gilded fretwork, carved seat and opulent drapery, and when the

marble floors were crowded with stately personages in velvet and ermine, the golden robe of the Doge, who was head of the Order, gleaming among them, the rose-red and purple of cardinals and bishops reflected in the polished pavement, the black gowns of priests adding a sober note as they met in conclave, or gathered round the table in the refectory.

The decorations were still incomplete when an appalling proof of the saint's inefficacy to protect was given by a plague of fearful violence which broke out in 1576, of which the senator, Andrea Morosini, has left such a graphic account. Titian was one of its earliest victims. It raged for months, defying all remedies. Cries and wailings filled the city, houses stood empty, and the corpses lay about the streets, for there were not enough boats to carry them away; more than 40,000 are said to have perished before it slackened its ravages. Yet still the work went on, though it must have been hindered for a time. The saint's prestige does not seem to have suffered. By a decree of the Senate, the Doge and the Confraternities went in public procession to implore his intercession, and an oath was taken in fulfilment of which the Church of the Redentore was built.

Ridolfi adds that the Scuola di San Rocco became a sort of Accademia for the resort of students, and in particular of all the foreigners from the other side of the Alps, who came to Venice in his time, and to whom these works served as examples of composition, of grace and harmony, of design, of the management of light and shade, and of force and freedom of colour.

CHAPTER XI

THE DUCAL PALACE

DURING part of the time that Tintoretto was working in the Scuola di San Rocco, he must have been much preoccupied by the demands which the Senate was making upon him. From the time of the ceiling-piece, painted for Doge Priuli in 1559, he was in the employ of the Council, by which every painter in a small place like Venice would naturally have been well known and discussed; for art was an absorbing interest to all Venetians, and a new picture was received and criticized much as a new book would have been in literary circles in England in the last century. All we can say certainly regarding the three first great paintings which Tintoretto was employed to execute, is that they perished with his 'Battle of Lepanto' in the great fire of 1577, and that they had been produced between that date and 1561. It is during the earlier part of that time that we hear least of other employment, so that they probably followed close upon the commissions of Doge Priuli. Vasari tells us that Tintoretto, Veronese, and Orazio di Tiziano were each to paint a scene for the Hall of Council. Tintoretto's represented Barbarossa crowned by the Pope, and had a fine building and a great number of cardinals and Venetian nobles around the Pope, all portraits. Not long after he painted another scene, 'executing it in a marvellous manner, so that it is among the best things that ever he did, equalling, if not surpassing, his rivals there. It represents Pope Alexander III. excommunicating Barbarossa and the Emperor forbidding his followers to obey the Pope. Among other fancies in it, the Pope and cardinals are throwing down the torches and candles, as is done in an excommunication, and a group of nude figures below, of the utmost beauty and charm, are disputing for them.' We can almost imagine how Tintoretto

would have treated such a subject, with the various expressions of dignity, pride and passion upon the faces of the principal actors, the splendid colours, the glitter of jewels and armour, and the strong effects from the flame of the falling torches, striking upon the faces above and down upon that group below, 'of utmost beauty and charm.' This was followed by a 'Last Judgment' in the Sala dello Scrutinio, ordered by Pietro Loredano and Alvise Mocenigo, which is said by Ridolfi to have been so terrible a piece of work that it overpowered those who beheld it. The more credit is due to Tintoretto, as Vasari says that Titian helped his son in his painting of the battle of the Romans.

In 1571 the Battle of Lepanto was fought, and soon after Titian, as State painter, was called upon to immortalize this, the greatest of all Venetian victories. Titian by this time was over ninety years of age, and it was generally agreed that his share would be very small, and that the chief part of the work would fall to his assistant, Salviati, whom every one knew to be an inferior painter. Six years earlier, in his *Lives of the Painters*, Vasari had already spoken of Titian as having passed beyond the age when a man can hope to hold the brush with steadiness, so that when Tintoretto approached the Doge and Council to expostulate, he was only representing the general opinion. We have seen how he then proposed to make the Council a present of his work: an offer which they were glad to accept.

In 1574, Andrea Palladio and Tintoretto's friend, Alessandro Vittoria, had finished redecorating the ceiling of the Sala delle Quattro Porte with rich architectural devices, stucco-work and gilding, and Sansovino suggested to the painter the subject of Jove conducting Venice to the earth, to fill the central compartment. This picture is sadly over-painted, but still has some beauty of a decorative kind. Venice, led by Jove and holding the *bâton* of office, steps down from the clouds into the bosom of the Adriatic, and Apollo and a circle of gods and goddesses recline above, discussing her departure. Eight medallions, symbolizing the allied towns, placed in the recesses of the heavily moulded ceiling, have some affinity with Paolo Veronese, with whom Tintoretto painted in close friendship during these years. But well as he had succeeded with the ceiling paintings of the

BACCHUS AND ARIADNE

Venice, Ducal Palace

Scuola di San Rocco, we see that he shows no real zest for these compositions.

It was not the pride of life, not the opportunities for painting voluptuous and material scenes which these halls afforded him, that appealed to Tintoretto. Venice enthroned among the gods, the Doges presented like ambassadors at a Court, columned halls and *loggie* crowded with guests and attendants in splendid liveries, were not in themselves sufficient to inspire him, the pompous and processional was not his natural element. He required the stimulus of thought, of fancy, of roused emotion, and if he could not find them, in the words of Carracci, 'Tintoretto is not always equal to Tintoretto.' But it is not only in the tragedies of religion that he finds themes that incite him to a display of his strength. That his imagination can pierce the tenderest secrets of the heart, he has shown us on these walls, where he has given us, what is not only his most beautiful painting, but one of the most beautiful in existence.

The thought of Ariadne, desolate and abandoned, and of Bacchus, the god of life and laughter, brought to her rescue by the goddess of love, rose in his mind to symbolize Venice, once dependent and forlorn, wooed by the Adriatic into all that love could provide of happiness and prosperity. Never perhaps have painting and poetry so combined as in this delicious idyll of the morning of life. Here are the earth's great gifts of the Golden Age; youth and beauty and love and the sweet air of land and sea. Never till now have such ivory limbs, with such golden and silvery lights and such transparent shadows, been seen upon canvas. There is nothing to startle here; Venus comes with no swoop or rustle of wings; we are not reminded of St. Mark's descent to the relief of the slave. She steals gently on the scene, and seems really to swim in a sea of light and air as a fish swims in water, while her gauze veil, delicately unfolding, recalls those silver webs which float in the radiant air of autumn, and which the Germans call 'Our Lady's winding-sheet.' There is not any great variety of colour; ivories and browns, the deep green of the god's vine-leaf girdle, the deep blue of the sky, the blue of Adriatic seas, the soft blue of Ariadne's robe; yet surely never have tints been welded in such delicious harmony, or such a

beautiful gradation been contrived as that which melts from the creamy form of Ariadne to the sun-illumined gold of the goddess and the glowing tints of the wine-god's tawny skin. And the deep delight of this picture, the most sensuous ever painted, that is yet entirely free from sensuality, lies in the intense feeling that informs it. In this moment of breathless expectancy, each one of these persons feels to the finger-tips. Delicately, doubtingly, as lightly as a flower, the rosy fingers rest upon the palm of the goddess, and all eyes are fixed upon the tiny ring, the symbol of union between heart and hand, between land and sea, which, almost invisible itself, is still the centre of the composition and the object to which all the lines converge. The simplicity of the picture enhances its exquisite refinement, every line that is not essential has been eliminated, and this refinement goes all through it. The Queen of the Sea has here no gorgeous brocades, no jewels or sumptuous throne; she reigns by right of her own loveliness and her crown is God-given, of the stars of heaven. The lover from the sea brings no costly gifts, but love and truth and loyalty. We look into the inner shrine of life and behold its true sublimities, and to the Venetian, accustomed from childhood to love the grand spectacle of the Doge going out to wed the Adriatic, this picture must have spoken as the very soul and spirit of all ceremonial splendour. It comes naturally to us to compare it with Titian's 'Sacred and Profane Love.' For actual beauty of form and colour, the last is, some think, the most beautiful painting in the world. It is a beauty all-pervading, mysteriously articulate. It touches all that art that is most in harmony with nature. It is a culminating moment of enjoyment; an enjoyment prepared by the intellect for the senses and developed to the highest point of artistic pleasure. Tintoretto's is a culminating moment of the spirit, and here he soars to a region whither Titian cannot follow him.

In the companion pictures in the Ante-Collegio there is less poignancy of feeling, but a new delight in the painting of the nude and a new type of femininity. If we compare the forms of Ariadne and Venus and the three Graces, with those of Eve or Susanna at the Bath, we are aware of a marked increase in slenderness and refinement and of that specially attractive

Venice, Ducal Palace

MERCURY AND THE GRACES

Berlin, Kaiser Friedrich Museum

LUNA AND THE HOURS

mould of feature, small head, pointed chin, rounded eyelids, nose slightly *retroussé* and ears coiled like a seashell; the type of which he was making use in the Madonna of the 'Flight into Egypt' and of which we find fresh examples in his very latest work.

The 'Three Graces' holding the roses and myrtle sacred to the god of love, cannot be surpassed for actual perfection of painting, and technique like this witnesses to Tintoretto's power of working as finely as he chose, and satisfies us that when he used a broad and careless touch it was not from any lack of knowledge. His treatment of flesh is quite distinct from the fine grained surface, which looks like marble endowed with life, of Titian's nudes, or from the hot-blooded, fruit-like carnations which Giorgione paints; but for softness, for supple curves, for the dappled play of light and shadow upon tender, youthful forms, he has no rival. No one has ever painted gauzy veils with a more ethereal perfection. Delicacy, refinement, breathe throughout. The hand of Aglaia rests with dainty touch on her companion's arm, yet the back of the third goddess is drawn with a firmness, with a ripple of muscles under sweeping lines which embraces the whole lithe framework from head to heel. The composition is quite original, and while all the gleaming forms slant one way, the mulberry and pink and crimson draperies are massed in the opposite direction, and thus the eye is never distressed by want of balance, while a scrap of perpendicular line here and there supplies the co-ordinate standard.

The figure of 'Minerva expelling Mars,' while Venice feasts with Peace and Concord, among vines and fruits, has the same happy, idyllic note. Knowing Tintoretto as we do, I think it is almost certain that he intended these four compositions to be taken as a series, and to be read somewhat in this way; Venice is called upon to reign over the seas; her empire increases, till she basks in triumphant peace; Wisdom and Diplomacy keep war and rapine far from her gates, yet her security does not rest upon those arts alone, for underground, Vulcan never rests from forging his weapons, and, should she need them, her sons will spring to her side, armed to the teeth.

Paolo Veronese was called to appraise the value of these

pictures in the summer of 1578, from which we judge that they were ordered before the fire took place and installed soon afterwards, having had a hairbreadth escape of being destroyed.

It is with such pictures as these that we incline to group the beautiful 'Luna' of the Berlin Gallery, inspired by Paolo Veronese, yet who, passing serenely in her chariot, surrounded by attendant Hours, has a movement, an illusion of floating in the blue ether, which Veronese never attempted. Akin to it is the company of 'Nine Muses,' at Hampton Court. There are few finer studies of the nude, and the picture is in fair preservation. The nine life-sized Muses, their heads wreathed with flowers and vine leaves, recline on the clouds or hover above them. There is hardly any drapery and no accessories, except a spinet on which Music is playing. Upon her the eye of the spectator naturally rests. Two sister Muses bend towards her on the right, while another flies from the left side, so that attention is chiefly concentrated upon that part of the picture. Music turns to speaks to two graceful companions silhouetted against the background, and the eye passes beyond them to a vista of open sky and floating clouds. The woman lying across the foreground, half in deep shade, half in glowing light, is one of Tintoretto's most perfect nudes, and a hovering form reminds us of the Venus in the Ante-Collegio, though it is not equal to that in grace and balance, while the standing figure on the right, and several others, recall the 'Three Graces.'

The figures, as they lean to left and right, are strikingly well balanced; the eye flows over them with perfectly easy pleasure, and there is no extravagance or prominence of movement, such as recall the 'hash of frogs' of Correggio's critics. Draperies tell as dim flashes of colour, and the mantle crossing the shoulders of the recumbent nymph is of the time-faded Tintoretto red. It is a picture redolent of joy and sunshine, and full of a large, unconscious innocence. No doubt every line of leg and arm occupied the painter deeply, but the whole effect is easy and unstudied.

Even more reminiscent of the Ante-Collegio pictures is the 'Milky Way' of the National Gallery, where Juno is very like the Aglaia of the Graces, though the colour is fuller and nearer to the 'Marriage of Cana' altarpiece. It seems to have been

THE ORIGIN OF THE MILKY WAY

London, National Gallery

Venice, Ducal Palace

THE MARRIAGE OF S. CATHERINE

designed as the centre-piece for some painted ceiling. Jupiter it is, as the eagle bearing his thunderbolts indicates, and not Hermes, who bears the infant Hercules to Olympus, where Juno lies upon her couch, attended by her royal peacocks. All is life and movement; and the little Loves, grasping their insignia, their nets and bows and arrows, dart and flutter as joyously as butterflies, and the stars start to life with irresistible spontaneity. Tintoretto is in one of his most graceful moods, and shows how far his temper was removed from gloom; tragic and emotional he could be, but he was equally ready to be playful and joyous when he found a subject which touched his fancy and attracted his taste.

And in neither frame of mind, we will venture to say, did he compose the greater part of the huge decorations which he contributed to the Doge's Palace. The necessity for making the old Doges everywhere the central interest entails a monotony which hampers him. Yet the world of light and air upon which he opens does much to redeem the stiffness which religious and national ceremonial made almost inevitable. The compositions are all in some degree determined by Titian's initial example of Doge Grimani adoring Faith, in which the magnificent portrait of the Doge redeems an otherwise *banale* setting. In Tintoretto's series, we have 'Doge Niccolò da Ponte adoring the Virgin,' 'Doge Donato assisting at the marriage of St. Catherine,' 'Doge Alvise Mocenigo in worship before the Redeemer.' Where St. Mark presents Doge Mocenigo and the Saviour floats forward on a sea of golden light, the painter has visualized the event, and in the detail, he has put vehemence into the clashing wings of the Lion of St. Mark and painted the Persian carpet with a richness like jewels, and concentrated grace and charm on the *putti* who dart above the heads of the Doge and his suite. St. Catherine is an exquisite figure in a gleaming silk dress, and the floating veil falls over her, showing the sky through it, 'as an Alpine cascade falls over a marble rock.' In the midst of the graceful fancy of this picture we can almost discern the painter's discouragement at having to place the prosaic old Doge Donato in the most prominent place in the foreground. In the Collegio, St. Mark has the same monotonous task of presenting Doge Gritti to the Virgin, who is attended by S. Bernardino of Siena and S. Louis

of Toulouse.[1] All these were painted from 1580 to 1590, when Tintoretto was between sixty and seventy years of age. He had done so much work that it needed something that touched him more deeply than these scenes of office to arouse any real fire, while he was wanting in the feeling for charming decoration which makes Veronese's share of the Palace so great a success.

He employed assistants to a greater extent than ever before, and even experts find it difficult to disentangle the various hands that have worked here. In 'Doge Loredano presented to the Madonna by Saints,' Professor Thode sees a picture by Domenico, strongly influenced by his father, who he admits may have provided sketches, while Mr. Berenson throws the whole responsibility upon the older painter, though it is probable that many parts were relegated to his son. So in the great centre-piece of the ceiling in the Senate, we cannot believe that the heavy, clumsy Venice, the lank, long-limbed Apollo and the gods by whom they are surrounded in the upper portion, were created by Tintoretto, but the nymphs and tritons, rising from earth, laden with fruits, or riding the ether on sea-horses, are brimming with his fiery spirit and *joie de vivre*. We are not concerned to claim for him the ceiling in the Hall of the Grand Council, where Doge da Ponte at the top of a flight of stairs, does homage to Venice enthroned in heaven. He may indeed have supplied the sketch for the upper part, but the long lines of the steps on which are grouped the ambassadors of the friendly cities, are ugly and awkward, and show no invention. This, however, is the work of which Ridolfi tells the story of his detractors discussing it, and deciding that he had painted it mechanically and with little pains. Whether this was in some sort of official meeting does not appear, but it would seem probable, as he goes on to say that three young painters, ardent supporters of Tintoretto (one of them by name Crivelli), hid themselves under the benches of the hall in which the assembly took place, and suddenly issuing forth, became so eloquent in defence of their master, that the

[1] This was painted to replace a work by Titian which had perished in the fire. It is not unlikely that some sketch of Titian's remained which he was requested to reproduce as far as possible, and the portrait of the Doge is apparently painted in from one by Titian, now in the Czernin Gallery.

jealous persecution was checked and the picture established in the good opinion of the public, and as years went on was accepted as a precious possession. The stiff, academic, corner-pieces, the sieges of Brescia, Riva and Argenta, and the taking of Gallipoli show very little trace of his hand.[1] He was tired out with his task, and though he may have given advice and made a sketch for the arrangement of light and shade in the last-named, which is better than the others, we can hardly ascribe them to him. In the large canvas of the 'Siege of Zara' he has shown much invention in treating a wellnigh impossible subject. The canvas contains too much, but he has invested it with a real sense of hurry and desperation, and has given us some fine groups and single figures; the standard-bearer in front, the man-at-arms who has just loosed his bow, the knight falling back off the ladder, enveloped in the folds of the flag he has just seized, the furious horses galloping to the front, are all worthy of his brush, though they are among his slighter efforts. The five portraits of Doges from Girolamo Priuli to Niccolò da Ponte are believed to be his work, and Ridolfi speaks of a 'Catherine Cornaro leaving Cyprus' and 'Venetian Ambassadors at the Council of Trent,' which have disappeared. The great 'Entombment' over the throne in the Sala del Senato, with the two stiff, kneeling Doges, is not his work; the colour is black and heavy, the picture has no light and air, the groups are awkwardly composed, and the faces vacuous and dull.

[1] Cicognara ascribes one of them to Padovano and another to Lorenzo Corona.

CHAPTER XII

LATE WORK

IN the Ante-Chiesetta, the entrance to what was the Chapel of the Doges, the master has left two small, oblong paintings in his very happiest and most finished style; paintings which carry us at once from the over-pompous 'Doge-pictures' to the company of 'Bacchus and Ariadne' and their companions in the Ante-Collegio. These, which are each about eight feet by six in size, are, as Ruskin says, 'in his most quiet and noble manner.' The first has lately been re-named 'St. George, St. Margaret, and St. Louis of Toulouse,' but the old title, which pronounced it to be the 'Princess Saba rescued by St. George,' seems the more descriptive. The princess bestrides the vanquished monster, whose head is pierced by a lance, the broken shaft of which lies at their feet. St. George lifts his arms on high in triumphant joy at her deliverance. The colour here is restrained but very beautiful; the tone of greenish-blue in the young bishop's robe is repeated in the sky, and deepens to a blue-grey in St. George's armour, while his mantle is sea-green, and the robe of the princess a soft Venetian red. She is not so attractive a type as some of the painter's female figures, but her neck and shoulders and outstretched arm are marvellously well drawn. She looks up lovingly and confidingly at her rescuer. He tosses up his arms with that light and easy gesture which is so characteristic of Tintoretto. His head and whole figure are most beautiful, and the armour is an excellent piece of painting. Not less sympathetic is the graceful and dignified young bishop. The wide sky and hills behind give a welcome effect of space, and the colour is subdued by a great deal of warm russet and grey. Even more grave and harmonious are the two saints on the opposite wall. Though the picture is painted in browns and creams, with only a little soft red on St. Jerome's

Venice, Ducal Palace

SS. GEORGE, MARGARET, AND LOUIS OF TOULOUSE

Venice, Ducal Palace

SS. ANDREW AND JEROME

mantle, it strikes one, by the suffusion of sunset light, as one of the richest pieces of colour imaginable, and Tintoretto never shows to more advantage than in these quiet compositions. The suggestion of soft blue-green in the sky throws up the brownish-green of the fig-tree and the olive boughs, which are drawn with exquisite feeling, truth, and boldness. This, too, is full of the sense of space of a free and solitary country. St. Andrew shows the Vision of the Cross and S. Jerome looks up in fervent and meditative contemplation; neither saint is drawn from any emaciated model. The cross divides the panel in a semblance of spacing, and this is balanced by the staff of S. Louis, though in less marked a manner.

It was in 1577 that Antonio Milledonne, secretary to the Senate, acquired for himself a family vault in the Church of San Trovaso, and probably about the same time he commissioned Tintoretto to paint an altarpiece there, in honour of his patron saint. The saint is attacked by three female demons who represent Avarice, Impurity, and Indolence, the last of whom has torn his breviary to tatters. These demon temptresses might be sisters of the three Graces, so young and charming are they. The figure of St. Anthony may be compared with that of St. Mark in the 'Doge Priuli with Justice' or with St. Jerome in the picture we have just been examining. Christ descends with aerial flight, and from Him streams such a glory as we find in several other pictures of about this period; in the over-painted altarpiece of 'S. Marziale in Glory,' and in the very beautiful little 'Vision of SS. Mark and Matthew' in S. Maria Zobenigo, in which the appearing Christ, upheld by a gay boy-angel, is drawn from the same cartoon as the Madonna of the 'Assumption' in the lower hall of San Rocco. The 'Temptation of St. Anthony,' which is truly, as Ruskin calls it, 'a grand old picture,' opens an epoch of pale and silvery colouring, and of not perhaps a freer, but a lighter, more delicate style of handling.

Foremost among these examples stands the 'Crucifixion' in San Cassiano. When we compare this with his other Crucifixions, the crowded scene of the Accademia, the sublime drama of San Rocco, we are struck at once by its originality and by a certain delicate, poetical conception, which set it somewhat apart from all that

have gone before. Nothing could better illustrate the freshness of spirit and the variety of feeling of which Tintoretto was master. It seems almost impertinent to dwell on mechanical methods, but it was here that he triumphed; in considering so carefully the balance of the composition while preserving intensity and elevation of thought.

The crosses are erected on the top of a hill, with the ground falling away very suddenly from a small plateau, so that the heads of the guards beyond are on a level with the foot of the cross and with oneself on this side, as spectator. The eye goes first, and irresistibly, to the exquisite brilliancy of the sunset sky and to the form, sharply relieved against it, of the saint who has roused the Virgin from a stupor, to point out the action of the turbaned man who ascends the ladder holding the inscription, and so we follow up the lines of the ladder, straight to that beautiful head of Christ, of which the face is full of detached thought and inward strength, and at which the thief upon the opposite side is gazing with adoring wonder. In the brambles at the foot of the cross lies the seamless robe of Christ; faded now to a very pale and livid crimson. The stir and movement of the crowd outside is conveyed by the crossing and slanting of the spears of the guards, whose faces strain upwards, and who move and sway with the pressure around them. Their banner furls and flutters in the evening breeze, and behind all is that glorious sky, not light in colour; there is not a single light tint in any part of the picture, but luminous, full of gradation, stretching far away to the tranquil sunset. It was just after his first visit to Venice that Velazquez painted his 'Surrender of Breda,' in which the forest of lances is so conspicuous a feature. I am told that there is another, older, example of the *motif* in the Royal Gallery in Madrid, but even so, we cannot doubt that this striking rendering must have made an impression on the Spanish painter who studied Tintoretto so closely.

With this altarpiece I am disposed to link a very beautiful and little-known 'Presentation of Christ in the Temple,' which has lately been removed from the Church of the Gesuiti to the Accademia. In the distant sacristy, for which it was painted, it was seldom seen at all; now it is lost among others, high up

Venice, Church of San Trovaso

THE TEMPTATION OF ST. ANTHONY

Venice, S. Cassiano

THE CRUCIFIXION

upon a crowded wall. We see here the same arrangement of the central group, elevated and seen from below. The faces of women on the further side of the altar are on a low level, like those of the guards in the 'Crucifixion.' It is interesting to compare this with the same subject in San Rocco; in both the painter has kept the proper ecclesiastical procedure of the acolytes holding back the heavy mantle, and the other women waiting their turn upon the steps, but the two compositions have little in common, and it is when we look back at that far-off, youthful experiment in the Carmine, that we meet the same subject, and yet feel what a gulf lies between the two. How masterly and distinguished is the one, how stiff and conventional the other. The old High Priest in this later work is a peculiarly venerable and benevolent figure, the Virgin holding her babe and stooping across the table, stands among Tintoretto's foremost creations for strength and grace of pose, for ease, and sweet, natural gesture. The elastic movement with which she sways under the light weight of the child is so truly felt that the sensation appeals to all our tactile perceptions. The painter is admirable here in breadth and simplicity, and in the Renaissance setting, the statue in the niche, and the woman and child on the right, drawn with classic feeling, we are reminded of Mantegna as in no other of Tintoretto's works. Though this picture contains a great many figures there is no look of crowding; they move in clear and ample space. The repose of the composition is emphasized by the simple folds of drapery, and the soft greenish colour connects it with several paintings of this period.

The decoration of the old Church of the Madonna dell' Orto was completed in these later years by Cardinal Contarini's commission to paint an altarpiece for his family chapel, an order which resulted in the 'Miracle in the life of St. Agnes,' which is painted in so light and peaceful a manner that it is natural to separate it from the earlier work in the Church. The legend of St. Agnes is a very favourite one. She was a Christian maiden who suffered martyrdom in the reign of Diocletian, A.D. 290. Sempronius, the son of a prefect, fell in love with her and sought her hand in marriage, but she refused him, having vowed herself to a life of virginity. The prefect, indignant at her disdaining his son, had her denounced for her faith,

and carried before the altars of the gods, and she was condemned to torture and death. The young Sempronius endeavoured to carry her off, but no sooner had he touched her than he fell into convulsions and died. He was restored to life by the prayers of Agnes herself, whose life he and his father would then willingly have saved, but the fanaticism that had been aroused could not be quelled, and the maiden was borne away to martyrdom.

The temple of the gods has an arched vault, in which soars a bevy of graceful angels, unfortunately terribly over-painted. They bear the palm-leaf crown of martyrdom, and in their midst a flood of glory streams from the Holy Dove and lights up the childish face of the little saint, who, with her lamb by her side, looks up with an air of dauntless courage, the centre of a moved and excited throng. This part of the picture seems to have mercifully escaped the attentions of the restorer; the face and the veil of golden hair are very lovely and are painted with a remarkably crisp and dainty touch and the cast-shadows on the white robe and mantle are transparently clear. A number of heads of beautiful Venetian women, perhaps members of the Contarini family, appear in the crowd behind, and the spears against the arches speak of the phalanx of soldiers, which wait to lead her to execution. It was a situation the dramatic nature of which appealed to Tintoretto, and he has contrasted the little figure of the saint, so young and slight, with her attendant lamb, yet inspired by so indomitable a spirit, as strongly as he is able, with the men in gorgeous robes and armour who surround her.

Once again, in his most silvery style, is what remains of the 'Baptism of Christ' in the Church of San Silvestro. This picture has been at one time cut clean out of its setting, then replaced and painted round, while the upper part, the Father and a group of angels, is entirely the work of a most miserable dauber. But the two figures in the middle are intact and have a wild grace, peculiarly striking, and the suggestion of the vista of river beyond them is given with great charm. By a natural motive, an easy turn is given to the Baptist's figure; the cup has just been filled from the gushing waterfall in the rocks behind, and the Saint turns his body half round, to pour the water over the bending head of the Saviour. We can study here the difference between Tintoretto's render-

ing of running water and that of his imitators. Theirs is blue, stringy and opaque; his holds together and flows with a strong and persistent rush. In the water here, and in the upper part of the tree, he uses white paint with that peculiar, light scumbling touch which reminds us of his handling in the 'Magdalen' and 'St. Mary of Egypt,' and we see at once where another hand has come in, dull and heavy. This same loose, free touch is combined with considerable finish and a silvery tone in an altarpiece of 'St. Michael overcoming Satan' in the old baroque church of San Giuseppe, in the decaying quarter of Castello in Venice. The attitude of the saint is energetic and vigorous, and the noble treatment of the wings reminds us of those of the Lion of St. Mark in the Doge's Palace, broad and delightfully picturesque. St. Michael's right hand has a grip that can be felt upon the lance, while in the left, following the old convention that had come down from Jacopo del Fiore, he holds the balances. Lucifer looks like a portrait, instead of the traditional countenance, and might almost have been dictated by some bit of private malice. Michiel Buono, to whose memory the altar was dedicated, is wrapped in his Venetian toga. His hands are sensitive and well-painted, but the face is too smooth and smug, and has probably been reproduced from a family portrait after his death.

It is with diffidence that I venture to class our sketch of 'St. George and the Princess,' in the National Gallery, with such pictures as the foregoing. This is very likely a small study for a large picture of the same subject which had lately engaged Tintoretto's attention in the Ducal Palace. Its freedom of touch, its vivid sparkle, and its silvery-greenish hue seem to mark it as a late work. The light is all-pervading, yet so devoid of any apparent effort, that, slight as it is, we feel it is by one who was a finished master in the power of carrying out his intentions. The landscape which surrounds St. George is in harmony with the dash and spirit of the whole, and the Figure in the heavens has that effulgence which we have noticed in some of his later works. The only positive colour is in the soft blue and rose of the damsel's dress and scarf, but the picture contrives to shine so vividly, that the canvases which surround it, glowing as they are, do not detract from its fire and brilliancy.

To find what is perhaps the highest point he ever touched in his symbolical treatment of light we must cross over to the tiny island allotted to San Giorgio Maggiore. In the choir hang two paintings, intended as companion pictures, illustrative of the sacrifice of the Mass. If we compare the first, the 'Gathering of the Manna,' with the same subject in San Rocco, we see that the master has made choice of an entirely different moment, and so has secured variety of incident. In the San Rocco painting the falling of the manna is still a surprise and a miracle; the recipients rush forward holding baskets, and gather it with every mark of astonishment and thanksgiving. In this calm though busy scene before us all that is changed. The dwellers in the wilderness are going on their way, pursuing their daily avocations; they are bearing wood, drawing water, driving loaded beasts, washing, cooking, spinning. The manna is there, it lies all over the ground, almost unheeded, it can be gathered up at any time; only one woman, in the foreground, who is gathering flowers, looks up in thanksgiving. It is the picture of the Daily Bread; a large, calm scene, bathed in soft sky light, and giving the opportunity for introducing charming groups of women. The donor, a thin man with a pointed beard and bald forehead, who has nevertheless been insisted upon before now as a portrait of the painter (than whom nothing could be more unlike), stands just behind Moses, who sits in front with the two jets of fire issuing from his head. Daily Life, Daily Bread, and across the choir we turn to the thought of another life and other food; the Bread eaten to Life everlasting. Here Tintoretto has, as in one great climax, let himself go in imagination, and has brought all the store of his resources to make his vision palpable to men. The canvas is a large one, but as we look, it assumes much vaster proportions. We behold a very spacious room, such as might belong to some deserted palace which had fallen upon days of poverty and had become an inn. A tessellated floor of various marbles stretches back into the dark recesses, and Christ and His Disciples are gathered at the board. After a fashion common in the sixteenth century, they are ranged along one side, so as to be served from the front. A great flaming cresset, hanging from the rafters, has lighted the room until now, but its flame pales suddenly before the unearthly

Venice, Church of the Madonna dell' Orto

THE MARTYRDOM OF S. AGNES

Venice, Church of San Giorgio Maggiore

THE LAST SUPPER

glory which streams from the Head of the Light of the World, as He pronounces the words, 'Take, eat, this is my Body,' and immediately the whole air is alive with a choir of angels, so filmy and ethereal, they seem to be formed out of the smoke that rises from the lamp. We must try to disentangle the seen from the unseen. The interior that appears to us is not the one beheld by those graceful serving maids and men, who see nothing to distract them from their task. Some hurry forward from the back of the hall with dishes; a woman, who has just brought in her basket of choice fruit, kneels on the ground, unpacking it and handing it to the governor of the feast. Her face is in shadow, her shoulders luminous. Another lovely woman bears a dish, ready for the table, for it is the moment at the end of the banquet when fruits are to be served. A cat tries to climb into the basket on the floor, other waiting maids are going swiftly about their business. The disciples are listening, surprised and inquiring, but most of them still sit quietly; Judas, after the old convention, is on the opposite side to the others. It is a supper, a veritable evening repast, with something just now said by their Master, of which they cannot grasp the meaning. And all round them, though they know it not, the supernatural is entering on every side. All those busy men and maids are in the midst, if they did but know it, of a scene unlike any other that has ever been. They do not realize that the light is shining with unearthly beams, the Apostles do not know that each of themselves shines with a faint borrowed lustre. They see nothing of that throng of angels hastening to the side of their Lord, pouring through the blue moonlight; radiant angels with swordlike wings, pale angels growing out of obscurity, whirling in the air, called from regions of the spirit by the supreme significance of the moment. Perhaps no such attempt has ever been made to merge the two worlds, human and divine, in one.

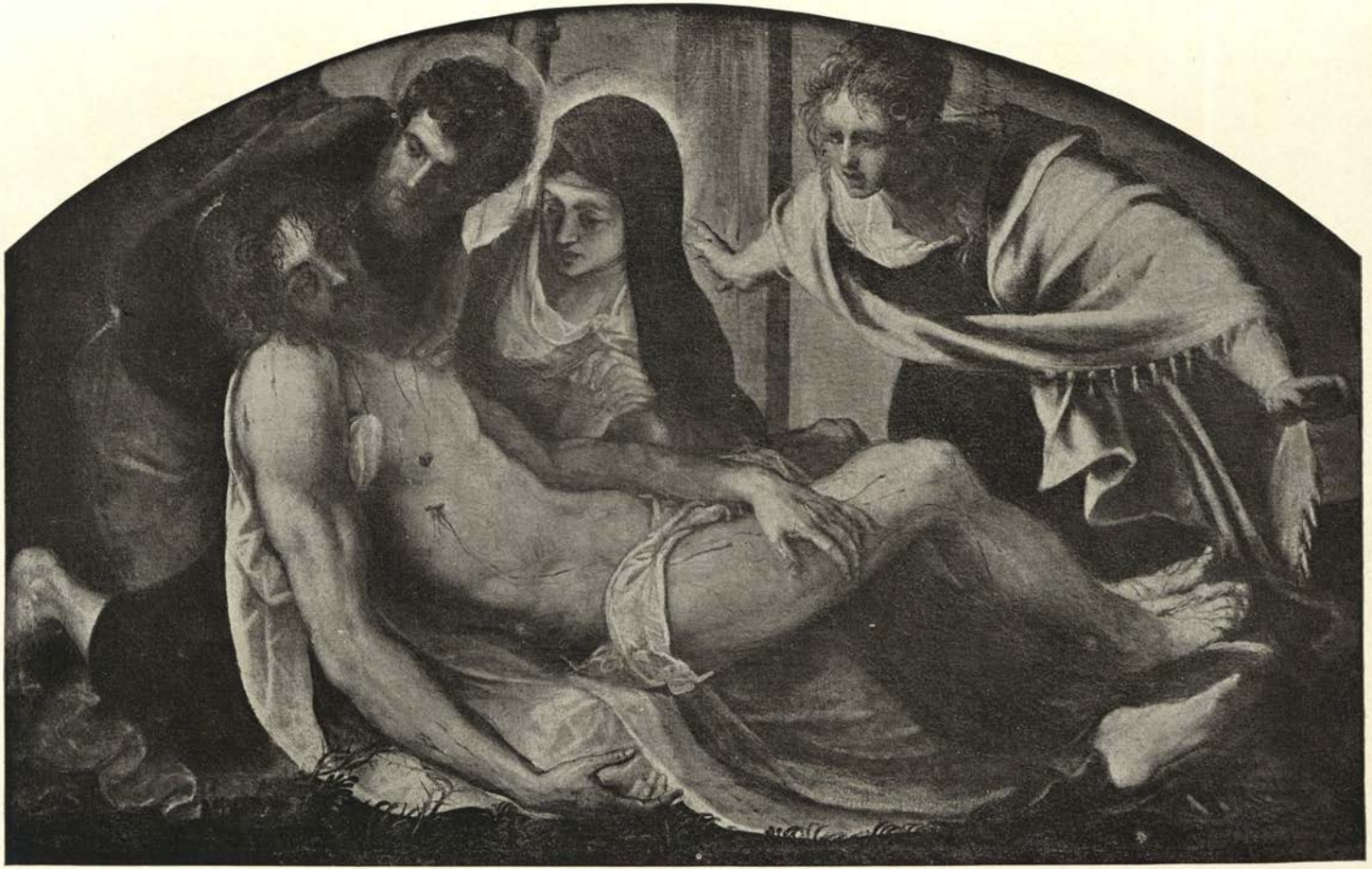
'A picture,' says Ruskin, 'that still shows miracles of skill in the expression of candlelight mixed with twilight; variously-reflected rays and half-tones of the dimly-lighted chamber, mingled with the beams from the lantern and those from the head of Christ, flashing along the metal and glass upon the table, and under it along the floor and dying away into the recesses of the room.' It is like a strain of music, rising higher and higher, till the whole

of life which clung so close to earth and took God's gifts so calmly, is to be raised to the height of spiritual feeling and to soar in unison with Christ into the Infinite. These are not simple pictures, but visions, deeply mystical, and we believe that the painter meant in them much that has not yet been fully unravelled.

Yet again he paints the same subject in the sacristy of San Stefano, where he also repeats two others, the 'Agony in the Garden' and the 'Washing of the Feet.' This is evidently late work, though not of his best. In the 'Last Supper' Christ sits at the far end of the foreshortened table; all is peace, the Betrayer has gone out into the night, and only the faithful remain, gathered round their Lord. On the steps are assembled a sick man, a boy holding a cat, a woman kneeling and gazing earnestly at the Bread; a dog is by her side as if to recall the words, 'the dogs eat of the crumbs that fall from the table.' The other pictures here are spoilt by restoration, but we can still enjoy the sense of space in the torch-lighted chamber where the Master and Peter are conversing, and the 'Gethsemane' is here a great mysterious vision, with the form of Christ in the background, with dim vast shadows in the moonshine—'The light shining in the darkness.'

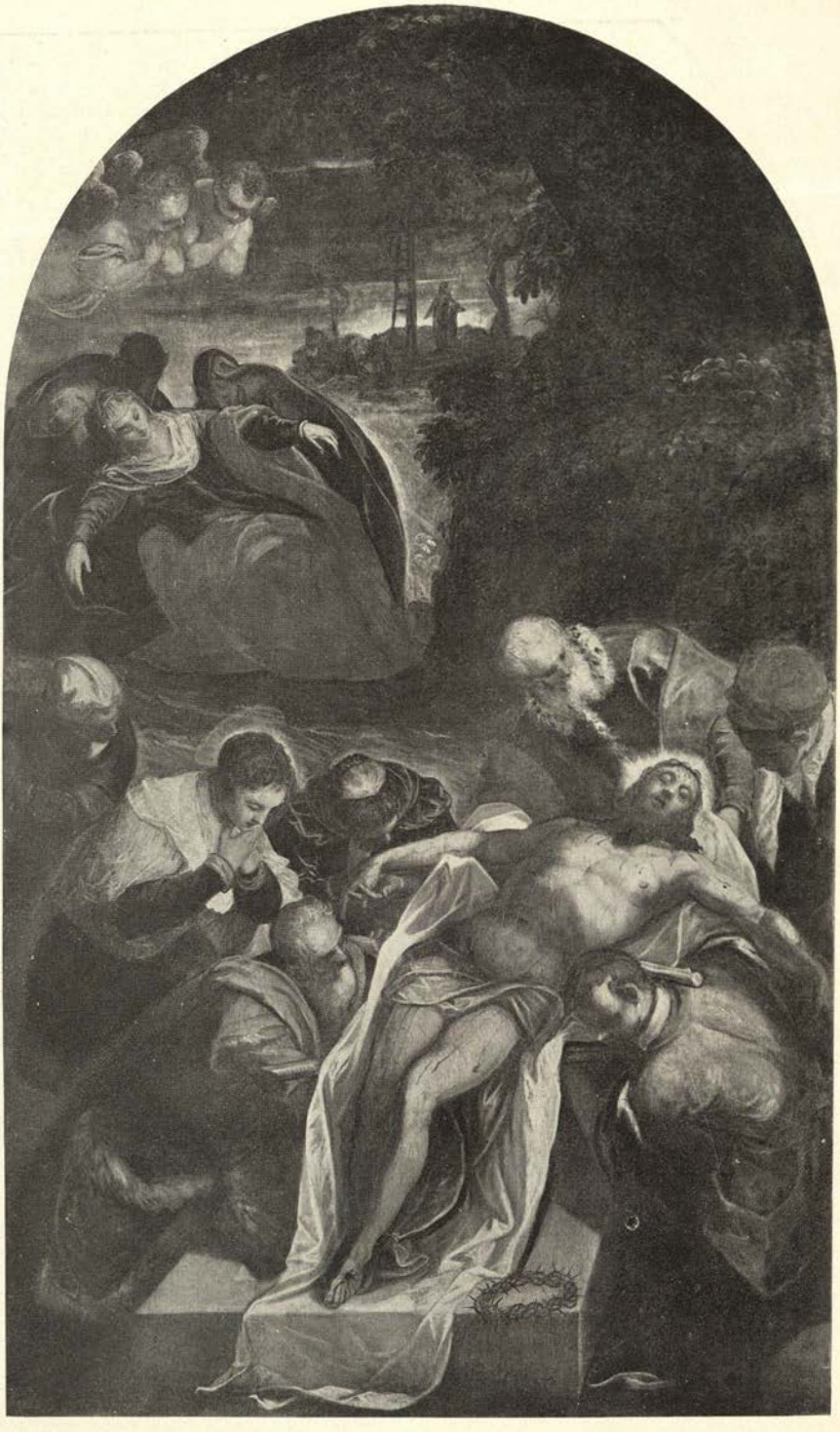
It would be idle to attempt any arbitrary attribution of date of painting to a great part of Tintoretto's work. We can only try to arrange some of it, approximately, on broad lines. Among others as yet unnoticed, and of whose history we know nothing, we may group the 'Susanna and Elders' at Vienna, and the 'Rescue' (Dresden). These belong together by the soft *impasto* of flesh-painting, the type of the women, and the painting of shadows on their limbs; less finished than in the Ante-Collegio quartet, but much more subtle and sensuous than in earlier nudes. Mr. Berenson, indeed, puts the 'Susanna' as an early work, but we are more inclined to endorse the opinion of Professor Thode who classes these paintings together, and places them midway in the seventies, and to this period too may belong the 'Music' of Dresden, which of course recalls the 'Muses' of Hampton Court, though inferior both in arrangement and colour. There are bits of painting of jewelled robes in the 'Susanna' that remind us of similar details in the 'Presentation of Christ' and in the 'Milky Way.'

Through three fine Pietàs or Entombments, there runs one



Milan, Brera

PIETÀ



Venice, Church of San Giorgio Maggiore

THE ENTOMBMENT

idea which gives prominence to the Magdalen. In the 'Pietà' of the Accademia, of which the signs of earnest study of Michelangelo and the abrupt transition from light to dark, suggests that it may be as early a work as the paintings for St. Mark's Library, the Virgin is swooning, and it is the Magdalen who stands with outstretched arms in agonized contemplation, while the others fall away, as it were, and leave her alone with the Redeemer. The feeling is more subtle and the grouping much quieter in the 'Pietà' of the Brera. The position of the Body and that of the Virgin and St. John are extremely simple, and the mother, with her clasped hands and earnest gaze, is a most pathetic figure. Into this peace of death comes the agitated cry of the woman who has sinned. She has no halo, and she is one of the most human and passionate of all his figures. She is so loving, so simple, so direct in action, the cry which breaks the silence of Mary and the disciple is such a despairing one. The silence and the cry together give such a piercing impression of desolation. This is no beautiful courtesan, wrapping herself in her red-gold hair and casting up her lovely eyes; she is as true and realistic as the other is false and superficial in sentiment.

The 'Entombment' in San Giorgio Maggiore evidently belongs to the same time as the 'Last Supper' there.[1] It has the same vivid treatment, the same light, scumbling touch, in which both are akin to the saints in the Ante-Chiesetta. It has perfect ease of grouping and a strengthening and simplification of form. A dark painting in the Mortuary Chapel of the crypt, it can only be satisfactorily seen on a bright midday, but it is among the best worth seeing, and very rich in deep, grave colour. In the middle distance, the fainting form of the Mother sinks by the way and is supported by two companions; her attitude is that of one who, almost unconscious, is still trying to rise and struggle forward. The light streaming from the foremost members of the angel host above, throws a soft radiance on head and hands, and streams down upon the Magdalen's white robe and the linen in which the Body is to be wrapped. The principal group is one of deep peace and reverence. The body of the Lord is stained with

[1] The Mortuary Chapel was not built till 1592, so this may be his very latest work, painted after his daughter's death.

blood, the arms are extended as the cross has left them, the halo is very faint, but the face is perfectly calm and peaceful. At the head is St. Joseph of Arimathea in a fur-trimmed robe, one of the Marys stoops and gently kisses the dead hand, which she has interlaced with her fingers. All is most reverently tender; there are none of the wild contortions or gesticulations that afterwards became so popular. The Magdalen, kneeling at the side, is most touching and exquisite in her grief, so restrained, so solemn; she does not even look at the corpse, but the tears drop fast and softly. She might stand for many a woman who has watched by her martyred dead, in whom the sense of loss is for the moment blotted out by relief that his sufferings are over, that nothing can hurt him now, no enemy can reach him, no brutality can trouble 'that Eternal Peace and that Immortal Ease.' On the hill, the crosses stand out against the sky, half hidden by intervening foliage, a figure comes down the hill to join the mourners, and behind it the cold dawn is breaking.

This is painted with Tintoretto's freshest and crispest brush; little scraps of light which touch the shoulder of St. Joseph, or a branch, or flash on the water, are hardly noticeable, yet each has its intention and value. It is wonderfully moving and tender, and one trusts that it may long remain in the mournful little chapel for which it was executed, and from which it gains enhanced significance.

The Church of San Giorgio Maggiore is decorated by a series of great altarpieces, rather academic, and owing a great deal to the hands of his assistants. In one 'Doge Morosini and a donor contemplate the Resurrection.' In another niche is the 'Martyrdom of SS. Cosmo and Damian,' shot to death by arrows, and in a third the 'Death of St. Stephen.' They are not particularly happy in composition and balance, and have none of his intensity of feeling. The 'Cosmo and Damian,' however, shows his hand very distinctly and has fine effects of light, and the leaves of the book of the old Law, torn and ruffled by the stones cast at St. Stephen, is an incident very characteristic of the master's fancy.

The 'Invention of the Cross,' in the Brera, is held by some critics to be a very early work, but it appears to me to have more affinity with some of his official portraits, notably with that of

'St. Giustina and the Senators,' which it resembles in its faded, Veronese-like colour. A lovely, radiant piece of work is the 'Procession of St. Ursula and her Virgins,' in the old Church of the Hospital of St. Mark (now S. Lazaro dei Mendicanti). It looks as if painted from one of the splendid Venetian pageants, and Tintoretto has taken the opportunity, of which he rarely made use, to bring in fashionable costumes. He has made of it a very Dream of Fair Women, in rich velvets and brocades, with long trains and elaborate head-dresses and has given us a bevy of lovely faces.

CHAPTER XIII

THE PARADISO

IN 1587 the Venetian Senate had completed the decoration of the side walls and the ceiling of the great Council Hall on the first floor of the Ducal Palace, and it next turned its attention to the wall at the upper end of the chamber, where a fresco by the Giottesque painter, Guariento, had held its place since the fourteenth century, having escaped the disastrous fire which ten years earlier destroyed so many treasures of the Ducal Palace. This work of the quattrocento was evidently too primitive in style to accord with those of the famous Venetian artists by which it was now surrounded, and it was decided to cover it with the canvas of some living master. The members of the Senate deliberated long over their choice of a painter, and saw many designs, and finally Paolo Veronese was selected by vote, with Francesco Bassano, a pupil of Tintoretto, to assist him, but because, as Ridolfi says, their style was difficult to combine and also, as he naïvely adds, because Veronese died in the following year, this plan could not be carried out, and a new election became necessary. The competition was eager, and a number of capable painters were proposed, but the task was finally entrusted to Tintoretto, who was indisputably the most famous surviving artist, but who had previously been rejected as being too old. Standing in the Council Chamber he prayed their Excellencies to grant him Paradise in his last years in this life, as he hoped that mercy would accord it in another.

The subject being already agreed upon, great preparations were made; the Hall of the Scuola della Misericordia, that beautiful relic of Gothic Renaissance which still stands at the end of what is now called Calle della Sensa, and which was within ten minutes'

Paris, Louvre

SKETCH FOR THE "PARADISE"

walk of Palazzo Camello, where Tintoretto lived, was placed at the painter's disposal.

The large canvas, thirty feet high by seventy-four feet wide, was prepared in sections, and Tintoretto set about assembling in the Scuola all the necessary properties, religious habits, draperies, models of the human form in every posture, and engaged living models to supplement them when necessary. He took the greatest pains over these preparations, throwing aside everything that did not exactly suit his purpose and getting many new figures made.

Paolo Veronese died in May 1588, so the year must have been already far advanced before Tintoretto put his hand to the canvas.

He had already been hard at work at studies, and as early as 1587, Jerome Lippomano, Venetian Ambassador to the Court of Spain, writes to his brother that 'Tintoretto is working at a sketch of the Last Judgment for Philip II. of Spain.' This may indeed be that early sketch for the 'Paradiso,' which is now in the Prado, but which was bought and taken to Madrid by Velazquez in the following century.

The study preserved in the Louvre is rather different in arrangement. The effect of light is perhaps even more striking, but the painter may have felt this effect to be too strongly accentuated for so large a space, or both may probably have been submitted to the Senate and the Prado study finally agreed upon. In this last the Saviour and His Mother are larger in size than the other figures, and between them appears the descending form of the Father.

In 1907 the wall upon which the great canvas had hung for over three hundred years, was found to need structural repairs. Tintoretto's painting was moved to a temporary support in the middle of the great Sala, where it remained for more than a year; an arrangement which allowed every detail to be studied with a completeness which had never before been possible. The fresco by Guariento, which it replaced, was found beneath it in tolerable preservation. In this the Mother and Son, large figures wearing heavy haloes in raised gesso work, stand facing one another, while round about them are banded the traditional rows

of apostles and angels. We may surmise that Tintoretto was expected to carry out the same subject on somewhat similar lines.

By the end of 1590 the canvas was in position. It is a stupendous undertaking for a man of close on seventy to have completed by his own hand in two years and a half. The finishing touches to conceal the joining of the sections were added by Domenico, to obviate the fatigue to the old man of going up and down the ladder, but the bulk of the painting is entirely by the Master's hand.

The great picture was received with acclamations of delight by all Venice. The members of the Senate publicly thanked and embraced the painter and he was asked to name his own reward. He refused to fix a price, saying that he had done it for fame rather than money and they might give him what they chose. The Senate then voted a munificent sum, which, however, Tintoretto, with the liberality in money matters which had always distinguished him, insisted on their reducing. This generosity was commended by the Republic and astonished other artists who had already privately estimated the picture at an even higher price.

Our first impression as we confront the vast and faded canvas which is said to contain over 700 figures, is one of bewilderment at its confusing multitude, but little by little we become aware of the presence of an all-controlling order and, as we grow familiar with the details, we are able to grasp something of its unity, and to understand that not without reason has it been called one of the supreme masterpieces of art.

Though Tintoretto used the design now in the Prado, he has materially altered it by making his two principal figures smaller and higher up on the canvas, and by replacing the First Person of the Trinity by the Dove of the Holy Spirit, in this way allowing more room for the throng of subservient figures. In the Louvre study it seems evident that he had strongly in mind the mystic Rose of Dante. He has created a definite centre, with gradually enlarging and very distinct circles, and though this idea is somewhat modified, it still dominates his final scheme.

Madrid, Prado

SKETCH FOR THE "PARADISE"

High up, the two central persons, Christ and Mary, sit enthroned, upheld by cherubs. They are robed in deep blue and crimson, Christ leans on a globe of dark crystal while Mary bows before Him and seems to float forward in an exquisite movement, which combines simplicity and dignity, as she, the first of created beings, presents to her Son those who are safely gathered in His Courts. The glory round the head of Christ, like a strong sun, sends its rays to the furthest limits of the scene. Mary's halo is smaller, but equally radiant and is encircled by the Seven Stars, typifying the Seven Churches, and the whole scale is determined so that this centre is incomparably the highest light of the picture. The Queen of Heaven is surrounded by angels, whose wings turn to ruby fire as they near her. The great Archangels, Michael bearing the scales, Gabriel, a triple branch of Annunciation lilies, fly to the throne on either hand, and at the foot rises the praying form of the third archangel, Raphael. Michael heads a troop of principalities and powers, their wings inscribed *Troni Principatus.* The spirits of the Thrones bear scales, their companions have shining globes in their hands, Gabriel is followed by an army of Seraphim and Cherubim with azure and ruby wings.

The first circle is therefore formed of the angelic host, who from eternity have held their station nearest to the Lord. In the next circle 'all in gradation throned upon the rose,' are those, the foremost of all, who by prophecy and preaching have done most to establish Christ's Kingdom upon earth. On the left hand sit the forerunners of Christ, King David playing his golden cithern, with two angels standing behind him, dictating as he sings. Moses bearing the tablets is robed in the same tints as Christ, to signify that he is the head of the Old Dispensation, as Christ is the head of the New; then come Solomon, upon whose bowed head an angel swooping down rests the Book of Wisdom, Noah, bearing the ark, Abraham, clasping his son, and immediately behind them, St. John the Baptist. On Raphael's left hand are the four Evangelists, St. Mark the most conspicuous among them, and the line sweeps on from them to the Fathers of the Church, the four great teachers and lawgivers, and behind St. Augustine stands his mother, St. Monica, 'watching him, her chief joy, in Paradise.'

In the middle of the third circle the spirit of Venice rises from the sea, attended on either hand by three strong and splendid angels, and then, each way, flows off a third and fourth half circle, made up of groups of martyrs, of saints and holy women, the great body of the Church. Among these we can single out St. Catherine of Alexandria, SS. Benedict, Francis and Dominic, founders of the most famous religious orders. In front stands out the dark and glorious figure of S. Giustina of Padua, the patron saint of Venice's friend and neighbour city. She holds the palm of martyrdom, and higher up St. Barbara's Giorgione-like figure leans upon her tower, and there is the fair face of the young St. Agnes and St. George with his banner, St. Sebastian, St. Lawrence, St. Stephen. On the opposite side we recognize the Magdalen and the giant St. Christopher, with a ray of light striking the globe upon his shoulder; that globe given him as a sign that he once carried more than all the world, in the person of the Christ-Child. Immediately below St. John, our first parents float hand in hand, restored to youthful innocence and beauty, and on the extreme right is a whole assembly of prelates and theologians. Last, at the feet of St. Christopher, is that group that perhaps touches us more than any. Just as the picture was completed the old painter was bereaved of that daughter who was the very light of his eyes, who worked with him, who was wont to accompany him to watch the effect of every piece of work as it was hung, and who was taken from him in her youth, in the midst of her successful career, and happy married life. With what a yearning heart, with what wistful anticipation, must the mourning father have looked at that joyous group which he had so lately created; Rachel and the children she had lost, clustering round her, climbing on her knees, 'gathered to her now again for ever.'

Among all these, scattered through them like the stars, like gold-dust, loom up angelic countenances, forms distinct yet diaphanous, a mist of angel heads. Venice far below rises with outspread arms in grateful joy, the light flashes down upon her, and on the shoulders of her attendant angels, and behind her a sea of lovely heads melts into the blue light into which the eye

can penetrate so deeply. Judgment is over and forgotten in the joy and peace of the Paradise of God. There is no effort even in the majestic flight of the seraphim, the translucent rays from on high bathe and permeate all the throbbing assembly, and the sense of ether is so great that any feeling of distressing overcrowding is avoided; the Blessed have indeed gathered together, clustering like bees, but around and above and below stretches boundless space into which they can float away at will. The old Hindoo words come back to us, 'These are the regions of Paradise, the seats of the righteous, to which the wicked shall not attain, no, not after the changes of a thousand years. There is no sorrow, nor weariness, no anxiety, nor apprehension. In these regions there is no succession of ages, and Time is no more.'

The old picture is soiled and faded with the dust and sunshine of more than three hundred years, and no reproduction can convey any idea of the atmospheric beauty that still clings to it, nor do we feel, as is distinctly the case with many of the Old Masters, that it has gained and mellowed by time; the rich harmonies are dimmed, the full tones have dried and rusted, and what is left can only be recovered with an effort, and by supplementing the eye with imaginative insight, but when it is all familiar, when each clue is intelligently disentangled, each detail visualized, one realizes that to have seen Tintoretto's 'Paradiso' in its prime, as it looked when it first hung on these walls and the grateful people hailed its creator with rapture, must have been to enjoy one of the highest conceivable of aesthetic sensations.

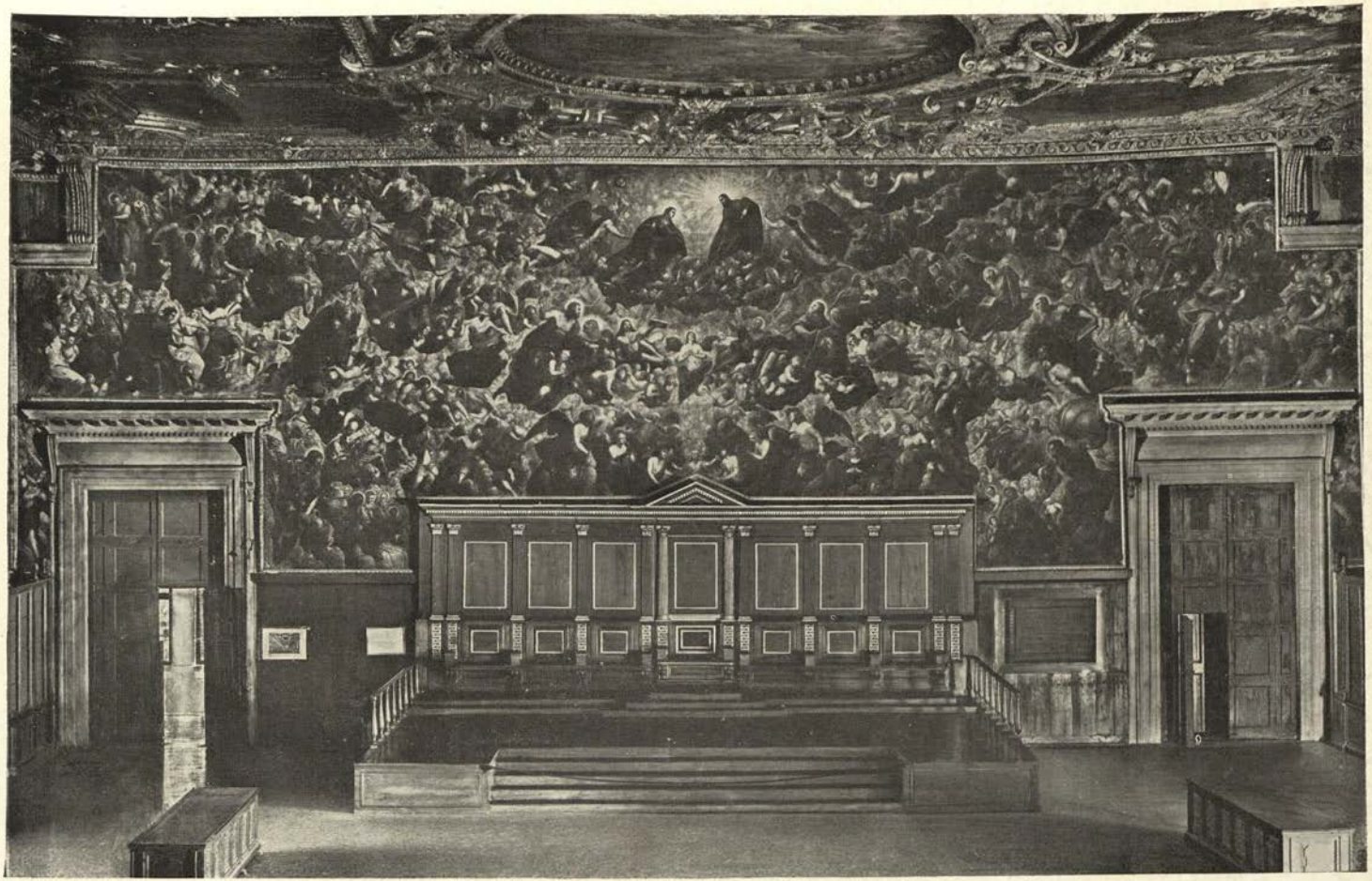
Even as it is, there is much to delight, to astonish, to educate. There are many groups of single figures, which in themselves might make a reputation. The angels who, like great butterflies, 'fly forward to the mighty Flower,' the delightful figure of Adam, palpitating with life, which bears comparison with the 'Bacchus' of the Ante-Collegio, a refined and lovely group of women behind St. Gregory on the right, the little *putti* who turn and circle in and out of the ranks, are among many examples of that dark and lustrous type of beauty after which Tintoretto was continually striving.

We ask ourselves what it is that preserves the order and harmony of the wellnigh innumerable throng. The artist has used no architectural framework, has brought no arbitrary divisions to his aid; there are no sections of opposing colours by which to distinguish the various circles. The mantles and mitres of the prelates, the cardinal's cloak of St. Jerome, give gleams of gold and scarlet, but on the whole the colour, though not unvaried, is in soft harmonies, chiefly of a deep greenish-blue and dull crimson, and showing no decided contrasts. And the answer is, it is light and shade alone which discipline and control the masses, rolling in and out of the closely related forms, determining the planes, introducing the most delicate modulation of tones, and communicating to the whole a shimmer of vibrating air.

And the form taken by this triumphant play of chiaroscuro is determined by that poem which three hundred years before had moved all Italy and which has never loosed its hold upon the imagination of successive centuries.

As poetic genius had created the poem, so once more artistic genius was to find in the interpretation of the poem its fullest opportunity, and the Paradise described by Dante gave in broad lines the inspiration to Tintoretto. This is the more significant as the subject is not one attempted by the Venetian school, nor does Michelangelo show the influence of Dante in any marked degree, but near by at Padua was that 'Paradiso' of Giotto's which, with many of the other paintings there, is an epitome of the great Florentine's poem, and though the Venetians probably thought little of the primitives, we have indications that Tintoretto was not above accepting suggestions from them.

In the Louvre study the eleven apostles sit on either side of the Throne, and at the foot is the group described by Dante; the Prophets mingled with the Fathers of the Church, St. Gregory conspicuous among them, Augustine, Francis, Benedict and the rest, and in their midst 'the mighty Baptist,' while below as he describes, is the throng of children. The great picture as at length completed, is full of incidents for which we can find lines in Dante, and most especially the composition adheres to those concentric circles which are the poet's unique conception of the scene.



Venice, Ducal Palace

PARADISE

PARADISE
DETAIL

Venice, Ducal Palace

'"There is in heaven a light whose goodly shine
Makes the Creator visible to all
Created, that in seeing Him alone
Have peace, and in a circle, spread so far
That the circumference were too loose a zone
To girdle in the sun. . . . How wide the leaves
Extended to their utmost, of this rose,
Whose lowest step embosoms such a space
Of ample radiance!"

On high the Eternal Light,

"Smiledst on that circling which in Thee
Seem'd as reflected splendour . . ."

The

"Three orbs of triple line clipt in one bound,"

The Spirit, the Son and the Mother,

"From another one reflected seemed

As rainbow is from rainbow; and the third
Seem'd fire, breath'd equally from both."

The angels that go all through the circle,

"In the first circles, they whom Thou beholdest
Are Seraphim and Cherubim. Thus swift
Follow their hoops in likeness to the point
Near as they can approaching . . .
Those that round them fleet, gazing the Godhead next,
Are thrones . . .
Dominations first, next them virtues and Powers the third.
The next to them are princedoms and archangels with glad round

To tread the festal ring;
And last the band angelical disporting in their sphere."

Every form is turning towards Christ as flowers are drawn by the sun

"On one sole mark
Their love and vision fix'd."
"All as they circle in their orders look
Aloft, or downward with such sway prevail
That all with mutual impulse turn to God."'

It is the idea of the Eternal Light streaming through the circles of the mystic rose which dominates the whole composition. The Paradise of God, as imagined by Dante and represented by

Tintoretto, is no formless chaos; it dispenses with architecture, with formal barriers, even with clouds, and yet keeps rhythmic order; a very diapason of radiance and shadow, it plays upon the emotions like the thrilling or sonorous chords of a violin or an organ. The exemplar of Love is in the centre of that Light, and Power and Faith and Divine Charity revolve for evermore in bliss about the Rose's heart.

It is appropriate that this was practically Tintoretto's last work, and that having, like Dante, swept through the whole circuit of human expression, he found, like him, his culminating vision in the peace and bliss of Paradise.

CHAPTER XIV

PORTRAITS, DRAWINGS, AND FOLLOWING

FROM the time when Tintoretto began his career by exhibiting the lamplight studies of himself and his brother, he must have painted literally hundreds of portraits. That of a man at Vienna, dated 1553, is the earliest we can identify, though a picture like the 'Miracle of the Slave' is full of portraits. Andrea Cappello, in the Accademia, is an early work. The portrait of Jacopo Soranzo, still attributed by the authorities to Titian, is dated 1564, that of Ottavio di Strà, 1567, and there are others which can be placed between 1570-80. Though numbers have perished, at least a hundred of unquestioned authenticity have been preserved, exclusive of donors and portraits introduced into pictures. A great many more may be ascribed to Marietta and Domenico, and it is quite possible that other genuine examples still hang in the galleries of English country houses or in the recesses of Spanish and Italian palaces. Thode gives a list of one hundred and forty, and if we accepted the dictum of every one who believes himself to possess 'a Tintoretto,' the number might be doubled. He has left us a longer account of great men of his time than any other painter. Bishops, Cardinals, and Princes came to Venice, desiring to be immortalized by his brush. The ambassadors of all the friendly Courts sat to him, and he even painted portraits of the Japanese embassy which passed through Venice in 1585. The Kings of France and of Poland and all the Doges of his time were painted by him. When King Henry III. of France visited Venice in 1574, Tintoretto was called upon to help Veronese in decorating a triumphal arch. He afterwards disguised himself and obtained a stolen sketch of the king in pastel. The next day, through the good offices of Bellegarde, Henry's chamberlain, he

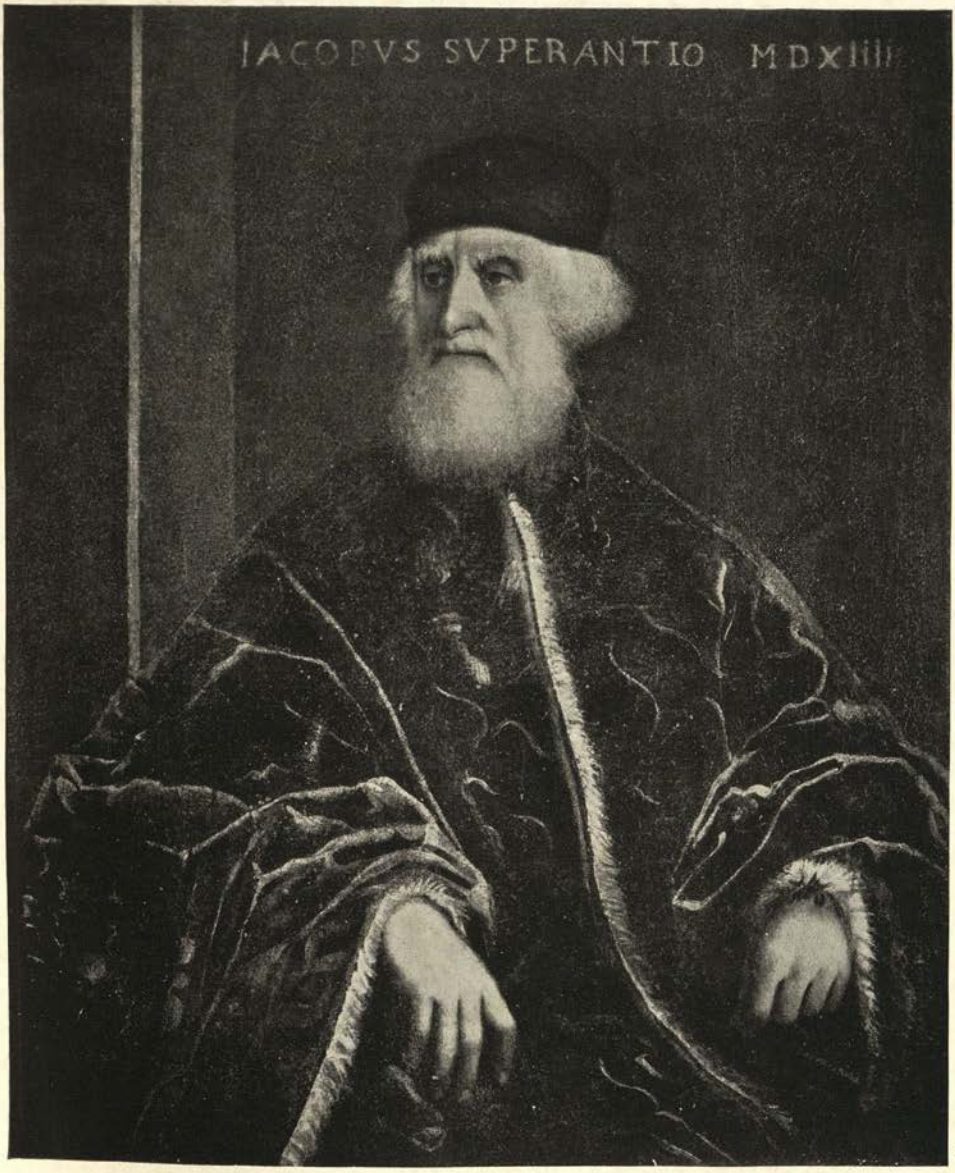
was admitted to the presence to put the finishing touches, and the king subsequently made a present of the portrait to Doge Mocenigo. It is alluded to in several sonnets of the time, but the only trace remaining of it is an old copy in the Ducal Palace.

Ridolfi, whose sympathies are evidently all on the side of the painter who has provided him with the materials for such a vigorous and graphic biography, tells us of the ignorance of court practices with which Tintoretto, lingering about the ante-chambers, inquired into the meaning of the ceremonious introduction of sundry personages, whom the king then touched lightly on the shoulder with his sword. It was explained to him, and he was informed that the king intended to make him a knight, and that he must be prepared for the honour, but Tintoretto modestly declined, and neither now nor at any time showed himself desirous of any outward dignities.

The portrait of Giovanni Ottobono, the Grand Chancellor, distinguished for his learning and memory, was still admired in Ridolfi's day in the house of Marco Ottobono, the third Grand Chancellor of the line. All the Spanish officers stationed in Lombardy and Spanish grandees travelling in Italy wished to be painted by him. Madrid has about twenty portraits by himself or his pupils, and there are probably many more in different parts of Spain.

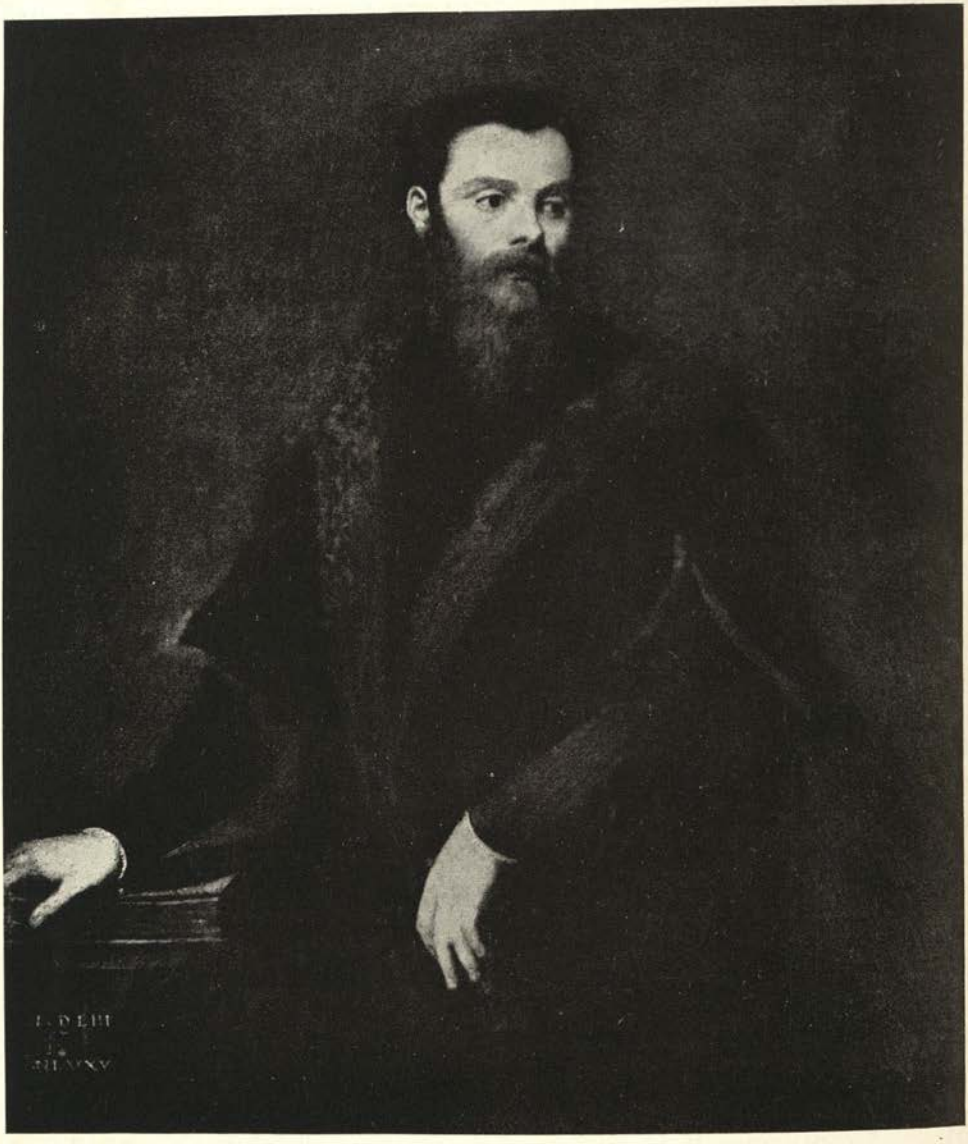
We have already spoken of the introduction of portraits in the character of sacred personages, of donors and of procurators and senators under the protection of the saints. He was the first to paint these, intended for public buildings, which united a number of officials in a single group, like the Dutch *Doken stukke*; but while the Dutch placed their public men at banquets, the Italian nobles stand without loss of composure, and their dignity requires no pretext of bond of union.

Professor Justi, in his *Life of Velazquez*, speaks of the distinction which Titian gave to his sitters and of how he filled them with the dignity inspired by office. One sees in them the imperious air of authority, the excitement of social intercourse, and over the whole is thrown the refinement of well-bred circles. But Tintoretto is mostly satisfied with a simple, general and traditional air. We find the dry seriousness of the man of business, the outward restraint of ceremony, the abstract air of contemplation. He



Venice, Academy

IACOPO SORANZIO



Vienna, Kaiserliche Gemälde Galerie

UNKNOWN MAN

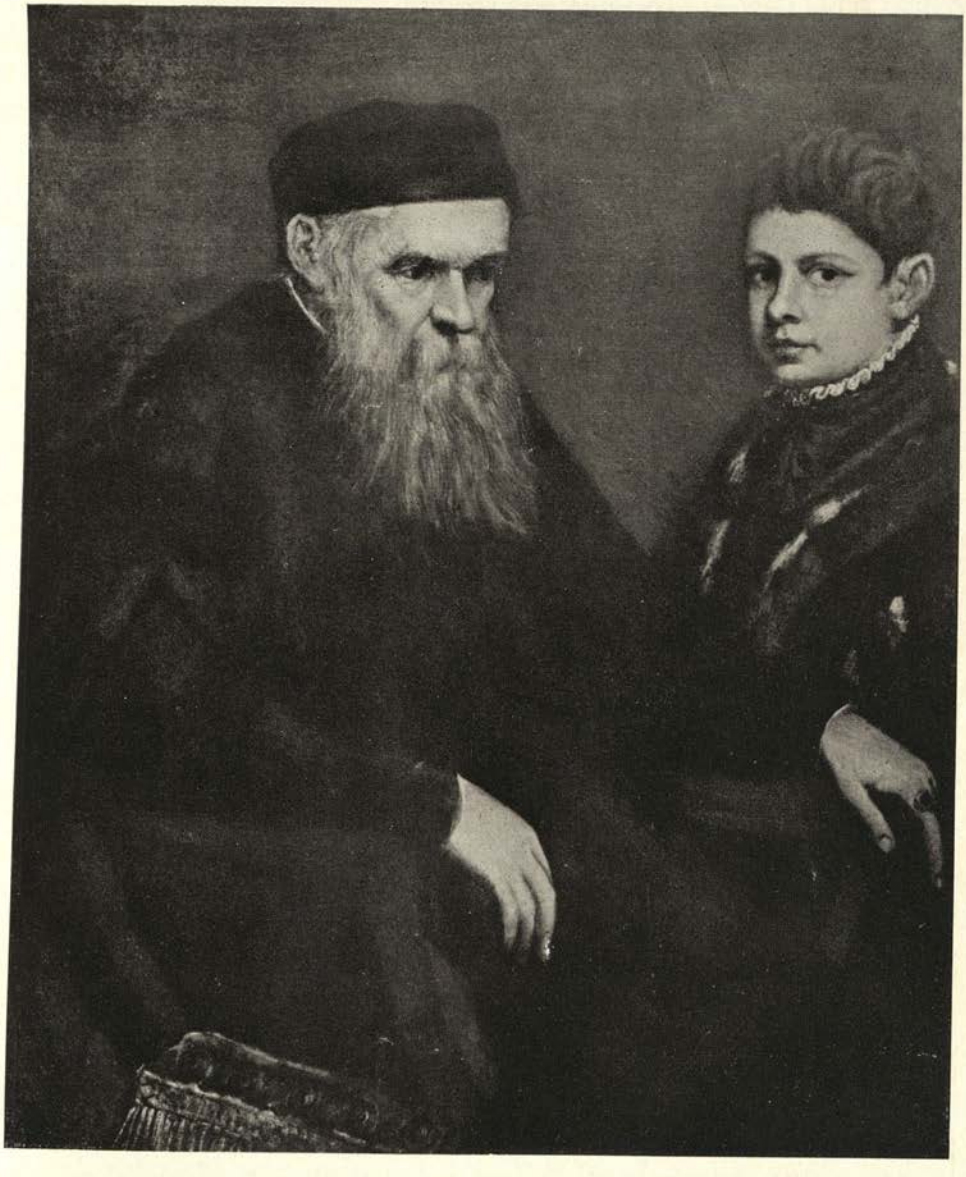
resembles, says Thode, a sculptor who builds all on the skeleton; he takes up all the elementary and essential traits which express personality. He concentrates all life and movement in the glance which streams out like crystal or shines like a deep spring. He disdains all violent movement; he who has such unbounded possibilities of portraying movement, makes no use of the opportunities afforded by portraiture. His portraits are always quiet and the costume subordinate. He cannot, indeed, compete with Titian in the intellectual interests of his personages. He has given us no one filled with the deep intensity of mind, the living sympathy of the 'Ariosto' in the National Gallery, or the grave fascination of the 'Englishman' in the Pitti, or the romantic suggestiveness of the 'Man with the Glove,' but his sitters are men full of simplicity and truth, and as varied as real human beings, or to quote that penetrating critic, Professor Justi, once more, 'Where they seem captivating or persuasive or dictatorial, it is more their habit and character than any momentary or intentional variation. What wonderful studies of old age! The symptoms of decay combined with wisdom and will, the weariness of years, and the habit of mental strain, unbending pride and courteous formality. What life-histories are here recorded. From the hands of such men death alone can wrest the helm of power.'

Mr. Berenson points out that the Venetian portrait was expected to be more than a likeness; it was expected to give pleasure to the eye and to stimulate the emotions. Tintoretto was ready to give ample satisfaction to such demands. His portraits, though they are not so individualized as Lotto's, nor such close studies of character as Titian's, 'always render the man at his best, in glowing health, full of life and determination. They give us the sensuous pleasure we get from jewels, and, at the same time, we look back with amazement to a State where the human plant was in such vigour as to produce old men of the kind he represents.'

The old Doge Priuli, in the Accademia, painted about 1560, is presumably less idealized than where he appears on the ceiling of the Ingresso, but he has something extremely lovable. A little old gentleman, very human, very different from the pompous, half-lengths of Doges in the Academy in Vienna, which have the

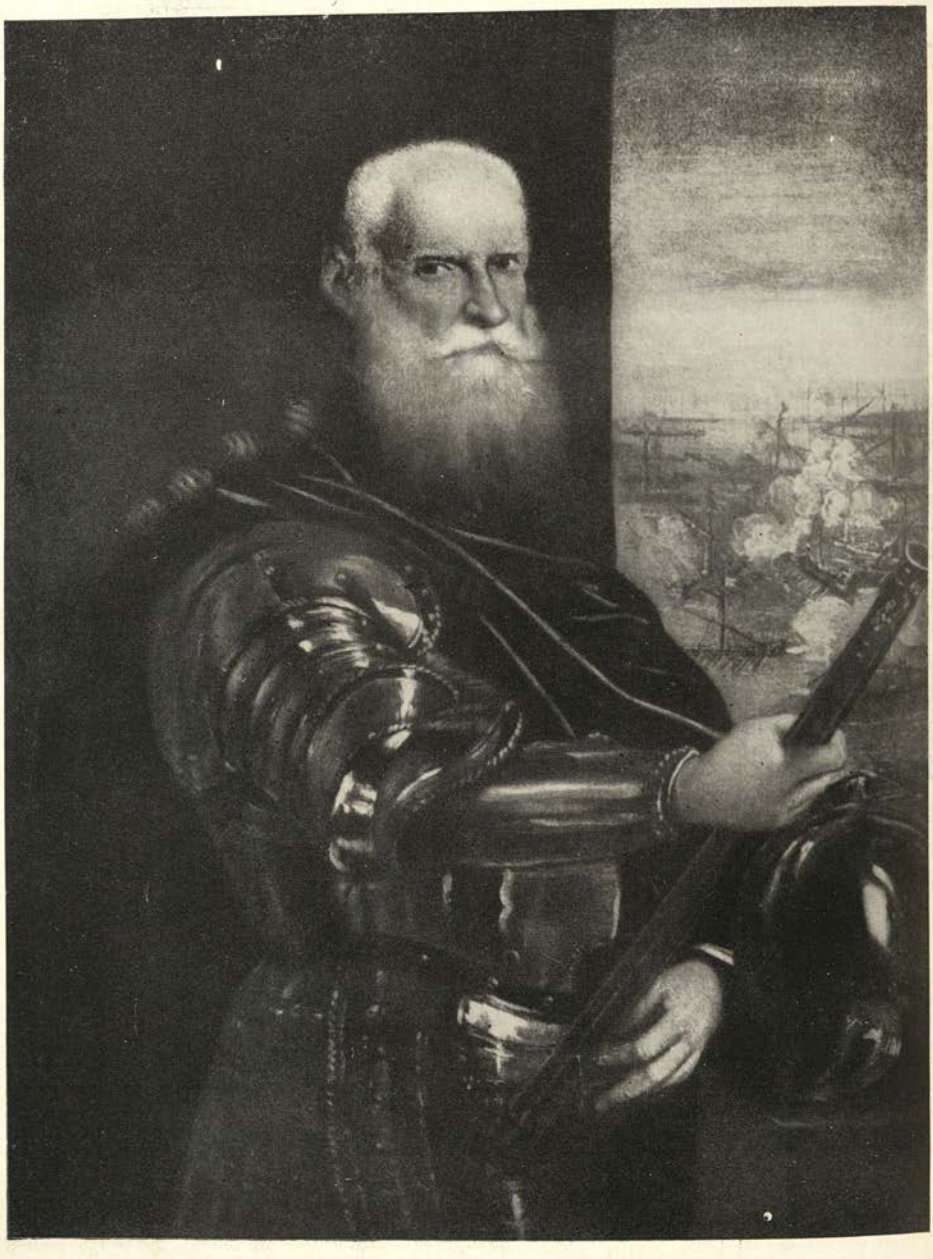
long faces and dull lifelessness of Domenico's work. Another delightful picture of an old man is 'Vincenzo Zeno,' in the Pitti, a patron of Titian, painted at the age of seventy-four, a thoughtful ruminating face, with a beard of Tintoretto's floss-like texture. Outside is a charming landscape of declining day. Yet another portrait of old age is the well-known 'Old Man and Boy' at Vienna. All the thought that appears on the wise old face is drawn from within, while we can see that the boy imbibes all his thought from without. 'Luigi Cornaro' (Pitti) has a sad, intellectual face, with bright, birdlike eyes. This face is so sensitive that one does not wonder it has often been ascribed to Titian. Contrary to Tintoretto's practice, it has been painted against a dark background with no outlet. The darkness of the robe is only broken by the hands and by a gilded buckle at the waist. The 'Procurator of St. Mark' (Vienna) has cold, watchful eyes under deep brows, a pinched mouth, refined, characteristic hands and imperious carriage of head, all through which is felt the bony structure. 'Jacopo Soranzo' is one of his most distinguished figures; an old man, full of pride of race, pride of place, high-minded, attractive. Though it is still given to Titian in the catalogue, we have only to compare it with the portrait of 'Vincenzo Zeno' to recognize the same touch in the treatment of the hands, of the eye-sockets and white flossy beard. 'Sansovino' at eighty-four (Uffizi) is an ugly, uncompromising conception of the old architect, but wonderfully living and 'modern' in expression. Tintoretto gives us the man; gets hold of his sorrows and his disappointments.

A strong man is his 'Admiral Sebastian Venier,' the grey victor of the sea-fight of Lepanto, the idol of the triumphant people, and notably, no doubt, of Tintoretto, who had evinced such gratified patriotism at the time of the event. Venier was Procurator of St. Mark from 1570, and in 1577 was elected Doge. The Pope sent him the Golden Rose. He died in 1578. He stands before us in full armour, with his bâton in the right hand; a warrior and leader of men, shrewd and indomitable. His hair and beard, his strong, coarse nose and ears are forcibly painted, and the lights on his armour and on the velvet mantle are treated with a boldness which must have appealed to Velazquez. In the distance behind him the great sea-fight of 1571 is proceeding.



Vienna Kaiserliche Gemälde Galerie

OLD MAN AND BOY



Vienna, Kaiserliche Gemälde Galerie

SEBASTIANO VENIERO

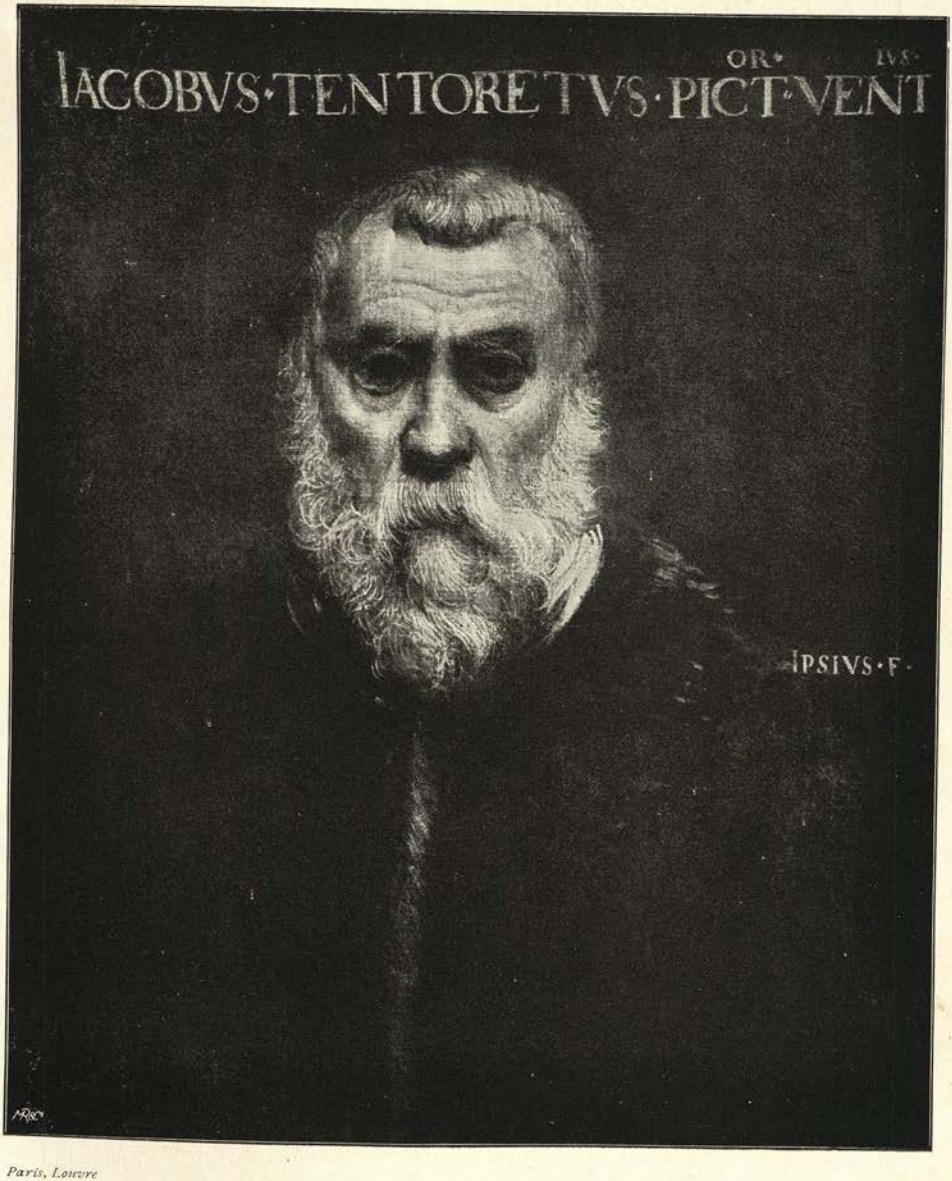
Tintoretto is represented in the Chantilly collection by the portrait of a man of about fifty, dressed in a fine tone of crimson, the dress is edged with fur, he wears a black cap and rests his right hand on a table, the left holds a handkerchief. The painting is virile and intense, and what painters call 'fat,' and the expression is intellectual and dignified. This was the only type Tintoretto encouraged in his sitters; Ridolfi tells us that when a would-be patron desired to be painted 'like the animal he was,' the master gave him his *congé*, advising him to go to Bassano, who, being an animal painter, would be better able to please him. Among little-known works is a superb portrait attributed to Tintoretto in the collection of M. Rothan in Paris. It was given by Cardinal Fesch to the Prince de Beauvau, and represents a man in the prime of life, but worn by work and with reddened, tired eyes, upright, calm, serious. He has near him a bronze statuette of Fortune, and one of those little scales used by dealers in gold and silver. The head is profoundly individual, and the painting full of life and mastery. It is possible that it is the portrait of Paolo Cornaro, which Ridolfi describes as having a statuette beside it. The portrait of a Venetian nobleman in the Cassel Gallery has dark deep-set eyes, watchful and alert. It is a pity one does not know his name, for he looks like a maker of Italian history. The colour is deep yet clear, the dark head stands out in strong contrast to the white ruff. He wears a doublet of dark damask and gloves of golden brown. This was the painter's work at seventy-three, for on the table lies a document on which is written 'anno salutaris, 1585.' None of his portraits are more sympathetic than that quiet melancholy man in the Colonna Gallery, who sits thinking and touching the keys of a spinet, with the sunset sky behind him.

Few portraits of women have come down to us by Tintoretto. This is curious, as his feeling for female beauty and his power of rendering it were evidently very strong. The 'Lady Dressed in Mourning' at Dresden, another in Vienna, 'Three Women Adoring the Holy Spirit,' in the Colonna Gallery, a 'Lady Dressed as a Queen' at Bergamo, and M. Doetsch's portrait, are all that we can point to with any certainty.

Besides often introducing a figure which we recognize as his

own, into his religious pictures, Tintoretto has left us one authentic portrait of himself in old age. Not the sleek old gentleman of the Uffizi, whose high, arched brow, light eyes and long silky white hair and benign expression, have really no resemblance to the painter, but the sad, rugged face in the Louvre, above which he has placed its title in letters which he was determined should not be misunderstood. JACOBUS TENTORETTUS PICTOR VENTVS and at the side, IPSIVS F. It is easy to trace the same face which in full manhood was painted three times in the 'Miracle of the Slave,' in the San Polo 'Last Supper,' in the 'Worship of the Golden Calf,' and by Paolo Veronese in his 'Marriage Supper' in the Louvre. The peculiar growth of close dark hair on the forehead, the modelling of the brow, the high cheek bones, the deep eyes, the shape of the nose; we have all these features unchanged here. And what a wonderful old face it is! Tintoretto had had a happy life and a prosperous career; of that there seems no doubt. He had had indeed to make some fight in its earlier stages, but he had soon emerged victorious, and for the greater part of his artistic life, he had been courted, recognized, acclaimed. The influence of his happy home, his wife and children, his friends, cannot be overestimated as having kept him sane and cheerful, and free from the misanthropical melancholy which beset the solitary Michelangelo. Yet, as we look on this furrowed brow, these hungry eyes, we recognize that the Art which he followed with such heart-whole devotion, was a hard mistress. His passion has left devouring traces on the outward man and the inward spirit. 'It is the face of a warrior, of a man worn by many combats, full of the records of obstinate struggle, of spent fire, of stilled passion and deep brooding thought.' Such thoughts as he had untiringly, intensely crystallized into form, such work as he had accomplished, with unceasing industry and unfaltering nerve, could not but wear out and use up and strain and plough furrows, but, looking at the solemn, grand old face, the deep cavernous eyes, we feel sure that Tintoretto would have grudged nothing.

Ridolfi says that Martin de Vos, a Flemish painter, was often employed to paint in his backgrounds, but his own hand is unmistakable in many of those preserved to us, and wherever a mood



Paris, Louvre

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST

London, British Museum

THE DELIVERY OF THE KEYS

DRAWING

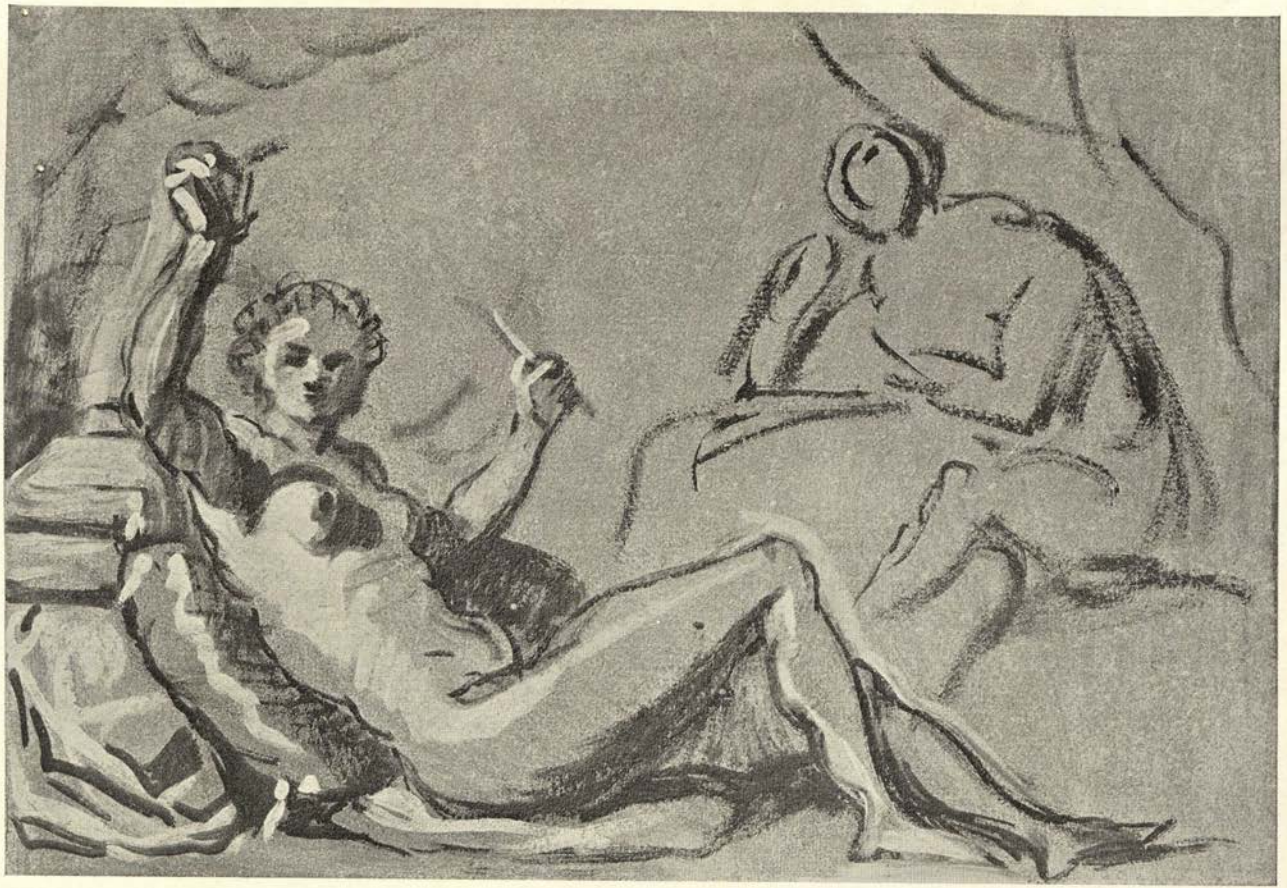
of nature would enhance his conception, we see that he has not been able to resist striking it in, in harmony. Mr. Gilbert, in his *Landscape in Art*, speaks of Tintoretto's intense sympathy with nature. 'The approach of this unnatural night' (in his 'Crucifixion' in the Scuola di San Rocco) 'is the finest landscape-thought in the picture. It comes with a rushing mighty wind from behind the doomed city, foreshadowing its fate. The trees —some dark and massive in their foliage, some thin and spectral —bow weightily beneath it or toss in the tormented air. The towers and battlements are lit only by the last light of day, fast disappearing on the horizon.' . . . 'But Tintoret can show a noble calm sometimes, as, for instance, in that "Entombment" at Parma . . . it is solemn more than wild. Very significant is the treatment of the dark rocky hill of the sepulchre to the left, in its contrast to that of the fifteenth-century literalists, Italian or Flemish. There is nothing here of the sharply-lighted quarry, but the mossy masses bound with roots, seamed with grasses, moist with dew, and wrapped in shadow, retain all the mystery of a rocky scene, dimly visible when day is almost done. Yet Tintoret, like Titian, knew where to give the most precise delineation. A few leaves and pendulous grasses are intensely defined against the clear, distant, ineffable splendour in the west, which in another moment will be gone. Artistically he gains much by this one instance of strong and vivid contrast between light and dark, but poetically he gains much more; there is here that contrast between the individual and the Infinite to which we have before referred as having so strange a fascination; the fluttering leaf, the broken blade of grass and beyond—heaven's depths of light! Yet scarcely less impressive are those gloomy shades above, against which the trembling leaves are scarcely seen, lost in front of that dark mystery! If along with all these we note the sweeps of cloud, the ruined shed, the three lonely crosses upon a bushy bluff, and the stream with its glimmering light beneath, we feel that Tintoret has given us here the result of perfect poetic vision.' And again, 'There is no more remarkable instance of his quiet mood than the landscape in a portrait in Colonna Palace, Rome. A man sits playing a spinet alone; his window open to the sunset. It is a solemn, blood-red sunset over

a dark ensanguined sea. Across the gloomy waste there stretches one narrow spit of land, bearing a solitary campanile and a few low trees; dusky bands of cloud roof in the scene, but a few thin streaks burn crimson and gold; above some wild ducks are flying home from the broad lagoon . . . Titian reaches the height of this. Then Tintoret takes for a moment a wild flight higher still. He seems to see something of the awful side of nature. He has vision of her unrestful, changeful, stormy moods.'

His feeling for space enables him to break up and relieve every composition by a sudden outlook on some infinite glimpse of sky, and then again he sets his characters, as in the 'Flight into Egypt,' amid surroundings that seem to presage Corot, and amid those masses of foliage which Salvator Rosa tried to reproduce, but which he despoils of the careful reality and life which runs through all Tintoretto's work.

Only a short time ago we should have said that there remained no great number of drawings by Tintoretto. It was very usual for him to paint a small oil-study for a large picture: such as the 'Resurrection,' in the possession of Sir William Farrer, Messrs. Sulley's 'Last Supper,'[1] or Lord Brownlow's 'Pool of Bethesda.' The Uffizi has a fine drawing for the 'Resurrection,' a few others exist in different galleries, and the British Museum, besides a few pen-and-ink and sepia drawings, many of them of doubtful authenticity, was till lately calmly content with two fine tempera sketches; an 'Adoration of the Magi' and a figure of 'St. John Baptist.' But the thrill of discovery is not over yet, and this must have been borne in on the authorities when 'suddenly,' to quote Mr. Sidney Colvin, 'in the spring of 1907 there was brought to the Museum an oblong album in a rich crimson morocco binding of the seventeenth century, containing no less than eighty fine original drawings by the master . . . as well as four or five other drawings done in his familiar and well-known manner, with black chalk, or brush and sepia.' An inscription on the first page declared them to have been collected in Rome, at the end of the seventeenth century, by Don Gasparo d'Haro e Guzman, who was Spanish ambassador to the Papal Court, grand-nephew of the great Olivarez, and sometime possessor of

[1] Now in the Metropolitan Museum, New York.



London, British Museum

AURORA AND TITHONUS

DRAWING

London, British Museum

SKETCH FOR THE MIRACLE OF ST. MARK

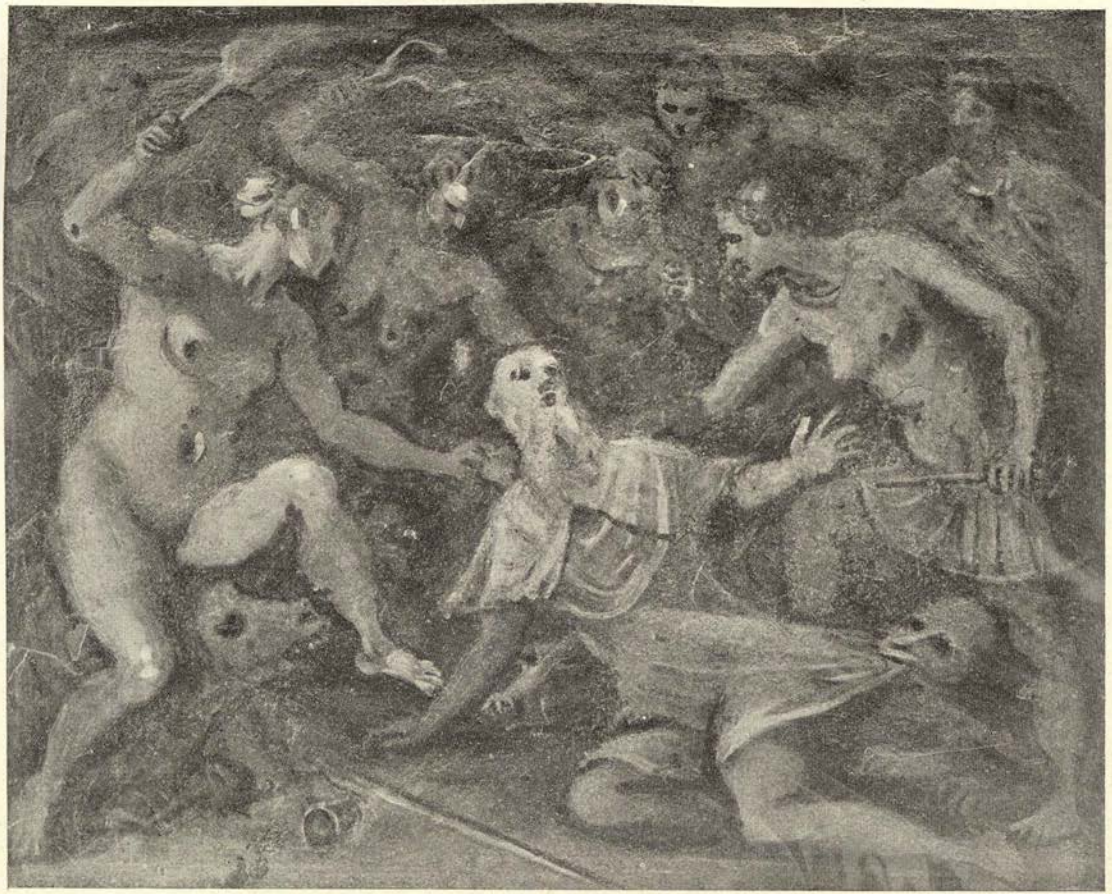
DRAWING

the Rokeby Velazquez. The collection had been taken to Valparaiso, presumably by a member of his family, and its subsequent history has not been traced, but the condition of the paper and the quality of the drawings left not a moment's doubt of their authenticity. When, with infinite care and knowledge, the varnish and egg glazes with which they were covered were removed, when chemistry had restored their suppleness to the dried and crumbling sheets, the sketches, which are in tempera upon paper, appeared as fresher and more unspoiled examples of Tintoretto's methods than anything we possess. They admit us to an almost overpowering intimacy with the mind of the master. He is absolutely unreserved, and makes us free of every shade of feeling. Here is no careful working out of an inner vision, but one hot trial after another, dashed off, this way and that way, as if the painter were compelled to clear his brain of the many alternatives with which it was thronged, for though in some cases we can identify the sketch he finally made use of, or can recognize single figures which appear in well-known compositions, it is evident that numbers did not satisfy him, and were thrown aside as fast as he dashed them off. We may say, however, that in every case, the finished design is on the whole superior to the hasty compositions. Seven of these are for the 'Miracle of the Slave.' Tintoretto makes a valiant effort to include the lion floating in the air beside the saint. He tries to dignify it by giving it an air of intelligent interest in the event, but it refuses to be anything but comic, and so, no doubt, he perceived, for he finally abandons the attempt. In the ultimate picture both the saint and the slave are foreshortened towards instead of away from us, and the saint, as at length painted, is far finer in attitude than any of the sketches. In several of these the light is scattered and the slave is artificial in posture, but in that reproduced here, the grip of the tight-clenched hands, the expression of the face (rendered with three blobs), give an astonishing impression of tension and suspense. The magistrate's head, as finally given in its deep bronze colour against the sky, is touched in, in several.

No less than thirty-three drawings are devoted to the 'Temptation of St. Anthony,' though, as far as we know, Tintoretto only painted this subject once, and finally adopted the main features of

quite another design.' The opportunity of contrasting the worn body of the saint with the beautiful ones of the temptresses has evidently fascinated him, and again he has diverted himself by inventing every sort of bestial hobgoblin and horrible animal, and investing them with expressions of cruelty and brutal sensuality. For many of the female demons he uses the model of the 'Susanna at the Bath.' Sometimes they offer blandishments, gifts, crowns and sceptres, then they become threatening and ferocious. Many of the renderings are comparatively cold and tentative; then again he catches fire, and the feeling is tremendous. Emotion seems torn out of the man and flung upon the paper. Grace and seduction, appeal and rescue are all conveyed by a few rough strokes, strokes almost wild in their sweep and swirl, that leave us hardly able to grasp the means he employs in speaking to us so intensely.

We find the model at last for the 'St. Anthony' in San Trovaso in a design for 'Hercules seeking Cerberus.' Pluto sits on one side, the triple dog's head is below, the beautiful recumbent figure turning round must be meant for Proserpine. It is in the Hercules, bursting through the throng, that the painter has seen an ideal for his saint, as he spurns temptation and turns in a passion of confidence to the vision of the Father, strong to save. There are other sketches, as the 'Rescue of the Saracen,' or the single figure of St. Sebastian which we can trace almost unaltered. 'Christ raising the Widow's Son' has a fine architectural background of a Venetian piazza, and may be an experiment for one of the San Rocco series; others seem to connect themselves with the gods and goddesses of the Ducal Palace. One of Diana and her nymphs recalls the 'Muses' at Hampton Court. Among the richest and most effective are nine versions of 'Christ Giving the Keys to St. Peter.' The figures are painted in with such force, and the indications of landscape background have such radiance and are so complete in suggestion that many of these sketches have the power and impressive quality of a great picture. 'The Adoration of the Magi' is full of an inward feeling of awe and reverence in the attitude of the three kings, while the flickering joy of the little cherubs overhead is amply conveyed by scarce three touches and



London, British Museum

THE TEMPTATION OF ST. ANTHONY

DRAWING

THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI
DRAWING

London, British Museum

a dab of white to each. These and others of the flying figures look as if they were done from the little *maquettes*, hung by strings, of which Ridolfi says Tintoretto so often made use. And slight as these sketches are they have the true Venetian colour. The shadows, more rich than sharp, the high lights, creamy, the monochrome in every gradation of brown and grey and green and golden, a good deal of the dull crimson and murrey-colour we connect with him; all the modulations of a great colourist's palette. We have thought of Tintoretto's art less in terms of line than of shape, but here, 'he lays his line like a conqueror marking his boundaries.' In such a design as his 'Mars Striding over a Battlefield,' or the long sinuous curves of the 'Aurora' (already published in the *Burlington Magazine* for January 1910), the last perhaps inspired by his favourite statues of Michelangelo in San Lorenzo, his line is passionate, significant, and most sure and expressive. Among the tempera paintings are a number of careful and vigorous studies of the head of Vitellius from a Roman bust. There are others at Berlin and at Christ-Church, Oxford, and one by Marietta, and so we may guess that this bust was among the treasures of the studio of Palazzo Camello, while a splendid charcoal drawing of the bust of a young man, is apparently from Michelangelo's Giuliano. It is argued that the number of alternative schemes which Tintoretto threw off deprive his creations of that character of inevitability which a great work of art should possess; yet what he misses in one way he gains in another. Instead of maturing silently he lets us in upon his thought. Barrili, the Italian novelist, has a passage in point. 'Here,' he says, 'we see the masterpiece at its birth. We arrive at a better understanding of the picture and the painter. Between the idea and the execution there is almost always a great space, all sown with uncertainties and hindrances, with additions and variations, owing to which the first composition no longer corresponds to the primitive conception. Here, on the contrary, how good it is to see the idea mature from its first conception, and the painter gains as he lets us into the secret of his genius.'

Though his drawings are often squared for cartoons he seems constantly to have changed a figure or a limb as he worked, or to have cut out one, as in the 'Milky Way,' the drawing for which

at the Accademia shows the figure of a man seated below. His pencil line is generally rather short and sketchy, though full of feeling; it is when he draws with his brush that we find to what a magnificent sweep and precise modelling he can attain.

His immediate pupils are neither many nor famous, but he is followed by a host of imitators. It is not surprising that his fame is so often smirched by the attribution of poor and weak work, when we realize what a status the very inferior Domenico attained to as a portrait-painter. Even in his father's lifetime he painted a great number of persons, and he survived him for forty years. Among Domenico's sitters were many of the Doges, Carlo Ridolfi himself as a young man, bishops, cardinals, and ambassadors, Dudley Carleton, the English diplomatist, the Earl of Arundel, his Countess and their children, and many English lords and ladies. Marietta's fame too, as a portrait-painter, was so well established, that she received invitations to their Courts from the Kings of France and Spain. The Bridgewater Gallery has an excellent portrait by her of a senator in a ruff, finely and solidly painted, but wanting the glow of her father's work. Martin de Vos and Paolo Franceschi were among his pupils, and Agostino Carracci was one of the many who engraved his paintings. Tintoretto is said to have received his engraving of the 'Crucifixion' with the liveliest pleasure. Upon the school of the *tenebrosi* he undoubtedly re-acted with injurious effect. Its members exaggerated his action, and copied his strong effects of black and white, with disastrous consequences. Bad imitations in his style are common, and some of them, like the 'Andromeda' at St. Petersburg, and the abominably-drawn 'Nine Muses' at Vienna, still masquerade under his name. By Ridolfi's time, everything in the style of Tintoretto was attributed to him, and Ridolfi himself shows little discrimination between real and spurious works. Numbers of mediocre and even bad paintings were labelled with the famous painter's name, and were bought by succeeding generations of English travellers and respectably established by uncritical owners in English galleries, where only in recent years has the operation of winnowing the good grain from the chaff been begun.

It remained for bigger men to catch the torch as it fell from

London, British Museum

HERCULES SEEKING CERBERUS

DRAWING

the hands of the great Venetian. Velazquez, whose sombre greys and browns differ from Tintoretto's colouring as much as his quiet spirit of observation does from the latter's fiery intuition, yet studied him, drew from him, bought his pictures and considerably altered and developed his own style, after his first journey to Italy; appreciating to the full Tintoretto's emotional genius and his inexhaustible power of representation. The extension of space, the illusion of depth, the air circulating between the objects, are characteristics of Tintoretto to which Professor Justi draws attention, as being stamped on the later style of Velazquez.

Nor can we forget that the 'Crucifixion' was in all its first glory when there stood before it a young Flemish artist who had acquired the technical skill of the masters of his native land, but who only in Venice found that education of the spirit, that spur to the imagination which he drank in to such purpose, so that his motto, to paraphrase that of the Venetian, might have been 'the colour of Veronese and the action of Tintoretto.' The earlier master, a true son of Venice, could touch the extreme limit of the dramatic interest without becoming, as Rubens too often does, vulgar and theatrical, but Rubens caught an inspiration that his more prosaic school could never have suggested.

We may even contend that Tintoretto shares with others the responsibility of having influenced Sir Joshua Reynolds. That master in his *Discourses* draws attention to the tendency of the Eastern ideal of colouring to overflow and extend to other nations. 'By them,' he says, 'that is by Tintoretto and Veronese above all, a style merely ornamental has been disseminated throughout all Europe. Rubens carried it into Flanders, Voet to France, and Luca Giordano to Spain and Naples.' 'To which,' says a recent critic of Reynolds' precepts, 'he might have added, "and I myself to England,"' for though he had only stayed a few weeks in Venice, her painters had made a profound impression on him, and he demonstrates in his work his own intense appreciation of that school of colour, against which he is never tired of warning his followers.

CHAPTER XV

THE CHARACTER OF HIS ART

IF, as we contended in our first chapter, his age more or less decides the type of the artist, still his character is expressed in his paintings, which are for him what his deeds are to the man of action, and we have to inquire whether these proceed from the soul, or if their genius has been merely guided by the skilled hand and the accomplished intellect. The Venetian school underlies all the variations of its children. Venice was the place of all others which appealed to the artist through his sensations and emotions, yet her greatest painters have shown us that those emotions need be no ignoble ones, and we cannot complain that there is no room for variety within her limits. In Venice, the freest and happiest side of the Renaissance is represented by a warmth of joy that has much that is Pagan, and also much that is Arcadian in its character, and which is charged more with the emotions than with any striking development of intellectual life. The calm and natural Venetian manner, the Giorgionesque tranquillity of rich feeling, are the very ideal of a beautiful, sensuous art, in which amplitude of sensation is restrained by a dignified simplicity. Titian carries on the tradition with perfect balance. He is inspired by patriotic pride, by joy in life, by the consciousness of hardly-won and royally-kept supremacy. Thought and colour, feeling and composition, act and re-act in rhythmic flow upon his canvas. He is master of himself to a superlative extent. He does what he chooses, and that is to express a sublime but sensuous ideal, the dream of a cultivated mind, fused in warmth and colour or embodied in the utmost beauty of the human form and the material world; so that the same spirit informs his heavy foliage and his melting or gloomy blues that gives languorous passion to his saints and Venuses; as if the

painter's personal attitude, projecting itself into the human heart and the recesses of nature, made men and things palpitate in one ecstasy, an ecstasy as rapt and brooding as his fine-grained colour.

With Veronese, the richness of sensational life in Venice declines on materialism. He is scenic and pompous. His feasts owe nothing but their name to religious inspiration, his pageantry is exquisite in colour and regal in composition, but it is a material magnificence. He has nothing gross or sensual like Rubens. He does not even seem to feel the beauty of the nude; it is too simple for him. The pride of life, the lust of the eye, the opulence of jewels, of silks and velvets, in fruitlike pinks and silvery blues, is what appeals to him. But he is calm, free from excitement, always cool, proud, decorous, prosaically splendid.

All round these great lights clusters a crowd of artists, secondary yet distinguished, each having his own individual excellences and beauties, yet each imbued with the stately harmony of Venetian feeling, satisfied with the proud traditions of her race and art, and well supplied with the self-control and moderation demanded by the worship of the 'golden mean.'

And into this serene and well-balanced world, bursts Tintoretto, 'the lightning-flash of painting,' bringing the inconsequence of passion and obeying his own intense nature, as Signor Mario Pratesi expresses it in a criticism in the *Nuova Antologia*, 'like a child, an animal, or the crowd.' Disapprobation was idle; Vasari's strictures on hasty and superficial methods show that he had no glimpse into the real mind of the painter, he understood nothing of his temperament, akin to that spirit which impelled Michelangelo to attack a block of marble as if he would tear out the life hidden within. Such a tempestuous mind could not work according to any rule that others might impose and, from first to last, obedience to the behests of his own genius is the dominating characteristic of his career. 'The Venetian,' says Pratesi, 'walks and rests with the simplicity of a wild animal; when he springs, it is to please himself, and so calmly that no one thinks of estimating the distance covered.'

The world has always been very ready with advice for those

whose work is startling, disturbing and marked by reckless innovations. It calls on them to conform to preconceived ideals if they would win its praise, but the few who are led by the spirit can only give one answer: 'I must take my own road. I cannot practise your shibboleths. Right or wrong, to be myself is all that is possible to me. Leave me to go my way, and if I perish, I perish.'

Titian and Veronese stand before the world like men who know how to make a grand appearance; they know how to exact esteem, to mix in courtly wise in the best of company. They love their art, but they love also not a little the distinction she brings, even the pleasure of wearing rich velvets and gold chains, and they have no hesitation in suiting their art to their brilliant and worldly company.

Tintoretto cares little or nothing for all this. His course of life is a detail, he takes what comes and enjoys it well enough, as an incident and a relaxation, but his real life is in that silent chamber, 'in the most remote part of the house,' where he pours out his teeming imagination upon canvas, and all he asks of Art in return for his whole-hearted acknowledgment of her sovereignty is that she should grant to him the power of creation.

Titian was the first to expand those landscapes which Giorgione and himself in his early days had confined within such modest limits, and it is some time before he discovers how to increase the size of his paintings without diminishing his strength or depriving his colour of depth. Tintoretto follows his lead with a natural aptitude; he delights in throwing himself with prodigality upon wide spaces, without relaxing the intensity of his feeling, and as he does so, he develops to its utmost limits that power that is almost new to us; the power of *touch*. He loves to lay on broad expanses of thin colour, leaving much of the form and feeling to the sudden sweeps or abundant plentitudes of the brush-work, and instead of smoothing away all traces of the machinery, the actual touch of the brush and manipulation of the material are made to advance and to express his meaning.

It must have been difficult to prophesy what would become in his hands of the colour of Giorgione and Titian, of those full, blended tones, those deep, positive hues, slowly mellowed and

matured; yet when his crimsons and carnations have faded or been laid aside, the greys and browns and ivories in which he delights, combine in a lustrous symphony, more impressive than brilliant tints. His canvas swims in gold-dust, or glows with 'the smothered red of smoky torches.' It is flooded with the metallic green of moonlight or illumined by a flash on curved limb or rounded throat, and fugitive gleams play across his shadows, like iridescent sparkles on the dark plumage of a bird. Of all the exponents of that Eastern scheme, in which colour and emotion are so inextricably blended, Tintoretto, with his enthusiasm for 'black and white,' is the supreme instance.

The *luminariste*, as Eugene Fromentin says, comes to the aid of the colourist. Though Tintoretto has practised line and form till they have no secrets left for him, he has no innate enjoyment in them when once mastered. His form is rather *shape*, moulded by the massing of light and shade, for, as the 'sounding cataract' haunted the poet, so the luminous gradations of sunshine and shadow haunt the painter, 'like a passion.'

It is curious to note how small a part costume and furniture play in his pictures. Titian and Bonifazio, Veronese and Paris Bordone and Carpaccio, these are the illustrators of the modes and manners of their Venice, but Tintoretto thinks more of how the light and dark strike the masses of a figure, than what is the fashion of its garments. The courtyards and colonnades interest him because the sunlight streams through the pillars and plays upon the marble pavements, and not because the feasts of the Grimani or the Mocenigo are held under their splendid roofs.

He is saved from being the popular painter by that *élan* which allows him no time to waste on vulgarizing detail. His intrepid certainty never cools, and he elaborates his ideas at a pace at which even great masters can only sketch. He has nourished his power of rapid execution by infinite painstaking, and employs it with splendid self-forgetfulness. His 'stormy brush' has become automatic, and is used with the freedom of perfect mastery. He has, too, the artist's sense of emphasis, and knows where to stop when a noble and vivid vision is sufficiently accentuated. Yet while we may consider him as the first great impressionist, we must note how far removed his slightness and carelessness of

execution are from being the result of imperfect knowledge, or any wish to scamp his task, or any love of coarseness. His haste is dictated, as Ruskin points out, by impatient thought, which needs to note swiftly, by agitated thought, which it were well to note with a certain wildness of manner. 'Negligence,' he adds, 'is noble when it is, as Fuseli has it, the shadow of energy. Let the artist beware of stealing the *manner* of giant intellects when he has not their invention, and of assuming large modes of treatment when he has but little thoughts to treat. With Tintoretto it is the pouring in upon him of glorious thoughts, in inexpressible multitudes, that his sweeping hand follows so fast. It is easy to know the slightness of earnest haste, from the slightness of blunt feeling, indolence or affectation.'

And though impetuous, he is not violent in spirit. He endows his characters with an intimate sincerity, out of which every group, every expression, every action arises naturally, and as the consequence of some real and unforced motive. His saints are not merely aristocratic statesmen or patrician dames of the Republic; they are full of heartfelt fervour, of 'the passion that dares and purifies' and a spiritual grace which is something more than the bodily grace of Titian and Veronese. It is undeniable that Tintoretto has not always the finish or the perfection that distinguish Titian, but he has a poignancy of inner life that goes beyond him.

It is by this faculty of pure imagination that he soars to a place above the others. Just as a musician expresses moods and passions by symphonic modulations, so by the adjuncts of radiant light and grey half-tones and luminous darkness he grapples with moments of the spiritual life, moments tragic, tempestuous and of piercing pathos. It is nothing to him that fifteen hundred years have passed since women wept beneath the Cross, or Christ stood, deserted and betrayed, before Pilate, or mothers agonized over their murdered children. For him, it was to-day that all was taking place, and each scene was present to his eyes in all its reality. And not only tragedy, but the tenderest expansion of the soul, appeals to him; the love and pride of a young mother, the joyous affection of youth, lie open to his penetrating gaze. He stands with those artists who have endued

the human form most intensely with every profound and tragic and delicious feeling. He fatigues us sometimes, but he forces us to realize what poignant heights and depths are possible to the hearts of men. Tintoretto strikes those chords which so many artists have left unsounded, and by swift and keen imagination, and burning sympathy, he achieves what no study or calculation could accomplish.

In after years other men tried to imitate him, and like all those who have carried their art to its extreme limits, like Leonardo and Raphael and Michelangelo, he was a dangerous man to imitate. The brush he laid down was caught up by those whose next stroke carried with it the fatal 'too much.' His passion, his fire, his religious ecstasy are the offspring of deep sincerity, and for this reason convey the emotions of real men and women, but such sentiments become melodramatic or hysterical in the hands of those who try to move us by the expedients of outstretched arms, staring eyes, and agitated draperies, and who only succeed in leaving us cold, because the feeling which created their posturing and exaggerated creations was itself so cold. This sincerity runs all through Tintoretto's work; the man is not different from the painter, and the one helps to elucidate the other.

In attempting to estimate the place that Tintoretto holds to-day in art, we must take into account the fact that modern critical taste is shy of strong feeling. Form has of late years, in the revulsion from a period of weak drawing and inferior technique, become the idol of modern schools, to the subordination, almost the atrophy, of more emotional aspects. Of all the Venetian painters, Tintoretto is the one whose sense of form is most developed, and yet there is no one among them whose painting is more a thing apart from those other schools of Italy which were controlled by Florence. The Florentines indeed often show an exquisite sense of colour, but it is a colour subordinate to that quality of form which they carried to perfection, and which testified to their clear-cut, thoughtful realism, their rational and intellectual character. Tintoretto is governed by the rich and potent Venetian temperament; it blurs his sense of form so that it becomes inconspicuous, and what is really natural to his

genius is the interpretation of emotion by the use of glowing, restful colour, deepened and heightened by solemn shade and dramatic light. He will always appeal most strongly to those who apprehend the imaginative and emotional side of life, and we cannot afford to ignore that this aspect of life also needs an art which shall give it complete expression. While we give all the importance it demands to intellectual thought, we dare not blind ourselves to that of sensuous feeling. Without it we fall away from the most beautiful, we lose 'the intuitive realization of the essential nature of things,' we decline on dryness, self-consciousness, and artificiality.

The cold cleverness of a great part of modern art, the absorption in technique as an end rather than a means, are leagues away from the temper of the great Venetian painter. He brims over with the sensuous apprehension of life, he possesses the vision of a poet, that vision that is 'the master-light of all our seeing.' He is in touch with the elementary principles of the heart, and he comes thus into touch, not by reason of skill or careful analysis, but by using with simplicity and spontaneity those great gifts with which nature has so richly endowed him. He is the last of that splendid band which made Venetian art proud, independent, equal in importance and in positive qualities to the art of Florence. His place is among the greatest, not on account of the skill or the knowledge which he had gained by long years of patient industry, but because of that capacity for imagination and for depth of feeling which fired his brush and fused his colours and gave him power to place upon the canvas those things which in every form of art are among the most indispensable and the most enduring.

APPENDIX

I. P. 18

RELATIONS WITH THE GONZAGA

EARLY in his career, probably in the Sixties, Tintoretto had completed a series of pictures of huge proportions for Duke Guglielmo Gonzaga, which related to the siege of Taro and the Triumphs of Duke Federigo. In October of the year 1579 Count Teodoro San Giorgio, the cultured guardian of the ducal treasures, wrote to Palo Moro, the ducal resident at Venice, to commission four more, to be 'as large as those already executed,' and at the same price. A description of the subjects proposed was to follow immediately, and the pictures were to be delivered quickly, if possible by Christmas. Monsignor Moro replies that Tintoretto would gladly serve his Highness, but requires more time. San Giorgio insists that if he wishes to please the Duke he must paint the pictures by Christmas. The descriptions were sent him by October 20, and he was begged to submit sketches.

The following are the proposed themes, preserved in the Gonzaga archives in San Giorgio's handwriting :—

I. Marche Federigo Gonzaga created Captain-General of the Legion by Leo x.

II. Duke Federigo encamped at Parma in company with Prospero Colonna and Marchese di Pescara.

III. The taking of Milan by Duke Federigo and flight of the French. This was to be a night scene, with the city in flames.

IV. The siege of Pavia by Duke Federigo, with the retreat of the enemy.

There was to be a fifth scene, an event in the life of Duke Francesco, son of Federigo.

Plans of the three towns were sent him, with portraits of the Dukes. There was also to be a frieze decorated with dogs and *putti*, and having a clock, 'perhaps in the hand of a *putto*, like a target.'

By the middle of November Tintoretto had four sketches ready. San Giorgio writes, approving them, but making some alterations.

The subject of the last scene is not clear, but Signor Luzio, who discovered these documents, suggests that the only event of importance in the life of the obscure and short-lived Duke Francesco was his marriage with Catherine of Austria; and in December we find that Tintoretto received a drawing of the courtyard in which it took place. In May 1580 the paintings were ready, and Tintoretto was asked to come to Mantua to hang them, to see the Court again,

and to recognize that his last paintings are better than the first series. The former pieces had been paid at 100 scudi each. It was intimated that Tintoretto would also be willing to decorate the Sala dei Capitani, but this offer does not seem to have been accepted, for in October 1580 San Giorgio writes somewhat curtly, on the Duke's account, that as soon as Tintoretto shall have finished placing the paintings he will be paid according to the Duke's orders.

An inventory of the Gonzaga Gallery, published in the seventeenth century by d'Arco, registers works by Tintoretto, including a naval battle, and an *Ecce Homo*, which we may presume to be among the earlier series.

The documents found by Signor Luzio, addressed to Tintoretto, give many details, descriptions of armorial bearings and mottoes, and directions for the placing of battalions in the battle-pieces.

II. P. 20

CONTRACT OF PURCHASE OF HOUSE, JUNE 8, 1574

This is quoted by Thomas Adolphus Trollope in an article in the *Eclectic Magazine*, vol. 77. December 1871. New York.

In 1771 Zanetti made drawings of two male and two female figures which were among those still remaining, frescoed by Tintoretto on the walls of an upper chamber of his house. Zanetti has also left an etching of 'the celebrated frieze' which went round one of the rooms; feet standing on the cornice, and hands grasping it, connected by a fantasy of ribbons. This was in metal-work, from a design by the master, and 'filled the room with grace.' It is an eloquent proof of the important character of the house itself.

III. P. 20

THE RETURN OF THE HOUSE FOR PURPOSES OF TAXATION

Same article.

IV. P. 23

TINTORETTO'S TWO LETTERS TO THE COUNCIL OF TEN

These letters are couched in the rather servile style demanded by Italian courtesy of the day. At the time the writer was pleading his poverty he had just moved into the sufficiently important Palazzo Camello, and was showing constant hospitality to his friends:—

A

REGISTRO 31. COMUNE CONSIGLIO DE' DIECI, CARTA 160 VERSO.

Illustrissimi et Eccelentissimi Signori
Capi dell' Eccelso Consiglio di X.

'Se le forze *di me, Giacomo Robusti tentoretto*, humilissimo e devotissimo servitor di Vostre Illustrissime Signorie fussero state nel loro servitio corrispondenti all' inclinatissimo et ardentissimo desiderio mio confesso che da niuno

sarebbe stata superata la fedel servitu mia; che per certamente non haverei mai lasciata occasione alcuna delle quali non havessero sempre conosciuto non esser molto inferiore la mia affettione all' infinito obligo ch' io ho di servirle. Et si bene mi ritrovo in questo stato che altro non mi resta che il desiderio et l'affettione non ho però mai mancato etiam con superar me medesimo et la impotentia di servirla come ho possuto. Onde spirito da ciò *intesa la felicissima nova della gloriosissima sua vittoria* nella qual non mi essendo stato concesso per la mia impotentia di ritrovarmi presente a sparger il proprio sangue no volsi però restar di spenderne gran parte di quello che haverebbe per molto tempo dato da viver e altre commodita alla mia povera et divota famiglia. *Ondi feci il rettratto della predetta trionfante battaglia* il quale per pura sua grazia e stato poste nella sale del scortinio per eterna memoria delle forze di questo imperio: nell' accettar del quale picciolo mio dono havendo io conosciuto la molta grandezza dell' animo suo, mi son anco assicurato che Vostre Illustrissime Signorie non mancheranno di suffragarmi, acciò ch' io possi con il mezzo della gratia continar a viver et servirle. *Offerendomi* etiam mentre vivero con ogni mio studio, *operar del mio arte done che farà bisogno etiam nelle sale dell' Illustrissimo Consiglio di X.* per farmi et esser del tutto benemerito servitor di esso Ill. Consiglio senza alcun premio eccetto però li colori et telle che faran bisogno. Però riverentimente le supplico che per mera grazia sua le se degnino con il suo Ecc. Consiglio di X. conciedermi la prima *sansaria* del fontego di todeschi prima vacante dapoi l'altre fin hora concesse per sostentatione della mia povera famiglia, da esser posta in nome di uno di miei figlioli o figliole, over nepoti al tempo della vacanza de ditta prima *sansaria.* Alla buona grazia delle qual humilmente et ea qua decet riverentia, me gli raccomando.

xxvii Septembre 1574.

B

'Illustrissimi et Eccellentissimi Signori

Capi del eccellentissimi conseglio di X.

'Havendo io Jacomo Tentoretto humilissimo servitor di Vostre Illustrissime Signorie habuto gratia dal Iddio *de metter nella sala del scortinio el Quadro che significa la gloriosa sua Vittoria* fatto con dieci mesi de tempo et con spesa di telle et collori pagar homeni per cavar ogni cosa dal vivo per l'ammontar *de ducati piu de dusento de spesa* senza *la mia faticha che importeria piu de ducati tresento* che son restato de guadagnar per far tal opera. Perho suplico le Signorie Vostre Eccellentissime che si come hanno fatto in tutti et non vogliono li sudori della poverta mia de otto figliolini siano contento compassionarme et ordinar che io sia sattisfatto delle mie fattiche et interesse accio posse ancho io povero con la mia famiglia viver appeso le Ill. Signorie Vostre offerrendomi sempre fronto con la vitta e la mia industria servirle come ho promesso nell' altra suplica ove elle si degneranno comandarme ala gratia delle qual prostato humilmente con li zenocchi a terra con otto mei figliolini si reccomandemo.

'Filza 121. Parti comuni consiglio di Dieci. 1574. July-Oct.

V. P. 26

CONTRACT OF PURCHASE OF FARM

The deed of purchase of the farm and estate of Zelarino, at Mestre, by Pietro Vescovi, from Ippolito de' Franceschi, dated May 29, 1573, is preserved in the archives of Venice. No. 498, Condizioni di Castello.

The toll paid by the farmer is given in the above-mentioned article by T. A. Trollope.

The name of Tintoretto's father-in-law is given both as Episcopi and Vescovi.

VI. Pp. 25, 26

TINTORETTO'S AND DOMENICO'S WILL

These were discovered by M. de Mar-Latrie, Sub-Director of the École des Chartes, and published in 1865 in the *Gazette des Beaux Arts*, vol. xix. They are so interesting, and throw so much light on Tintoretto's family history, that I give a translation in full.

'Jesu Christus.

'The 30th May, 1594. I, Gacomo di Robusti, called Tintore the son of Signor Battista, by the grace of God, of sound mind, but sick of body and confined to bed, desiring to determine my succession, have called in Antonio Brinis, notary of Venice, to the house I inhabit in the street of San Marciliano, and have begged him to write the present deed and expression of my last will, and to complete and validate it after my death.

'And first I commend my soul to the eternal God, to our Saviour, Jesus Christ, to the glorious Virgin Mary, and to all the celestial Court.

'I appoint my children of both sexes as my heirs, subject to the conditions hereinafter named.

'I wish my son Domenico to finish such of my works as are incomplete, with the care and zeal with which he has already co-operated in a great number.

'I beg my son Marco to live in peace with his brother, and not to renounce the practice of the same profession, but to help his family by such a noble and honourable occupation.

'I wish my beloved wife, Faustina Episcopi, to have the free use and disposition of all my fortune, and that she should be my sole executrix and the guardian of my children, who are all hers, during her life. She shall have the power to raise upon my goods, property and furniture, within the town, such sums as she considers necessary as dowry for my daughters, Octavia and Laura, or to endow them for a religious life, and this in her lifetime or by will.

APPENDIX

'Such of my sons and daughters as fail in obedience towards their mother shall be deprived of all share of their inheritance. My wife shall have power to assign by will to each son and daughter the shares she judges right, for I know her wisdom and all her merit. As long as she lives none of my children can, for any cause whatsoever, demand a separate part or grant of my goods, but she is free to do with them as she pleases, in her life or by will. I acknowledge having received to the value of 150 ducats and more, in articles of gold, silver and furniture, a total value of 350 ducats, left to my wife by her grandmother.

'I acknowledge having received the goods of Messire Pietro Episcopi, my brother-in-law, through my wife as heir to her brother, which was paid by Messire Ventura Venturini, tailor, of San Lio, and this without counting the estate of Zelarino.

'In addition to the above, I make a gift to my wife of all the expenses of the funeral of her brother, the said Pietro. I wish at the proper time to renew possession of the brokership in the Fondaco dei Tedeschi, conceded to me by the illustrious Signori of Venice, and that my wife should nominate one of my sons or nephews, or one of my daughters or nieces, as she will, and if for any reason she should nominate no one, my sons or their descendants shall have power to make this appointment.

'Moreover, I wish my said wife to have power to leave a little allowance to Sister Ottavia and Sister Perina, my daughters, nuns in the Convent of St. Anna in Venice.

'Questioned according to custom by the notary as to my intentions with regard to the hospitals, the poor and charitable institutions, I replied that I bequeathed to my wife the task of dealing with them.

'Signed and witnessed by Sebastiano di Frana, son of Sire Bartolo.

'Signed and witnessed by Giuseppe Murana, son of Messire Giovanni Vittoria.'

On the back of the will is inscribed: 'The will of Sire Giacomo de Robusti, detto Tintoretto, of the parish of San Marciliano. On the 1st June 1594 this will was read over the body of the deceased.'

Domenico's Will

20th October 1630. *Venice.*

I, Domenico Robusti Tintoretto, write this text with my own hand, which annulling all others which I have already executed, shall be held to be my last will. When it pleases God to call me to an account of my life, these dispositions are to be punctually executed.

'In the first place I commend my soul to God its creator, and to the B. V. Mary, our advocate;

'I leave my goods to my sisters, Octavia and Laura, on the following conditions. The estate of Zelarino, that is the land and house with the

furniture, excepting a perpetual charge of 9 ducats to the House of God, due each year at the Feast of the Redeemer, to provide for my sisters, the nuns, the legacy left them by my mother, and to pay to Madama Laura Zorzi the sum which my uncle left her for her life.

'I leave my brother, after the death of this lady, an annual payment of two *staras* of cheese and two *mastelli* of wine for his life, and till such time as Madama Laura demises I desire my sisters to pay my brother one *stara* of cheese and one *mastello* of wine.

'I leave to my second brother all the models of the school. If Bastiano, my pupil, is still in my service at the time of my death, I leave him four models, a head of Vitellius, a statue and two torsos, besides all the drawings bearing the name of Bastiano and all those signed Zuane, and I also leave the said Bastiano 150 Academy sketches of men and 50 of women, at his choice, besides all the ground colours, brushes, and a porphyry stone.

'I bequeath to my brother all the sketches and reproductions made by my father of his portrait painted upon canvas. The portrait itself will belong to my sister Ottavia, besides all my furniture present or future, or which may come to me in any manner whatsoever. I leave to my sister Ottavia the land and house of Carpineto, my house in Venice, my furniture, pictures and other things belonging to me, with the obligation of restoring money paid for works not yet begun, as is just.

'I wish Ottavia to give to Signora Perazzo, in token of affection, some picture of mine, whichsoever she likes, and to give one to Signor Cavaliere Fornagier.'

(He then appoints executors, and expresses his trust that none of his descendants will part with their inheritance.)

'After the death of my sisters, Ottavia and Laura, the property of Zelarino is to revert to my brother, and at his death to my sisters, the nuns of St. Anna.

'The wine and cheese are to be taken from the property of Zelarino.'

The head of Vitellius is doubtless the one of which Tintoretto has left so many drawings.

VII. P. 33

A LETTER FROM ARETINO ON THE 'MIRACLE OF ST. MARK'

'da che la voce della publica a laude, conferma con quella propria di me datani nel gran' quadro dell' historia dediceta in la Scola di San Marco, mi rallegio non meno con il mio giudizio, che sa tanto innanzi, ch' io mi facci con la vostra arte, che passa si oltra, e si come non è naso per infreddato che sia, che non senta in qualche parte il fumo de lo incenso, cosi non e huomo si poco, instrutto nella virtu del dissegno, che non si stupisca nel silieno della figura,

che tutta ignuda, giuso in terra è offerta alle crudeltà del martiro, i suoi colori son carne, il suo lineamento ritondo et il suo corpo vino, tal che vi giuro per il bene ch' io in noglio, che le cere, l'arie, e le viste della turbe, che la circondano, sono tanto simili a gli effetti, ch' esse fanno in tale opra, che lo Spettacolo pare pui tosto vero, che sinto, ma non in superbite, se bene è cosi, che cio sarebbe un non voler' salire in maggior graeo di perfettione, e beato il nome vostro, se reduceste la prestezza del fatto, in la patientia del fare. bè che a poco a poco a ciò pronderanno gli anni. cò ciosia, ch' essi, e no altri sono bastanti a raffrenare il corso della trascuratezza, di che tanto si prenale la gionenta volontosa e veloce. Di April in Vinetia 1548.'[1]—*Lettere dell' Aretino*, vol. IV.

VIII. P. 53

CHURCH OF SAN GIULIANO

Several pictures, among them three purporting to be by Tintoretto, were discovered rolled away in this church in 1909. These pictures are mentioned by Francesco Sansovino in his *Scorta Storica di Venezia Artistica* as existing in the church of San Giuliano. They are said to have been removed in 1830, while improvements were taking place, and to have been forgotten, but I cannot find any mention of them by Boschini, though he gives a description of the paintings in the church in 1797 and I have not been able to see the pictures or to get an authoritative opinion on them.

IX. P. 54

RECEIPTS FOR THE ANNUAL PROVISION FROM THE CONFRATERNITY OF SAN ROCCO

These receipts illustrate Tintoretto's varied phraseology and ways of spelling his own name. They extend through seventeen years, up to 1594. Archives of the Scuola di San Rocco, Libri di Ricevute, vol. I.

1559 (2 April). R. mi iacomo tentor pitor del magnifico ms. Girolamo Coccina vardian grande de la scola de mo. san roco scudi quindise doro a liri sei et soldi sedese luno a bon conto del quadro di arezentari in giesia.

1559 adi dito (15 Ottob.). Ricevi io iacomo tentor pitor da mag ms auzolo contarini dignissimo vardian grando de la scola de mo. Santoroco L sessanta una de pizoli per resto de compido pagamento di uno quadro li o fato in giesa dove si mete li' arzenti appresso il Cristo. val L. 61. vol. I.

1576 (25 Jener)? R. io iacomo tentoreto dal magn. ms. domenego fero degnissima vardian per comprar tele et colori per depinger li doi quadri grandi nella sala, val ducati trenta.

1577. adi 3 dicembrio. R. io iacomo tentoreto de mag ms. paulo danna dignissimo vardian dela scola di ms. san roco ducati cento per la mia provision anticipata de anno uno pussimo venturo giusta la parte presa soto diese dicto in capitolo general. val duc. 100. vol. II.

1579. adi 3 decembrio. R. io iacomo robusti dito Tintoreto da maga ms bartolomio sopradito, ducati cento quali sono per la mia provision del depenser li quadri in sala de questo ano de 79. duc. 100.

1580. adi decembrio. R. io iacomo Tentoreto pitor da magnifice vardian sopardito, ducati cento in doi volte et fu per avanti per la provision mia de lano presente. val duc. 100.

1581. adi 23 Mid. R. io iacomo tentoreto pitor dal magnifico ms. Francesco di Gorgi duc. sedese per tor azuro ottra marine per li quadri si a da finir val duc. 16.

1581. adi 27 Agosto. R. io iacomo tentoreto da magnifico ms. francesco di Gorgi a conto de le piture o quadri tre li quali o meso in scola al presente mese a conto de la mia provision ducati cento. val duc. 100.

1585. adi 22 luio. R. io iacomo tentore da magnifice suisier Lorenzo Girardi vardian grando ducati cento per conto de la presente rata val ducati 100.

And eight others.

X. P. 54

THE PETITION OF GIACOMO ROBUSTI contracting to paint the ceiling of the Sala of the Scuola, and also to paint the ceiling of the Church of San Rocco, and to give three large pictures every year to be placed in position at the Feast of San Rocco, at the painter's own expense for colours, and to be content with 200 ducats for the ceiling of the Scuola besides a gratuity of 100 ducats for life. 1577.

Preserved in the Archivio Gradenigo. N. 44. Museo Civico Correr.

XI. P. 65

RECEIPT FOR PAINTING THE CRUCIFIXION IN THE SCUOLA DI SAN ROCCO

1566. Adj. 9 Marzo. B. io iacomo Tentoretto da Magnifio Mess. Girolamo Rota vardian grando ducati dusento et cinquanta quali sono per integno pagamento del nostro mercato fato del quadro sopra la banca de la Crocifision de m.s. Jesu Cristo i qual danari tuti fo trati da le sue proprie borse de banca et zonta. val duc. 250.

This document was discovered by Lorenzi and presented to the Cancellaria with the request that it should be (as at present) exhibited in the Refectory.

APPENDIX

XII. P. 101

TINTORETTO'S APPLICATION FOR PAYMENT FOR THE FOUR PAINTINGS IN THE ANTE-COLLEGIO, with which is preserved the declaration of their value, signed by Paolo Veronese and Palma Vecchio.

'1578, 10 *Novembre.*

'I Magnifici et Eccellentissimi Signori Messer Giacomo Foscarimi Dottor, Messer Zorgi Pisani et Messer Marin Venier absente il Clarissimo Messer Quane di Prioli occupato alla cassa delle fabriche. Udito *Maistro Giacomo di Robusti detto il Tentoretto* pittore il quale rivercutemente ricercava che da loro Signorie Clarissime gli fosse *dato il pagamento* del capitale et spese *delli quattro quadri che lui a fatto* d'ordine delli precessori di loro Signorie Clarissime *et posti da lui in opera nel luoco overo spacio che transita dalla Cancellaria Ducale de' Eccellentissimo Collegio* onde e il luoco di Rasonati Ducali. Doi de quali sono dalla parte della porta della detta Cancellaria cioè uno con *le tre Grazie*, et l'altro con *Vulcano con li Cicloppi alla fucina*: l'altri doi veramente dalla parte della porta che passa nella nova Salla all incontro delli detti l' uno con il *Sposati tio di Ariana con Bacco alla presenza di Venere* et l'altro *Pallade che abbrazza la Pace et la Concordia et scaccia Marte*, i quali tutti quattro insieme significa unione: onde loro Signorie Clarissime vista la Stima fatta di ordine di suoi Clarissimi precessori per Maistro Paulo Veronese et Giacomo Palma pittori deposta con loro sagramento sotto il 26 luglio 1578 qui sotto registrata e le spese fatte per lui nelle soaze, tavoladi, feramenta et doratura nel mettesti in opera, concordi termino che del denaro publico di detto officio gli sia contato *ducati cinquanta per cadaun quadro*, insta la stima fatta per detti doi Pittori, et di piu le spese che sono Ducati diesisette Lire 1, soldi 16 per compiuto pagamento di detta opera et spese che sono in tutto Ducati duccento, disisette Lire 1, soldi 16.

Et cosi hanno ordinato che sia notado Ducati 217, Lire 1, soldi 16.'

The pictures were moved from the Collegio to the Ante-Collegio about the year 1716.

The Venetian ducat, according to Nicoletti, was equivalent to 6 lire, 5 soldi, so that 50 ducats was 155 francs, or about £7.

CATALOGUE OF PICTURES

THIS does not claim to be an exhaustive list, but I believe I have included no pictures which may not confidently be assigned to the master.

AUGSBURG.
Christ in the House of Martha.

BERGAMO.
111. A Lady dressed as a Queen.

BERLIN.
298. Portrait of Procurator.
299. Portrait of a Procurator.
300. Madonna with St. Mark and St. Luke.
310. Luna and the Hours.
316. Procurator before St. Mark.

BOLOGNA.
145. Visitation.
Portrait of a Man.

BOSTON, MRS. QUINCY SHAW.
Adoration of Shepherds.

BRESCIA.
14. An Old Man.
St. Afra.

CASSEL.
Transfiguration.
Portrait of a Venetian Nobleman.

CHANTILLY.
Man in Fur-trimmed Robe.

DRESDEN.
Lady in Black.
The Rescue.
Two Gentlemen.

ENGLAND, APSLEY HOUSE.
Portrait of Man.

DUKE OF BEDFORD.
Patrician, wearing Ermine.

BRIDGEWATER HOUSE.
Entombment.
Portrait of Man.

EARL BROWNLOW.
Sketch for Pool of Bethesda.

MR. BUTLER.
Moses Striking Rock.
Portrait of Senator.

SIR FRANCIS COOK, RICHMOND.
Portrait of Senator.
St. John Baptist.

MR. CRAWSHAY.
Adam and Eve.

MR. DOETSCH.
Portrait of Lady.

DORCHESTER HOUSE.
Two Portraits.
Raising of Lazarus.

SIR WILLIAM FARRER.
The Resurrection.

HAMPTON COURT.
69. Esther before Ahasuerus.
77. Nine Muses.
78. Portrait of Dominican.
91. Knight of Malta.

KINGSTON LACY.
Apollo and Muses.

MRS. MOND.
Oil-Sketch for Entombment.
Portrait of Giovanni Gritti.

MR. CHARLES WESTON-ROBINSON.
A Sea-Fight.

PANSHANGER?
Portrait of a Man.

LORD WIMBORNE.
Portrait of Young Man.

WINDSOR.
Portrait of Old Man with Sword.

FLORENCE, PITTI.
65, 70. Two Portraits of unknown Men.
83. Portrait of Luigi Cornaro.
131. Portrait of Vincenzo Zeno.

UFFIZI.
378. Portrait of Himself.
577. Head of Young Man.
601. Portrait of Sebastian Venier.
615. Portrait of Old Man.
638. Portrait of Jacopo Sansovino.
649. Portrait of Man.
S. Roch Healing the Sick.
Ottavio di Strà, 1567.[1]

LONDON, NATIONAL GALLERY.
St. George and Dragon.
Christ Washing Feet of Disciples.
Origin of the Milky Way.

LUCCA. SALA I.
Portrait of Man.
Sketch for Miracle of the Slave.

MADRID, ESCURIAL.
Christ Washing Feet of Disciples. (E.)

PRADO.
Sketch for Paradiso. 1587.
Esther before Ahasuerus.
Woman taken in Adultery. (E.)
Battle on Land and Sea.
Joseph and Potiphar's Wife.
Judith and Holofernes.
Solomon and the Queen of Sheba.
Susanna and the Elders.
Finding of Moses.

[1] This was formerly in Mr. Salting's collection, but I have not been able to trace its present whereabouts.

MILAN, BRERA.
Pietà.
St. Helena with Three Saints and Two Donors.
Finding of the Body of St. Mark. (E.)

ARCHBISHOP'S PALACE.
Woman taken in Adultery.

MUSEO CIVICO.
86. Portrait of Procurator.

NEW YORK, METROPOLITAN MUSEUM.
Last Supper.

NEWPORT, U.S.A. MR. DAVIS.
Portrait of a Man.

PARIS, LOUVRE.
Susanna and the Elders.
Sketch for Paradiso. 1587.

M. ROTHAU.
Portrait of Unknown Man with Statuette.

PARMA.
Entombment.

ROME, CAPITOL.
Baptism.
Ecce Homo.
Flagellation.

PALAZZO COLONNA.
Three Women.
Donors Adoring Holy Spirit.
Old Man Playing Spinet.
Man with a Beard.
Young Man.

PALAZZO DORIA.
Portrait of a Man.

TURIN.
Trinity.

VENICE, ACCADEMIA.
S. Giustina and Three Donors.
Madonna and Three Saints.
Three Treasurers and their Secretaries. 1566.

Portrait of Cardinal Morosini.
Portrait of a Senator.
Deposition.
Senator in Prayer.
Portrait of Jacopo Soranzo. 1564.
Andrea Capello. (E.)

Ceiling. Prodigal Son.
Four Virtues.
Death of Abel.
Two Senators.
Miracle of St. Mark. 1548.
Adam and Eve.
Two Senators.
Risen Christ Blessing Three Senators.
Madonna and Three Portraits.
Crucifixion.
Resurrection.
Presentation in Temple.

DUCAL PALACE, Collegio.
Doge Mocenigo commended to Christ by St. Mark.
Figures in grisaille round the Clock.
Doge da Ponte before the Virgin.
Marriage of St. Catherine.
Doge Gritti before the Virgin.

Ante-Collegio.
Bacchus and Ariadne. 1578.
Mercury and the Three Graces. 1578.
Minerva Expelling Mars. 1578.
The Forge of Vulcan. 1578.

Ante-room of Chapel.
SS. George and Louis and the Princess Saba.
SS. Andrew and Gerome.

Sala del Senato.
St. Mark presenting Doge Loredano to the Virgin, in presence of two other Saints.
Ceiling (in part).

Sala delle Quattro Porte.
Ceiling (in part). Jupiter conferring on Venice the dominion of the Sea.
Personification of Cities, female figures.
Ingresso. Lorenzo Amelio. 1570.

Alessandro Bono.
Vincenzo Morosini. 1580.
Ceiling. Doge Niccolò Priuli receiving the Sword of Justice. 1560.

Passage to Council Chamber.
Andrea Delphino. 1573.
A. Cicogna.
Federigo Contarini. 1570.
Nobles illumined by the Holy Spirit.

Sala del Maggiore Consiglio.
Paradise. 1590.

Sala dello Scrutinio.
Battle of Zara.

PALAZZO REALE, LIBRARY.
Transportation of Body of St. Mark.
St. Mark Rescues a Shipwrecked Saracen.
Diogenes, Archimedes, and two other Philosophers in separate niches.
Another room. S. Roch.

CHURCH OF THE CARMINE.
Presentation in Temple. (E.)

S. CASSIANO.
Crucifixion.
Christ in Limbo.
Resurrection.

S. FELICE.
St. Demetrius.

GESUITI.
Assumption of the Virgin.

S. GIORGIO MAGGIORE.
Last Supper.
Gathering of Manna.
Martyrdom of SS. Cosmo and Damian.
Martyrdom of St. Stephen.

Mortuary Chapel.
Entombment. (L.)

SAN LAZARO DEI MEDICANTI.
S. Ursula and Virgins.

S. MARIA MATER DOMINI.
Finding of the True Cross. (E.)

S. Maria dell' Orto.
Last Judgment. (E.)
Martyrdom of St. Paul.
Vision of St. Peter.
The Worship of the Golden Calf. (E.)
Martyrdom of St. Agnes.
Presentation of Virgin. (E.)

S. Marcuola.
Last Supper. (E.)

S. Marziale.
S. Marziale in Glory. (L.)

S. Maria Zobenigo.
Ascension.

San Polo.
Last Supper.
Assumption of Virgin.

S. Rocco.
Annunciation.
Pool of Bethesda.
S. Roch and the Beasts of the Field.
S. Roch in the Hospital.
S. Roch in Campo d'Armata.
Death of S. Roch in Prison.
S. Roch before the Pope.
Crucifixion.

Scuola di San Rocco.
Lower Hall. All the Paintings on Walls.
Staircase. Visitation.
Upper Hall. All the Paintings on Walls and Ceiling.
Portrait of himself. 1573.
Refectory. Crucifixion. 1565.
Christ before Pilate.
Ecce Homo.
Way to Golgotha.
Ceiling. 1560.
Frieze.

S. Maria della Salute.
Marriage of Cana. 1561.

S. Silvestro.
Baptism.

S. Stefano.

Last Supper.
Washing of Feet.
Agony in Garden.

S. Trovaso.

Temptation of St. Anthony.

S. Giuseppe in Castello.

St. Michael overcoming Lucifer, and Donor.

Vicenza.

St. Augustine Healing the Plague-stricken.

Vienna.

459. St. Jerome. (E.)
460. Susanna and the Elders. (E.)
465. Sebastian Venier.
468. An Officer in Armour.
470. Portrait of Procurator.
473. Portrait of Senator.
474. Old Man and Boy.
475, 476, 477. Three Portraits of Men.
478. Portrait of Man. 1553.
480. Portrait of a Youth.
481. Portrait of a Man.
482. Portrait of Old Man.
483, 484, 485, 486. Portraits of Men.
511. Portrait of a Lady.
Portrait of Man.

INDEX

The titles of works by Tintoretto are printed in italics.
Sc. stands for *Scuola di San Rocco.*

Adam and Eve (Accademia, Pl. XII), 44, 45; (Sc.), 76.
Adoration of the Magi (Accademia, Pl. XX), 58; (Sc., Pl. XXX) 91, 92; (drawing, Pl. LIX), 136, 138.
Adoration of the Shepherds (Sc.), 80.
Adulteress before Christ (Prado), 32, 33.
Agony in the Garden, the (Sc.), 71, 73; (S. Stefano), 116.
'Andromeda,' by an imitator (St. Petersburg), 140.
Angelico, Fra, 62, 67.
Annunciation, the (Sc., Pl. XXIX), 56, 90, 91; (lost work), 31; by Titian, 88.
Ante-Chiesetta, Ducal Palace, works in the, 108, 117.
Ante-Collegio, Ducal Palace, works in the, 102, 104, 116, 125, 157.
Aretino, Pietro, letters from, 32, 33, 154, 155; Tintoretto's dealings with, 27, 28, 33.
'Ariosto,' the, in the National Gallery, 131.
Arrows, as emblems of pestilence, 75.
Ascension, the (Sc., Pl. XXVII), 71, 72, 84, 85, 86.
Assumption, the (Sc.), 97, 109; by Titian, 41.
Aurora (drawing, Pl. LVI), 139.

Bacchus and Ariadne (Ducal Palace, Pl. XXXIII), 82, 101, 102, 108, 125.
Baptism of Christ (Sc.), 70, 80, 81, 84; (S. Silvestro), 112, 113.
Barbaro, Daniele, 29.
Barbarossa crowned by the Pope (burnt), 99.
Barclay, Edgar, his pamphlet on 'the Paintings in the Scuola di S. Rocco,' 69.
Barrili, Italian novelist, on drawings, quoted, 139.
Bassano, Francesco, 120, 133.
Bellini, Giovanni, 2, 7, 8, 28.
Belshazzar's Feast (destroyed), 35.
Benson, Eugene, on Tintoretto's 'Tempter,' 81.
Berenson, Mr., 14, 43, 106, 116; on Venetian portraiture, 131.
Bethesda, the Pool of (Church of S. Rocco), 55; (Sc.), 70, 84, 86.
Birth of Moses, the (Sc.), 70, 73.
Bonifazio, 9, 14, 17, 32, 40, 145.
Bordone, Paris, 9, 145.
Boschini, 79.
Brazen Serpent, the (Sc.), 71, 73, 77.
Brownlow, Earl, oil-study by Tintoretto in the collection of, 136.
Buono, Michiel, 113.
'Burlington Magazine, The,' article on Tintoretto's drawings in, 139.

CALLIARI, PAOLO. See Veronese.
Calle della Sensa, 19, 120.
—— di Pietà, 21.
Carpaccio, Vittore, 7, 8, 145.
Carpineto, near Mestre, Tintoretto's farm at, 24, 26, 152, 154.
Carracci, 101, 140.
Casa dei Mori, 19.
Casser Family, the, 25, 26.
Christ before Pilate (Sc., Pl. XXIII), 65, 66.
Christ giving the Keys to St. Peter (drawing, Pl. LV), 138.
Christ in the House of Martha and Mary (Pl. XVII), 49, 50.
Christ Raising the Widow's Son (drawing), 138.
Christ Washing the Disciples' Feet. See *Washing of the Feet, the.*

Churches in Venice—
Carmine, 31, 111.
Frari, 2, 54.
Gesuiti, 110.
Madonna dell' Orto, 17, 22, 25, 35-40, 111.
Redentore, 98.
S. Benedetto, 31.
S. Cassiano, 109.
SS. Ermagora e Fortunato (now S. Marcuola), 17, 33, 34, 47.
S. Felice, 32.
S. Gallo, 32.
S. Giorgio Maggiore, 114, 117, 118.
SS. Giovanni e Paolo, 46.
S. Giuliano, 53, 155.
S. Giuseppe in Castello, 113.
S. Lazaro dei Mendicanti, 119.
S. Marciliano, 12, 24.
S. Maria della Salute, 45, 51.
S. Maria Mater Domini, 45.
S. Maria Zobenigo, 109.
S. Mark, 6.
S. Polo, 47, 84, 134.
S. Rocco, 55, 114, 156.
S. Silvestro, 112.
S. Stefano, 84, 116.
S. Trovaso, 49, 109, 138.
S. Zaccaria, 2.
Cicognara, 79.
Cima, 8.
Collegio, Ducal Palace, 105.
Colour, Eastern, 3, 4.
—— Florentine, 147.
—— Giorgione's, 144.
—— Rubens's, 141.
—— in Tintoretto's work, 34, 37, 38, 39, 41, 43, 44, 45, 49, 50, 51, 57, 59, 64, 65, 76, 78, 80, 83, 86, 89, 91, 96, 97, 100, 101, 102, 104, 107, 108, 111, 113, 116, 117, 126, 133, 137, 145, 148.
—— Titian's, 41, 102, 103, 142, 143, 144.
—— Velazquez', 141.
—— Venetian, 2, 7, 9, 15, 139.
—— Veronese's, 141.
Colvin, Mr. Sidney, on the drawings in the British Museum, 136.
Confraternity of S. Mark, 40, 41.
—— S. Rocco, 23, 53, 65, 85, 88, 155.
Contarini, Cardinal, 11.
—— Jacopo, 27, 112.
Conversion of S. Paul, the (destroyed), 16.
Corot, 92, 136.
Correggio, 104.
Cortona, Amelio, 88.
Crivelli, 8, 106.
Crociferi, Monastery of the, 51.
Crucifixion, the (Accademia, Pl. xv), 24, 46, 47; (S. Cassiano, Pl. xli), 109, 110; (Sc., Pls. xxi, xxii), 62-65, 68, 76, 97, 135, 141, 156.

Daniel in the Den of Lions (Sc.), 71.
Daniele da Volterra, 14.
Dante, 122, 123, 126-128.
—— Girolamo, 12.
Death of Abel, the (Accademia, Pl. xiii), 45.
Diana and her Nymphs (drawing), 38.
Diogenes, 57.
Doges of Venice—
Donato, 105.
Grimani, 105.
Gritti, 105.
Loredano, 100, 106.
Alvise Mocenigo, 100, 105, 130.
Morosini, 118.
Pietro Orseolo, 5.
da Ponte, 105, 106, 107.
Priuli, 57, 99, 107, 109, 131.
Domenico Selva, 5.
Ducal Palace, Fire in the, 24, 99.
Dürer, 62.
Dyers of Venice, 12.

Eastern influences, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9.
Ecce Homo (Sc.), 67.
Elijah ascending in the Chariot of Fire (Sc.), 71.
—— *Feeding the People at Gilgal* (Sc.), 72.
—— *under the Juniper Tree* (Sc.), 72.
'Englishman, the Young' (Pitti), 131.
Engravings after Tintoretto's works, 140.
Entombment, the (Parma), 135; (San Giorgio Maggiore, Pl. xlv), 117, 118.
Esther before Ahasuerus, 49.

Fall of Man, the (Sc.), 70, 72.
Fall of Manna, the (Sc.), 72, 78.
Farrar, Sir W., 83, 136.
Faustina. See Vescovi.
Fesch, Cardinal, 133.
Fialetti, 27.
Fiery Furnace, the (Sc.), 70.

INDEX

Finding of the Body of St. Mark, the (Brera, Pl. XI), 42.
Finding of the True Cross, the (S. Maria Mater Domini, Pl. XIV), 45, 51; and see *Invention of the Cross.*
Flight into Egypt, the (Sc., Pl. XXXI), 92, 93, 103, 136.
Florence, 147, 148.
Franceschi, Paolo, 140.
Fromentin, Eugene, 145.
Fuseli, 93, 146.

Garden of Gethsemane, the (Sc.), 82, 83, 84; (San Stefano), 116; sketch for (Sir W. Farrar), 83; and see *Agony in the Garden.*
Gathering of the Manna, the (S. Giorgio Maggiore), 114.
'Gazette des Beaux Arts,' 93.
Gilbert, T., his 'Landscape in Art' quoted, 135.
Giordano, Luca, 27, 141.
Giorgione, 2, 9, 103, 144.
Giotteschi, the, 38.
Giotto, 38, 91; his 'Paradise,' 126.
Gonzaga, Cardinal, 57.
—— Duke of Mantua, 19, 149, 150.
Guariento, 120, 121.

HAMPTON COURT, 49, 104, 116, 138.
Hourticq, Louis, quoted, 44, 45.

Invention of the Cross, the (Brera), 63, 118.

Jacob's Dream (Sc.), 71.
Jacopo del Fiore, 113.
—— da Ponte, 89.
Jameson, Mrs., her 'Sacred and Legendary Art' quoted, 75.
Japanese Embassy, portraits of the, 129.
Jonah delivered from the Whale (Sc.), 71, 79.
Jove conducting Venice to Earth, 100.
Justi, Carlo, his 'Velazquez' quoted, 130, 131, 141.

Last Judgment, the (Madonna dell' Orto), 17, 35-37; (Sc., Pls. IV, V), 77.
Last Supper, the (Sc.), 72, 73, 83, 84; (S. Giorgio Maggiore, Pl. XLIII), 114-116; (S. Marcuola), 34; (S. Polo, Pl. XVI), 47, 134; (S. Stefano), 116; (S. Trovaso), 49; sketch for, 49, 136.
Leonardo da Vinci, 11, 16, 147.
Lepanto, the victory at, 23, 24, 100, 132.
Lepanto, the Battle of (burnt), 99.
Lion of St. Mark, the (Ducal Palace), 113.
Lippomano, Jerome, 121.
Lotto's portraits, 131.
'Luna' (Veronese), 104.

Madonna and Three Treasurers (Accademia, Pl. XX), 58.
Magdalen, the (Brera), 85.
'Man with the Glove, the' (Titian), 131.
Manet, 80.
Mantegna, 43, 55, 111, 148; his 'Christ,' 43.
Mantua, 18, 19, 55, 149.
Marietta. See under Robusti.
Marriage in Cana, the (S. Maria della Salute, Pl. XVIII), 17, 43, 45, 46, 50, 52, 65, 76, 104.
Mars striding over a Battle-field (drawing), 139.
Martha and Mary. See under *Christ.*
Massacre of the Innocents, the (Sc., Pl. XXXII), 93, 94.
Melchisedek blessing Abraham (Sc.), 73.
Mesnard quoted, 93.
Mestre, Tintoretto's farm at. See Carpineto.
Michelangelo, 11, 15, 17, 35, 69, 77, 82, 126, 134, 143, 147; his work in the Medici Chapel, 14, 40, 59, 139; his work in the Sistine Chapel, 57.
Milky Way, The Origin of the (Nat. Gall., Pl. XXXVI), 104, 105, 116; drawing (Accademia), 139.
Minerva expelling Mars (Ducal Palace), 103.
Miracle in the Life of St. Agnes, the (Madonna dell' Orto), 111, 112; (Sc., Pl. XLII), 75.
Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes, the (Sc.), 72, 84, 85.
Miracle of the Slave, the (Accademia, Pl. IX), 18, 34, 40, 41, 46, 77, 129, 134, 139; drawing (Pl. LVII), 137.
Morosini, Andrea, 98.
Moses, the Birth of (Sc.), 73.
Moses fleeing into the Land of Midian (Sc.), 73.
Moses on Mount Horeb (Sc.), 70, 80.
Moses staying the Plague of Serpents (Sc.), 74.
—— *striking the Rock* (Sc., Pl. XXV), 70, 72, 76, 77, 84.

Moses Works Deliverance at the Red Sea (Sc.), 70, 79.
Murano, 7.
'Music' (Dresden), 116.
Musset, Alfred de, 11.

National Gallery, the, 85, 104, 113, 131, 140.
Nativity, the (lost), 31; (Sc.), 70, 84.
Nine Muses, the (Hampton Court), 104, 116, 138.
'Nine Muses, the' (Vienna), 140.
'Nuova Antologia,' article in the, quoted, 143.

Orazio Vecelli, 56, 99.
Ottobono, Giovanni, Chancellor, 29, 130.
—— Marco, 130.

Padua, 2, 28, 60, 126.
Paduan School, the, 9.
Palazzo Ducale, 113, 120.
—— Camello, 19, 21, 121, 139, 150.
—— Fabri, 35.
—— Reale, 42.
Palladio, Andrea, 100.
Palma Vecchio, 9, 17, 31, 157.
Paradiso (Ducal Palace, Pls. xlviii, xlix), 24, 120-128; sketch for (Louvre, Pl. xlvi), 121, 122, 126; (Prado, Pl. xlvii) 121, 122.
Parmigianino, his influence on Tintoretto, 14, 46.
Paschal Feast, the (Sc.), 72, 79.
Perugino, 67.
Pietà (Brera, Pl. xliv), 116, 117.
Pietro da Cortona, 76.
Plague in Venice, the, 52, 98.
Ponte dei Mori, 20.
Ponte, Jacopo da, 21, 89.
Pordenone, 17.
Portraits by Tintoretto—
Andrea Capello, 129.
in Cassel Gallery, 133.
in Chantilly Collection, 133.
in Colonna Gallery, 133, 135.
Luigi Cornaro, 132.
Paolo Cornaro (?), 133.
in Doetsch Collection, 133.
Japanese Embassy, 129.
Lady in Mourning (Dresden), 133.
Lady dressed as Queen (Bergamo), 133.
in Madrid, 130.
Official Portraits, 58, 59, 60.
Old Man and Boy (Vienna, Pl. lii), 132.
Doge Priuli, 57.
Procurator of St. Mark (Vienna, Pl. li), 132.
Sansovino, 132.
Jacopo Soranzo, 129, 132.
Ottavia di Strà, 129.
of Tintoretto by himself (Louvre, Pl. liv), 134; (Madonna dell' Orto), 17; (S. Polo), 48.
Admiral Sebastiano Venier (Vienna, Pl. liii), 132.
Wife of Tintoretto, 17, 38.
Vincenzo Zeno, 132.
Pratesi, Signor M., quoted, 143.
Presentation of Christ in the Temple (Accademia), 110, 111; (Sc.), 56, 96, 97, 116.
Presentation of the Virgin (Carmine, Pl. ii), 31; (Madonna dell' Orto, Pl. viii), 17, 18, 37, 38-40.
Princess Saba rescued by St. George, 108.
Protevangelium, the, 38.

Raising of Lazarus, the (Sc.), 71, 73, 84.
Ramusio, Paolo, 29.
Raphael, 94, 147.
Rembrandt, 50.
Rescue, the (Dresden), 116.
Rescue of a Saracen, the (Palazzo Reale), 42, 138; drawing, 138.
Resurrection, the (Sc.), 71, 82, 93, 84.
Reynolds, influence of Tintoretto on, 141.
Ridolfi, Carlo, quoted and cited, 10, 11, 12, 13, 16, 17, 19, 20, 26, 27, 31, 54, 55, 56, 57, 89, 98, 100, 106, 120, 130, 133, 134, 139, 140.
Road to Golgotha, the (Sc., Pl. xxiv), 66.
Robusti, Battista, Tintoretto's father, 12.
—— Domenico, Tintoretto's son, 25, 26, 28, 29, 122, 132, 140, 152; his will, 153, 154.
—— Jacopo. See Tintoretto.
—— Laura, daughter of Tintoretto, 25, 153.
—— Marco, son of Tintoretto, 25, 152.
—— Marietta, daughter of Tintoretto, 18, 20, 21, 22, 24, 29, 30, 129, 139, 140.
—— Ottavia, daughter of Tintoretto, 25, 26, 153, 154.
—— Perina, daughter of Tintoretto, 25, 153.

INDEX

Rosa, Salvator, 136.
Rubens, influence of Tintoretto on, 141.

Sacrifice of Isaac, the (Sc.), 71, 72.
St. Agnes (Madonna dell' Orto, Pl. XLII), 18.
St. Agnes, the legend of, 111, 112.
St. Andrew and St. Jerome (Ducal Palace, Pl. xxxix), 109.
St. Anthony, the Temptation of, 109, 137, 138.
SS. Cosimo and Damian, Martyrdom of, 118.
St. Demetrius with Donor, 32.
St. George rescuing the Princess (Nat. Gall.), 85, 113.
St. George, St. Margaret and St. Louis of Toulouse (Ducal Palace, Pl. XXXVIII), 108, 109.
St. John Baptist (drawing), 136.
S. Marciliano in Glory, 109.
SS. Mark and Matthew, the Vision of (S. Maria Zobenigo), 109.
St. Mary of Egypt (Frontis.), 96, 113.
St. Michael overcoming Satan, 113.
St. Roch, his life and death, 52, 53.
St. Roch, 75, 97.
St. Roch before the Pope, 56.
St. Roch in the Desert, 56.
St. Roch in Glory, 54, 86, 87.
St. Roch in Prison, 56.
St. Sebastian, 75.
St. Ursula and her Virgins, 119.
Salviati, Giuseppe, 54, 56, 100.
Samuel anointing David, 71.
Sansovino, 6, 56, 100, 132.
Schiavone, Andrea, 14, 15, 16, 21, 31, 32, 46, 53, 56, 85.
Scuola di S. Marco, 17, 18, 40, 41.
—— della Misericordia, 120.
—— di S. Rocco, 24, 53, 54, 68, 74, 88, 89, 97, 98, 155, 156.
Shaw, Mr. Quincy, 80.
Siege of Zara, the, 107.
Susanna and the Elders (Dresden), 44; (Louvre), 116.
Susanna at the Bath (drawing), 138.
Sulley, Messrs., 49, 136.

Taine, H., quoted, 40.
Temptation of Christ, the (Sc., Pl. XXVI), 70, 81, 82, 84.
Temptation of St. Anthony, the (S. Trovaso, Pl. XL), 109; drawing (Pl. LVIII), 137-138.
Thode, Prof., quoted, 17, 32, 87, 106, 116, 129, 131.
Three Graces, the (Ducal Palace, Pl. XXXIV), 102, 103.
Tiepolo, 45.
Tintoretto, birth and parentage, 12; enters the bottega of Titian, 12; his friendship with Schiavone, 14; his artistic studies, 14, 15; his artistic beginnings, 15, 16; his rising fame, 17; his marriage, 18; his family, 18, 25, 26, and see under *Robusti*; journey to Mantua, 18; relations with the Gonzaga, 19, 149-150; his home in Venice, 19, 20, 22; his friends, 20, 21, 29; letters of, 23, 24, 150, 151; asks post in Fondaco dei Tedeschi, 23, 24; his commissions and manner of work, 24; his last illness, death and burial, 24, 25; his will, 25, 152, 153; his tomb, 25; his biographers, 10; Vasari's notices of, 10, 11; his temperament, 10, 11; his descendants, 26; his circumstances, 26; his sayings and jests, 26, 27; his dislike of Aretino, 27, 28; his carelessness of money, 28; declines a knighthood, 130; received into the confraternity of S. Rocco, 65, 68; his pupils and imitators, 140; called 'Il Furioso,' 35; his treatment of light, 32; his 'touch,' 44, 45, 48, 144; his colour, see under *Colour*; his portraits, 129-134; his work for the Scuola di San Rocco, 52 ff., 155, 156; his work for the Library of St. Mark, 56, 57; his work for the Ducal Palace, 99 ff., 120 ff., 157; paints dogs frequently, 84; his sensitiveness to female beauty, 38, 92, 102, 103, 108, 112; his draughtsmanship and emphasis on drawing, 14, 15; character of his art, 142 ff.; influenced by Michelangelo, 14, 17, 35, 40, 57, 69, 74, 139; influenced by Titian, 14, 31, 32, 40, 41, 44, 45, 144.
Titian, 9, 14, 16, 17, 27, 31, 56, 98, 100, 106, 129, 131, 132, 135, 136, 142, 144; his relations with Tintoretto, 12, 13; contrasted with Tintoretto, 88, 103; his 'Annunciation,' 88; his 'Assumption,' 41; his 'Presentation,' 38; his 'Sacred and Profane Love,' 102.

Transport of the Body of St. Mark from Alexandria (Pl. x), 42.
Trollope, T. A., quoted, 26, 150, 152.

Vasari on Tintoretto, 10, 11, 54, 99, 100, 143.
Velazquez, 110, 121, 132, 137; influence of Tintoretto on, 141.
Venice, her unique position in art, 2; her origin and trade, 3, 4, 5, 6; her intercourse with the East, 2, 3, 4; her magnificence, 6, 7.
Venier, Domenico, 29.
—— Maffeo, 29.
Veronese, Paolo, 9, 21, 22, 51, 54, 56, 99, 100, 103, 104, 106, 119, 120, 121, 129, 134, 141, 144, 145, 146, 157; character of his art, 143.
Vescovi, Faustina dei, Tintoretto's wife, 18, 28, 36, 152, 153.
—— Marco dei, Tintoretto's father-in-law, 20, 25, 152.
Vision of Ezekiel, the, 71.
Vision of St. Mark and St. Matthew, the, 109.
Visitation, the (Sc., Pl. xxviii), 88, 89.
Vittoria, Alessandro, 21, 100.
Voet, 141.
Volterra, Daniele da, 14.
Vos, Martin de, 134, 140.

Wagner, 82, 88.
Washing of the Feet, the (Escorial, Pl. iii), 33, 43; (San Stefano), 116.
Waters breaking forth at Meribah, the. See *Moses striking the Rock.*
Whistler, 13.
Wordsworth, 95.
Worship of the Golden Calf, the (Madonna dell' Orto, Pls. vi, vii), 17, 37, 38, 134.

Zabeo, 25.
Zacchino, Giulio, 20.
Zanetti, 13, 20, 150.
Zarlino, Giuseppe, 20.
Zelotti, 56.
Zeno family, the, 16.
Zuccharo, Federigo, 54.

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